Frontier Times

May, 1964 35¢

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California's Wildest Judge

Preachers and Gunmen

Iron Door Treasure

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by Milt Hinkle

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by Carl Breihan

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by Bill Judge

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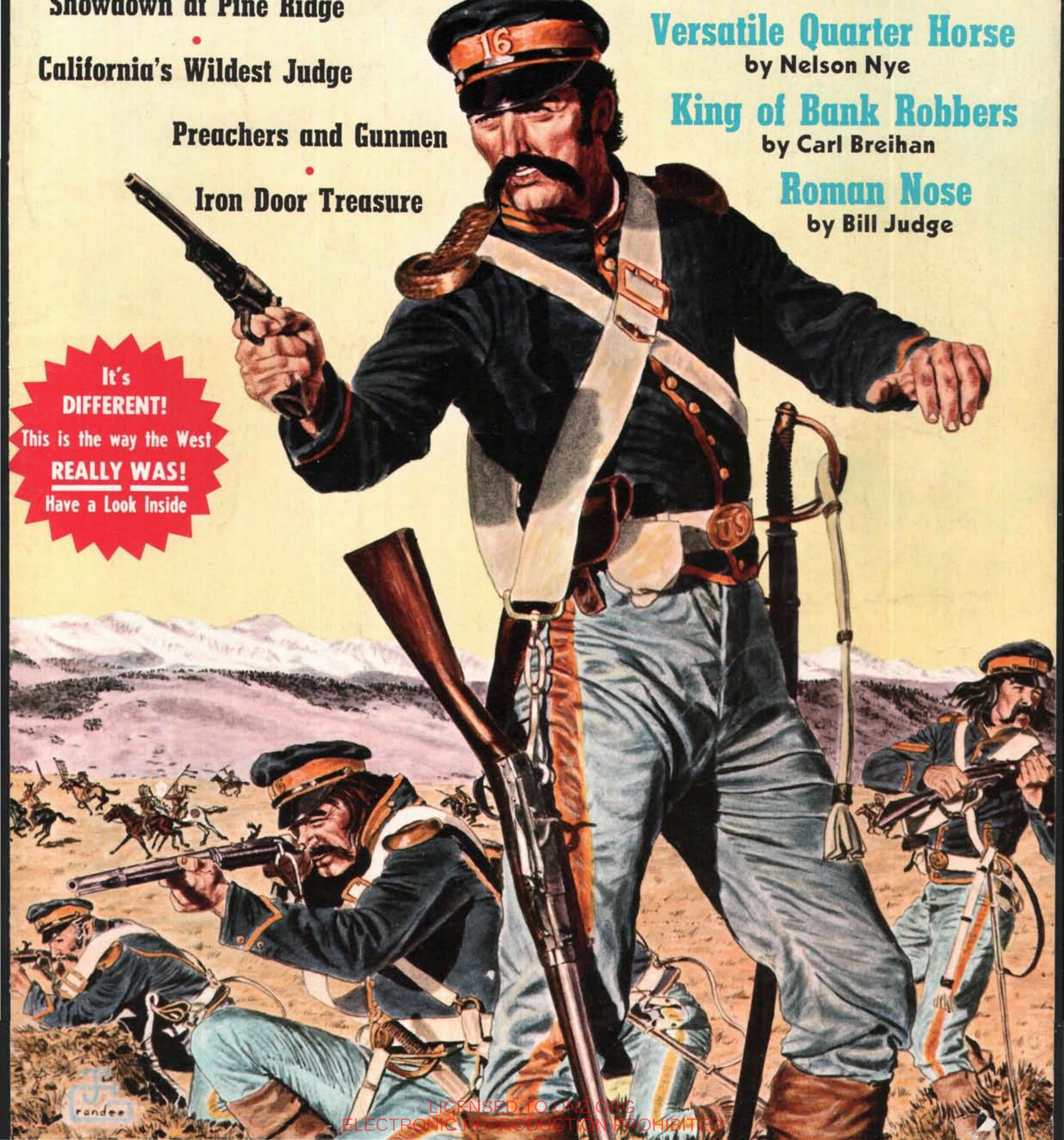

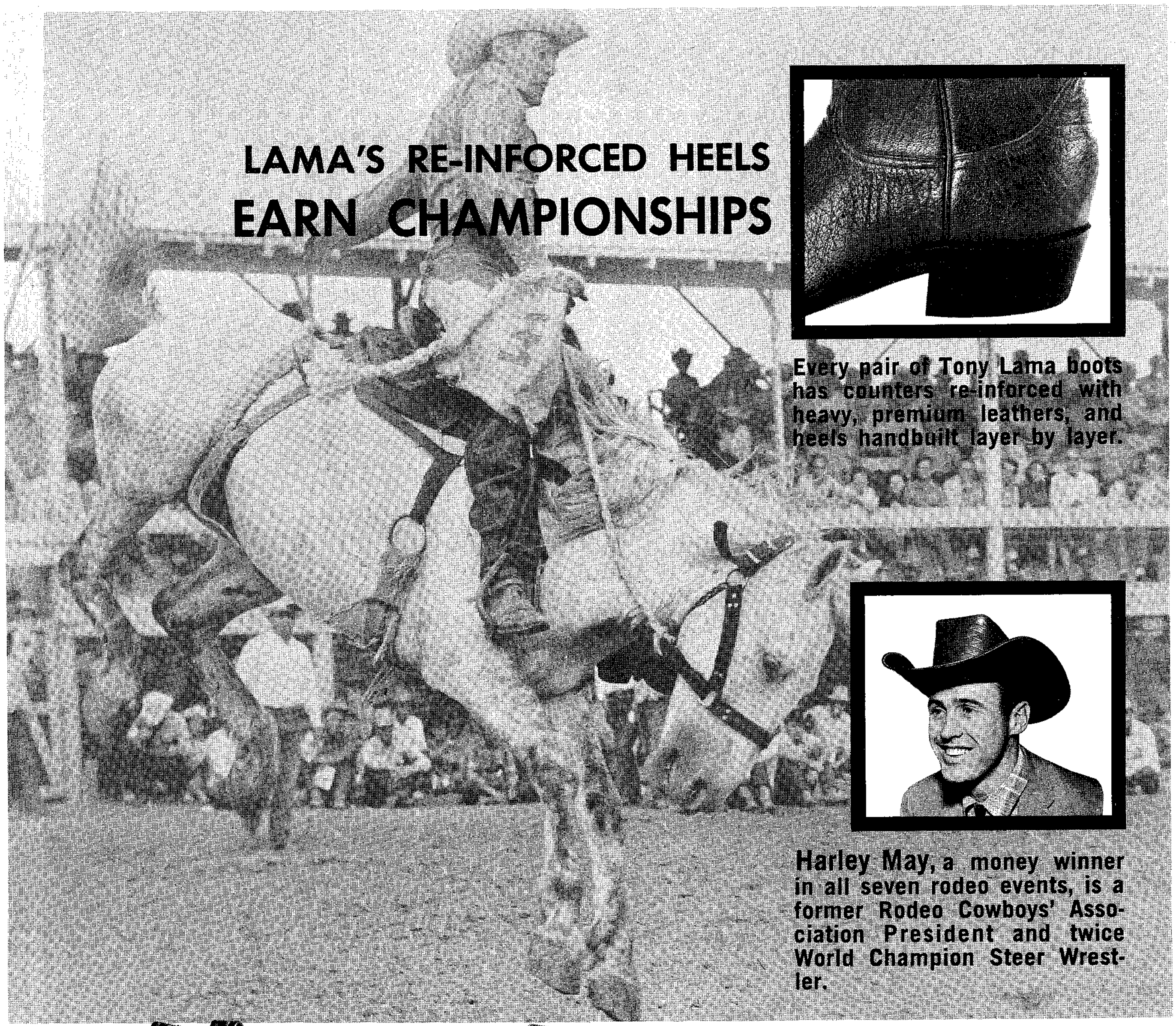

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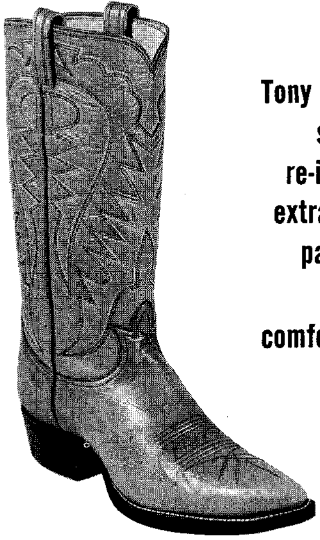

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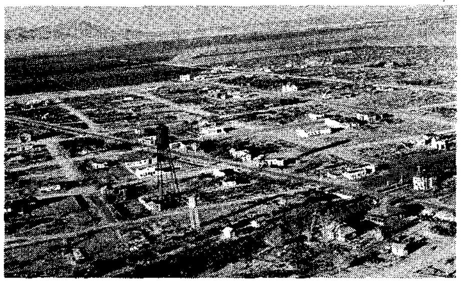

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April-May, 1964
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New Series No. 29

FRONTIER TIMES

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CATHIE WILSON
Secretary

MARILYN SCHOLTZ
Circulation

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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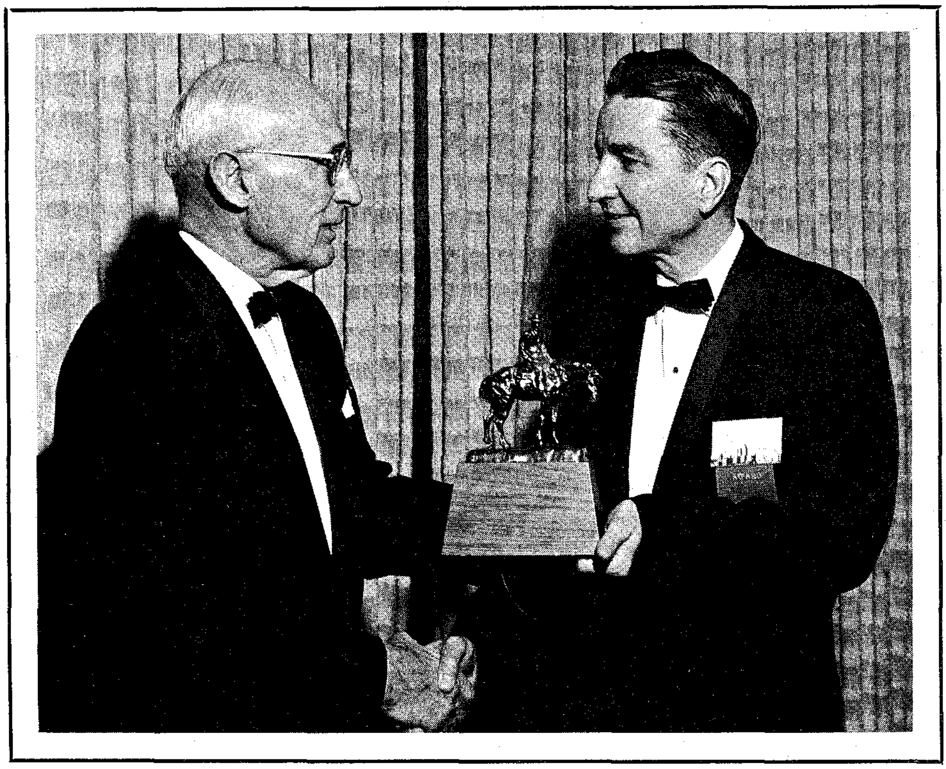


"Hosstail" receiving trophy from Albert K. Mitchell, Board of Trustees Chairman of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center.

WE'RE SORT OF SHY – BUT . . .

I come to this envelope in my morning stack of mail, see, and it says on the outside "National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center." I think to myself, "They are a little early sending out entry blanks this year. Seems like we sent in our entry for last year just a month or so ago." Well, I open the envelope anyhow and it's a real honest to doggone letter from Glen W. Faris, Executive Vice Chairman of the whole shebang. I start reading and this is what my eyes tell my mind is in the letter—but my mind tells my eyes that they are lying like a three-time loser in the hoss thief profession and that I ought to see my doctor about that new pair of glasses he said I needed ten years ago. Anyhow, the letter starts off, "I am pleased to inform you that your magazine article 'Nine Years Among The Indians' which was entered in the Fourth Annual Western Heritage Awards Competition has been named the outstanding Western Magazine Article of 1963 and will receive the Western Heritage Award. The award trophy consists of a replica of one of Charles M. Russell's bronzes, the 'Horse Wrangler,' and is called the WRANGLER trophy."

That's when I stop and look at the address again to make sure it is addressed to Western Publications and then I look above that and sure enough there is Mr. Joe Austell Small (it did look real formal like—him not calling me "Hosstail"!) and I even check that last name again to see for sure that there was no mistake there. Then that old mind of mine, which has to think twice these days to reach across the desk, begins to get plumb curious and I wonder if Mr. Faris hadn't been eating some loco weed lately or maybe he had just been working too hard on that tremendous project they have going on up there.

But I decide to finish reading the letter just for kicks anyhow and see maybe along the line if I can't cut trail on where he has made his mistake and sent it to the wrong magazine. He goes on to say:

"On behalf of the Board of Trustees of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center, sponsors of the competition, I cordially invite you to attend a gala 'black tie' dinner and show on the evening of January 24, 1964 in Oklahoma City at which the trophies will be presented. You will also be the guest of the Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce and the Oklahoma Press Association at a joint luncheon that day at noon. We expect some 6,000 people to attend the presentation show which will feature Fred Waring and His Pennsylvanians.

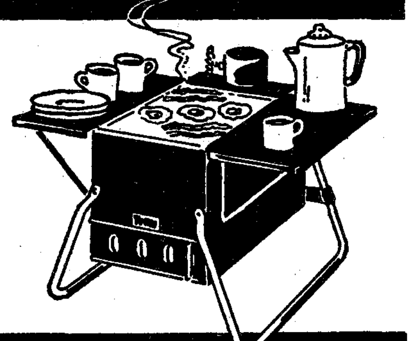
"The Honorable Jack M. Campbell, Governor of New Mexico, will be among the dignitaries present and will participate in the presentation ceremonies, as will the Honorable Henry Bellmon, Governor of Oklahoma."

Brother Faris says more but by this time my mind is beginning to catch up with my eyes and I let out a soft exclamation that brings down some more plaster from the ceiling as well as Pat, Cathie, and Patty into my office to see who has finally caught up with my underhanded ways and has performed their dutiful task. The yell I make that sort of shakes the house is, "WE'VE WON AN 'OSCAR'!"

We get the whole office force around and it's as quiet and serene around there for the next few minutes as the sounds you might expect from two hungry foxes breaking into a hen house.

(Continued on page 63)

BEST
COOKER!
BEST
WARMER!



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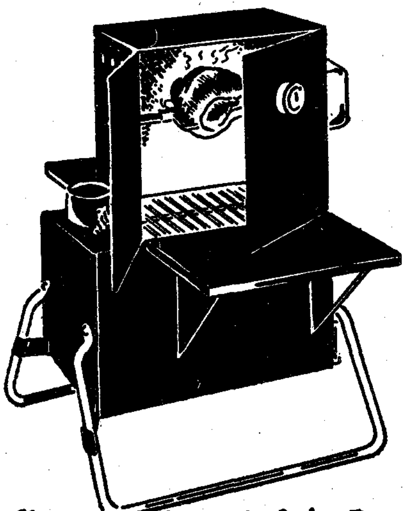

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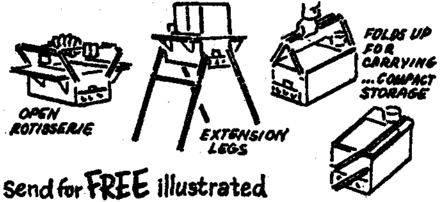
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FRONTIER POST

Still Had Ten Minutes Left

Dear Pat:

A good many years ago cattlemen in McMullen County, Texas, began missing a number of their stock. As the losses increased they became convinced that the cattle were being stolen. They scoured the country for miles around and discovered the camp of a Mexican squatter on the dividing line of McMullen and Duval Counties, and the search for the guilty parties ended right there.

They learned that the Mexican and his aides were killing the cattle for their hides which were bringing good prices, and it was easier to transport hides than a bunch of stolen cattle.

The thieves would arm themselves with prong-bladed knives (forked knives attached to long handles). Riding swiftly up behind the animals they would shove the forked blade against a creature's leg and hamstring it. By fast riding a good many cattle could be thus crippled before the animals could scatter and get away.

When the vigilantes located the rendezvous of the thieves they decided to clean them out. Early one morning they rode up and surrounded the shacks where the rustlers had their headquarters, and found more than 300 hides with their brands hanging on the fences. They summarily hanged the thieves on the spot. To this day the place is known as "Hangman's Ranch."

A white man was captured in the group and he was about to be strung up with his companions when some one intervened in his behalf. After a parley they decided to release him, but stipulated that he would be given just fifteen minutes to get out of the country. He jumped on a horse and lit out through the brush in the direction of Mexico at a rate that would put him clear across the Rio Grande in the stipulated time if he kept it up.

Several years later "Pony Jim" Martin was moving a herd of cattle through Duval County. Martin lived in Tilden, McMullen County. He was one of the original settlers and had helped organize the county.

Pony Jim stopped with his herd at San Diego and went into a hardware store to purchase some supplies. The man who waited on him kept staring at him in a peculiar manner, but as the man was a stranger to him he paid no attention.

When he paid for his purchases and started to leave the store, the man said, "Say, do you remember when you fellows hanged those cow skinners that time?"

"Yes," Martin answered in surprise.

"Well, do you remember that you caught a white man with them, and gave him fifteen minutes to get out of the country?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm the man and I still have ten minutes left!"—O. W. Nolen, P. O. Box 236, Odem, Texas.

Magdalena

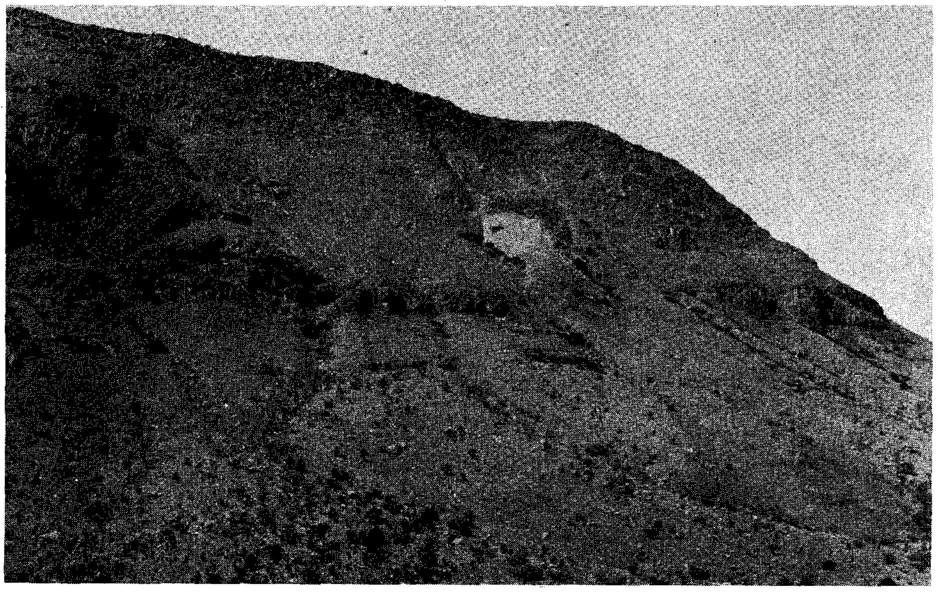
Gentlemen:

In your issue of September, 1963, I read a story, "The Shadow of Old Magdalena" which really interested me because J. S. Hutchason and his mine, the Graphic, were mentioned. During 1885 and 1886 my family lived in Magdalena and the Hutchasons were our friends. My father was a mining engineer who had moved from Garfield, Colorado.

This picture was taken about 1885. My father is standing on the sidewalk with me in his arms—in front of the first

(Continued on page 72)

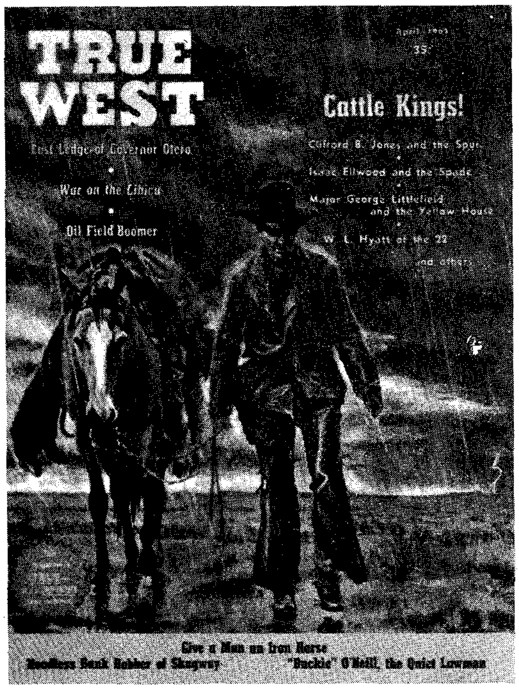
The face on the mountain is a natural formation; hence the name, Lady Magdalena.
Grandma Stager Collection



CATTLE KINGS: Part II

Features —

MAJOR GEORGE LITTLEFIELD AND THE YELLOW HOUSE
CLIFFORD B. JONES AND THE SPUR
ISAAC ELLWOOD AND THE SPADE
W. L. HYATT OF THE 22
— and others!


TRUE WEST
April 1964
35¢
Cattle Kings!
Lost Ledge of Governor Otero
War on the Cibicu
Oil Field Boomer
Clifford B. Jones and the Spur
Isaac Ellwood and the Spade
Major George Littlefield and the Yellow House
W. L. Hyatt of the 22
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OIL FIELD BOOMER by C. L. Packer. For sheer lawlessness this era had no equal. Fights were as frequent as handshakes; bathtub gin was easier to find than a bathtub; and vice and crime were the accepted standards of the day.

GIVE A MAN AN IRON HORSE by Jessie Peterson. The old-time train-man loved his engine the way a cowboy loved his horse—and the lonesome whistle that swept along the hills and down the valley was as distinctly his own as a cattle brand.

WAR ON THE CIBICU by Dan L. Thrapp. Intrigued by the white man's religion but unable to understand it, this Indian "Messiah" brought death to his followers, to his oppressors, and finally to himself. He did, indeed, die in vain.

LOST LEDGE OF GOVERNOR OTERO by Den Galbraith. Long after his energy was spent, this experienced mining man continued to pour money into the quest for a treasure he had never seen. The tantalizing evidence of its existence haunted him until the day he died.

HEADLESS BANK ROBBER OF SKAGWAY by W. D. MacBride. Few people get something for nothing. The bank looked like easy pickings . . . but the interest demanded on this money proved high indeed.

Also, VIGIL AT GOLD POINT, THE LIVING TREASURE, BOSTON BLOOMER GIRLS, PIONEER MILL CAMP, JIM MARSHALL'S BOOM TOWN, THE DERRINGER, A MEMORY OF OLD FORT HARKER, HANGED TOO SOON, in addition to our regular departments, cartoons and the special-fine old West photos and illustrations!

JUNE ISSUE OF TRUE WEST COMING UP!

(on sale April 20)

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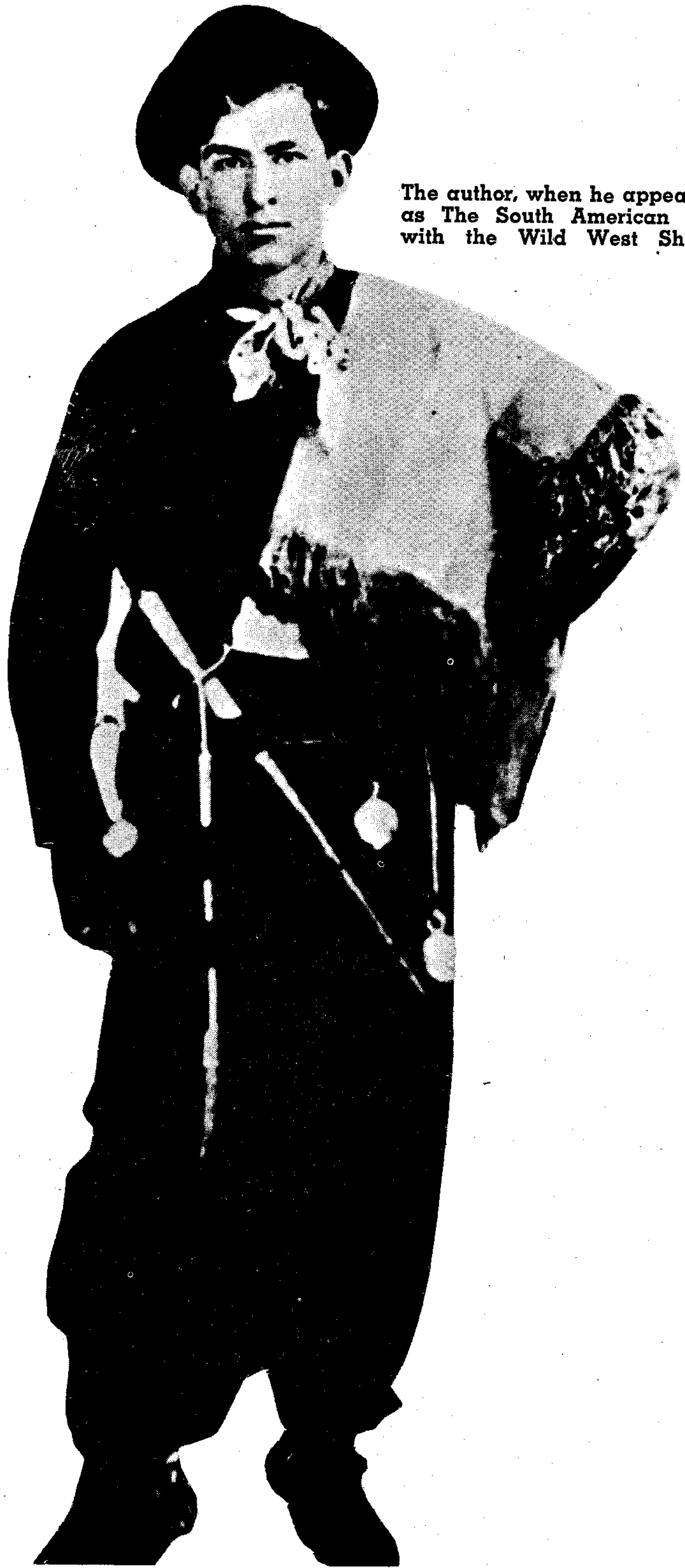
THE KIT CARSON WILD WEST SHOW

By MILT HINKLE

Photos Courtesy Author



The author, when he appeared as The South American Kid with the Wild West Show.

He joined the show because he wanted action, excitement, color

he got! Color? You bet…a new bruise or black eye with

IN APRIL, 1911, I worked for awhile in the Union Stock Yards at Kansas City as a "dock rider," which is a slightly better job than a cattle herder. A dock rider is a man who rides his horse and drives the cattle from one pen to another, or from the cars to different Commission Companies' pens by an overhead covered cattle run above the tracks. These runs are called docks and connect the scattered pens.

It was awful cold that winter. I rode in all kinds of weather. Winter in Kansas City with the wind that carries the freezing dampness from the Missouri, the Blue and the Kaw Rivers, seems to cut right through any kind of heavy clothing and gets inside a man's bones.

While riding dock early one spring-like morning I saw in the railroad yards a big bright orange-colored baggage car lettered, "KIT CARSON BUFFALO RANCH WILD WEST SHOW," and below in smaller letters, "Advertising car No. 1."

I rode over and inside the car three or four bill posters were busy folding paper. I asked them where the show was playing and they told me in Centralia, Illinois. Then I asked if they could use some bronc riders and was informed that their show could always use a good bronc rider. Two days later was the date of the Centralia engagement and that morning found me and my old saddle and stuff alighting from a passenger train. The first thing I saw was the great Kit Carson Show unloading, their wagons and stock being transferred to the show lot.

I had heard a lot about this Show and about how wild it was. Action and excitement was what I craved, and this outfit was said to have plenty of both at all times. I landed on the lot and made tracks for the horse tent where a bunch of "big hats" were in earnest conversation.

"Who is ramroddin' the Wild West department on this Show?" I asked.

One of the waddies pointed to a short, heavy-set cowboy sitting just inside the dressing-room sidewall on his twenty-four-inch Taylor trunk, the contents of which were gatherings of forty-five years.

Walking over, I put out my hand and said, "Hinkle's my name."

"Mine's Boggs," says he. "Henry Boggs, chief of the cowboys for this outfit. What can I do for you?"

"I understand you need some bronc riders."

Boggs kinda smiled and, turning to a bunch of cowboys who had gathered around, he winked and remarked, "Windmill has been waiting for him," then turning to me again, said, "Yes, I can use you. $15.00 a week, upper berth and grub."

"Well, you've hired a hand," says I, "so put me on the payroll."

ction and excitement

mazing regularity!

WHEN the flag on the cookhouse was raised for lunch, I was Johnny-on-the-spot. I was given a seat at a table where there were nineteen other cowboys besides myself, but from the remarks that were being handed out, I judged that I was the center attraction.

One of the boys said, "Wonder if they ordered him from Montgomery Ward or Sears and Roebuck?"

Another chimed in, "Old Windmill will send him back to the mail-order house in a hurry."

And still another said, "I hear old Windmill nickerin' for him now."

I hurried my meal and made believe that I didn't know what they were driving at. I know they thought I was a four-flusher and I knew that the old Windmill they spoke so much about was an outlaw bronc I had met on the range, and a real one, too. Windmill and I seemed destined to meet again and the sooner we met the better I would like it.

I was standing under the horse tent, looking the stock over, when the boss got back from dinner. He cut me a little roan for my saddle horse. Then he showed me a real familiar blocky-built sorrel horse, weighing about ten-fifty, and said, "This is one of the easy buckers. You can ride him this afternoon." I knew right then I had met the much talked about Windmill before on a ranch in Texas.

About that time a bugle call was heard, meaning to saddle up, that the front doors to the big show had opened. I unpacked my saddle and threw it on the little roan, then proceeded to get ready for my first performance with the Kit Carson Buffalo Ranch Wild West Show.

Well, just as with all shows, this one opened with the "Grand Entry" by the entire company—cowboys, cowgirls, Cossacks, Indians and Mexicans.

While we were riding around the arena, an usher hollered out to another, "Say, Henry, you better get his address so you will know where to send the corpse!" Well, by this time all this was getting on my nerves and I wanted to find out something about this horse Windmill and if he had gathered any unfamiliar wise trick. About then I noticed among the Indians an old chief by the name of John-Bull-Man, who had worked on the Circle D Ranch when I worked there.

After the entry was over, I rode my pony up alongside him.

"Ho Kola," I said, which in Sioux means, "Hello, my friend."

By speaking what little Sioux talk I knew and making signs, I found out that the sorrel really was Windmill and a bad bucker that always dumped his rider.

"Does the old horse hold his feet?" I asked.

The Indian looked me straight in the eye for a minute and replied, "Heap much buck, turn much quick. You watch ropes."

From this I understood all I wanted to know and decided right then and there that I wasn't going to let that horse drape my carcass over any of the guy ropes, or wrap me around any of the quarter poles. I was going to watch every jump that horse made and ride him to a finish.

AFTER the trick riding, stagecoach hold-up and robbery, the hanging of the horse thief and numerous other acts, came the bucking horse event. Henry, riding the big "snubbing horse" and leading old Windmill, entered the arena and proceeded to snub Windmill up close to his saddle horn so I could saddle him.

The announcer bawled out, "Next event, riding of the outlaw bucking horses. First rider, Texas Slim will attempt to ride old Windmill. Now, ladies and gents, everybody please step back from the ropes."

When I heard this, I knew it must be one of the horse's tricks to buck right up to the ropes, then turn back sort of quick-like, leaving his rider to go on alone, but I wasn't going to let it worry me none. I piled my saddle up on the horse's back and cinched it down.

This done, I backed away from the horse for a second and noticed that every teamster, razorback, and canvas man with the show had come in the back entrance to see me get thrown. After pulling up my chaps, and seeing that my spurs were okay, I mounted and gave the order to "cut him loose."

Old Windmill lost no time getting away from the snubbing horse. He bucked and bellered, twisted and whirled, and then headed straight for the ropes. Well, the fun began. The horse bucked as fast as he could, just like he was going to buck right through the ropes. When he was about to hit them, he ducked his head between his forelegs and turned right back in under himself. I was looking for some trick like this and, by digging my rowels into the cinch and straining back in my saddle, I fooled old Windmill—and the show folks, too.

The horse seemed to know that "he had been rode," for he trotted up to the snubbing horse and I stepped off. Applause greeted me from about every seat in the tent, but the show folks and cowboys didn't say one word or make a sound.

When the show was over, I was told that I was the first man to ride old Windmill under a big top, that he had usually thrown his rider as soon as he left the snubbing horse and commenced whirling. If he failed to throw him there, he was sure to leave him at the ropes when he turned back. No doubt if the fellows had not talked so much about Windmill and I had not got the information from the old Indian about "turn heap quick," old Windmill probably would have left me sitting or lying on the ground as he did the others before me.

It was the same routine for the night show, only I rode a bucker named Wampus. I was the only one to ride that night. Just as I climbed aboard the horse, I noticed that the sidewall had been dropped and that they were taking the guard ropes down. Upon hitting the saddle, I gave orders to "cut in" and the horse bucked straight to the back end of the tent.

Just then a whistle blew. The big show was over. A six-horse team hooked to a big heavy wagon drove in the back door of the tent and my bronc bucked straight into it, tangling me up in the lines and falling all over me, messing me up somewhat.

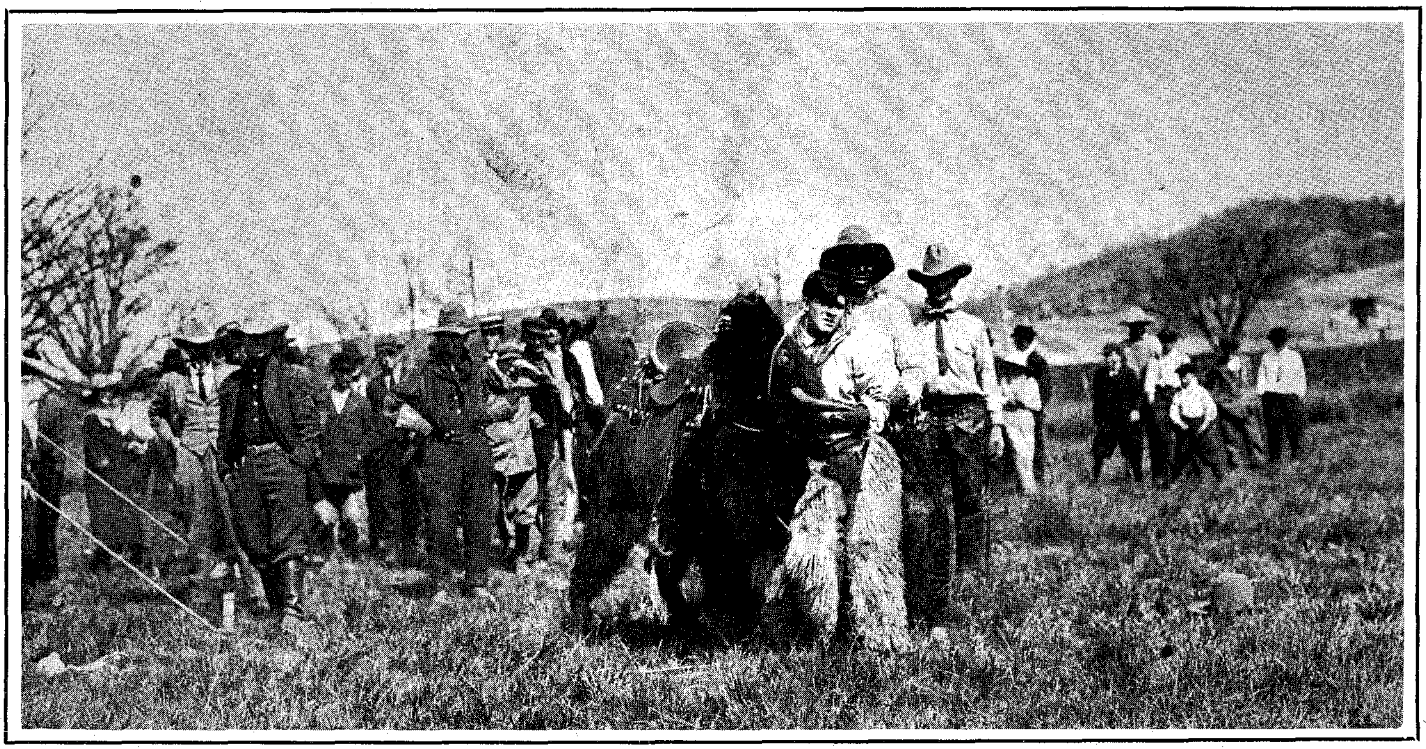
I managed to kick my stirrups loose, letting the old pony go, and crawled out from under the six-up team. The driver started cursing and then the boss teamster rode up.

"Kid," said he, "you'd better get a route card; this is a fast stepping show."

By this time the driver and his helper had the greys straightened out and the driver crawled down off the wagon.

"I'm going t'give him a route card right now," he said as he hit at me but I ducked, caught him square on the jaw and he went down. At this, the boss hostler rode his horse over me, messing me up some more.

While all this had been going on, the cowboys had caught the bucker I had



Henry Boggs, Joe Pickett, Hank Linton, Ben Beckey and others look on as Milt Hinkle hangs onto the buffalo in the season of 1911.

ridden, unsaddled him for me, and brought me my saddle pony to ride to the cars. Henry and the boss hostler kind of patched things up after Henry explained that I did not buck into the big team on purpose. Henry said that he needed me, and that the boss hostler needed his drivers, that it took all of us to make the show move. We all shook hands.

Just then the boss canvas-man came up. "Better keep your cowboys around on the lot," he said, "I'm looking for a 'Hey, Rube' tonight."

"Why?" asked Henry.

"Oh, one of them grifters made a touch from some town monkey for a couple of grand. The monkey wanted his dough back and got kinda tough, so one of the sideshow boys slugged him. The towners started to cut the kid show down, but the coppers kinda got 'em quieted down now. They left the lot, but they said they was coming back."

That was why they were pushing the show so fast. They wanted to get loaded and out of town.

THE BOSS lined us up on our horses and we waited until the tent was down and off the lot before we started to the cars. The cowboys had to take two buffaloes, seven steers and six buckers to the cars and, as luck would have it, the boss told me to lead the larger buffalo and to stay behind the rest of the bunch as the old brute would hook at the horses sometimes.

We left the lot and were going nicely, had made it to the railroad yards and started up the tracks toward the stock cars when suddenly the riders in front of me whirled their horses and started back the way we had come.

Someone hollered, "Look out!"

Just then the big buffalo charged my horse, knocking him over on top of me and both horse and buffalo proceeded to mess me up some more. I managed to get away from them as they got to their feet and started after the other stock. I followed on foot trying to figure out what was the matter and why the boys had acted like they did.

The sound of running horses' feet drowned out all other sounds and it just happened that I looked back and saw a crowd of about fifty men coming, all armed with clubs and bricks. I increased my speed, but it seemed to me that every one of those men threw at me at the same time, and every one of them hit the mark.

I could not run very fast, as I was too bunged up from my encounter at the lot with the six-up greys, and then later with the buffalo. When the crowd finally gained on me and caught me, there was nothing for me to do but talk and I was not able to do much of that. However, after they saw how bad I was skinned and bruised, they let me go and lit out after the others.

From the talk I had learned they were looking for the fellow who had hit the town man. It seemed that someone had told them that one of the cowboys had put on a small hat and gone out in front of the show to meet his girl and that it was this cowboy who had slugged the towner when the trouble had started with the grifter.

All the Show was loaded except the Wild West stock, and the town men were waiting at the train for the cowboys to come. I had started walking to the train when Ben Beckley, one of the cowboys, overtook me with my saddle horse, minus the big buffalo that had been tied to the saddle horn.

"Let's go clean up on those monkeys," said Ben, and with that, he shook out his lariat rope, looping one end of it over my saddle horn and tying the other end to his own. The crowd had moved down in the railroad yards and were standing between two rows of boxcars that were about forty feet apart.

"You ride on one side of them, Hinkle," said Ben, "and I'll ride on the other. Hold the rope about two feet from the ground in between us, so it will catch them at their knees. This will bring them down."

Well, we went through that crowd in short order and it wasn't long until we had most of them on the ground. The other cowboys had gone to the stock cars and loaded their horses and, when Ben and I rode up, the train crew loaded our horses for us so that Ben could take me to the privilege car for the Show Doc to kinda patch me up.

In just a few minutes the train started to roll. After the Doc had patched me up, I was taken in tow by the porter and shown to my berth. I was so stiff and sore he had to help me up into it.

This ended my first day's work with the Kit Carson Buffalo Wild West Show. Action and excitement was what I had craved and so far action and excitement was what I had got—plus several cuts, bruises, and a black eye.

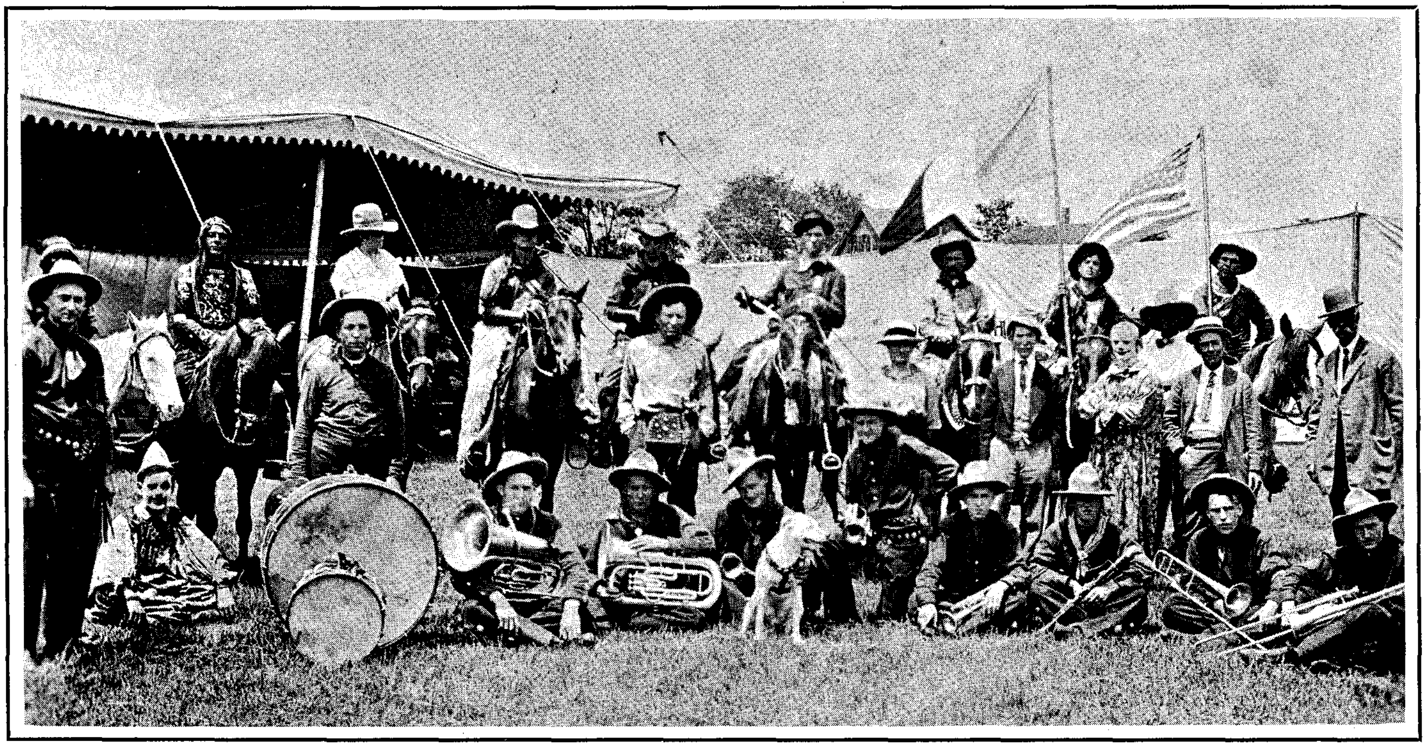
I DID NOT sleep much that night, and seven o'clock the next morning found us in Mexico, Missouri. All the cowboys went to the stock cars, unloaded the stock, saddled their ponies, and headed for the circus lot, which was about a mile or so from the cars.

This Show, like all "grift shows" (meaning cheating, thieving), always showed outside the city limits on account of high license fees in town, and to keep from having to "fix" two sets of officials, city and county, in order that the short-change grifters could work.

We arrived at the lot and had to wait for about an hour for the horse canvas to go up so we would have some place to put our stock. We had just got our horses tied in their places when the flag on the cook tent went up, and the grand rush started for grub.

Right after breakfast the bugle blew to saddle up and get ready to parade. By rushing, I had time to wash, shave, change to a clean shirt and catch the tail end of the parade as it was leaving the lot. We paraded about four miles in all, and back at the lot once more, we tied up our horses.

The flag on the cook tent was up, announcing lunch. After eating I went to the dressing-room, doctored my cuts and



Some of the hands all decked out for a performance. Hinkle is fourth from the right on the back row.

bruises, and lay down to take a little rest. I had hardly got stretched out good when the bugle sounded. The front doors were open. I got up just as the boss came in and singled out Hank Linton.

"Hank," said the boss, "you better take Hinkle up to the connection with you. This is a pretty tough town and the grifters might need a little help." Turning to the rest of the boys, he said, "The rest of you boys hurry and get to your places. Going to have a turn-away today. Seat them high to start." This meant that the cowboys were to act as ushers, showing the people to their seats. Early comers were seated at the top to make room for those that followed.

Hank and I made our way to the connection and, when I asked him what I was to do, he said, "You'll find out! Stay with me and do as I do."

People had started to come in pretty fast and right between the menagerie tent and the main tent there was a high canvas sidewall, a long alley-like place that people had to go through after leaving the menagerie to get to the main tent. This was called the "connection."

I noticed that three or four men with leather bags hung around their necks were hollering, "Reserved seat tickets here. All the best acts take place directly in front of the reserved seats."

These men were the quick-change artists, or connection men, and one of them I recognized as Lum. Now, old Lum was considered one of the smartest grifters in the business. The leather bag hanging from his shoulder was about half full of silver and rather heavy, just as he intended it should be.

A farmer came through the connection on his way to the main tent. Lum stopped him, saying, "Brother, I have so much silver in this bag that it is getting heavy. Looks like everybody that buys a reserved seat ticket gives me silver. If you will give me a ten-dollar bill, I will give you ten dollars in silver and give you a reserved seat ticket *free*."

The farmer said, "Sure," and taking his wallet from his inside coat pocket, he peeled a ten-spot from his roll and handed it to Lum who very carefully folded the bill right before the man's eyes and then put it in his own vest pocket. He kept talking to the man, trying to get his mind off the money.

Finally the farmer said, "You forgot to give me the ticket and silver."

Lum smiled. "That's right," he said, "so I did." Opening up the leather bag he counted ten silver dollars, laid them in the man's hand, and then stuck the promised ticket in the man's top coat pocket. The man started to walk away when Lum called him back.

"Hey, brother," said Lum, "you can keep the ticket, but the office wagon has just sent me word they need silver bad. Kindly let me have the silver and here, you take your ten."

The man returned the ten silver dollars and then Lum reached into his vest pocket, brought out a folded bill, and handed it to the man. Lum then pushed the man and told him he would have to hurry as the show was just starting. The farmer put the bill in his pocket without unfolding it and started off once more.

Lum walked after him and touching him on the shoulder, said, "Friend, I think I gave you the wrong ticket. Let me see it."

As the man looked down in his pocket for the ticket, Lum went into the man's inside pocket and took his billfold. At the same time he kinda fell over against the man, saying, "Excuse me! Some fool ran into me."

Lum looked at the ticket, handed the man another ticket, and hurried him along so he could "see all the show."

The folded bill that Lum had handed to the man was not the ten at all, but a one-dollar-bill folded and ready for the occasion. Lum had a double pocket and the ten-dollar bill had been put in one side of the pocket and the one-dollar bill taken apparently from the same pocket, but actually from the other side of the double pocket.

I had watched all this with interest and now Hank and I started talking. I was wondering what we were supposed to do when I looked toward the big tent and saw seven or eight men coming toward the connection, and coming fast.

ONE of the men had a one-dollar bill in his hand and, rushing up to one of the connection men, shouted, "Here, you! Give me my ten-dollar bill and do it quick! You can't get away with that stuff here in this town. We aren't all fools."

I could see that the connection worker was doing some quick thinking. "Now, friend," he parried, "let me explain."

"No explanation is necessary! I want my money right now!" the farmer said.

I looked around and saw that all the other connection workers had disappeared under the sidewall and had left this one man there alone with the seven or eight town men to argue it out as best he could. I also saw that the town men were getting angrier every minute and were about ready to start a fight.

"Come on," Hank said, "let's go over and stop this argument." We strolled over to where the bunch was and Hank stepped in between the connection man and the town men and says, "What's all the trouble about?" When Hank stepped in, the connection man stepped out—right out under the sidewall and out of sight.

The man who had been short-changed, dough-popped Hank in the jaw and the fight was on. Now, Hank sure could fight and he was giving the town man a good whipping when the whole bunch jumped on him at the same time. I was awful sore from my many "accidents" of the day before, but I dug in as best I could and tried to stop it by using both my fists, both my feet, and both spurs.

Suddenly I saw the most beautiful collection of stars I had ever seen. Well, when I recovered my senses, I also saw that a big deputy sheriff had put a pair of handcuffs on me. Hank and I were led off to jail.

The legal adjuster for the show immediately fixed things up for our release.

Although this old picture has been damaged with age, you can make out some of the exciting attractions advertised out front.

When I arrived back at the lot, the show was about half over and the first person I met was the Show doctor, who did some more work on me. I was beginning to take on the appearance of a patch-work quilt.

Doc had hardly got through when in busts Henry, the chief cowboy. "Hinkle," he said, "you can ride old Windmill this afternoon and you won't have to ride tonight. There's a good crowd and we want to give them suckers a good show. Hate to ask it of you, but no one else will ride him."

Henry had said, "You can ride old Windmill" as if he thought he was doing me a big favor. I was not so sure that I could get the job done in the condition I was in, but I was going to do my dangdest.

I went into the big top, managed to get aboard the old horse, and gave orders to "cut 'im loose." I think old Windmill must have sensed that I was awful sore because he sure did buck. He had me all over him, in fact every place but off, but I lucked out and rode him.

The afternoon show was over and the flag on the cook tent was up once more, so we made our way to grub. I was just getting good and interested in eating when some town fellow stuck his head in at the top of the sidewall, right close to the cowboys' table and stood there watching us eat.

One of the cowboys said, "Yes, we are human—eat with knives and forks and everything."

The town fellow did not offer to move and so one of the cowboys picked up a big baked potato and threw it at the man, hitting him right square in the eye. The head disappeared quicker than a turtle can get his head into his shell.

I looked out and saw that quite a bunch of town people had gathered around the fellow who had stopped the potato with his eye, also that the said eye was closed and swelling fast. The town people were doing quite a lot of talking and pretty soon some of the young smart alecks started in to cutting the guy ropes that held the cook tent up. The waiters and a few of the canvas-men went out to stop them, and it wasn't long until there was a fine free-for-all fight in progress.

Someone hollered, "Hey, Rube!" I wondered who Rube was and I soon found out. Everyone on the show must have been named Rube, for they all came running armed with laying-out pins, stakes, or anything they could get their hands on.

I did not go out where the big fight was, as I decided that I had had enough for one day, but I stood where I could see it all. Cowboys, hostlers, actors, front door men, all together gave the towners the devil.

It was about over when I started for the dressing tent and I heard someone say, "There he is." Looking around, I saw the same fellow who had the trouble in the connection. I wanted to run, but I couldn't because I was too sore.

THEY overtook me and started to jump on me. I knew I was in for it, unless I could out-talk them. I was just too bruised up to fight. While I was talking my fastest and best, one of them deliberately stuck his fist in my mouth. Sore or no sore, the fight was on again. I didn't think that I could be lucky enough to whip the whole bunch of them, but I was going to hold out as long as I could, or at least until help arrived.

Just then up rushed some of the cowboys and a few of the Indians and they soon had the towners on the run, with the exception of the fellow who had hit me in the mouth. I had managed to hold onto this fellow, and it was my intention to give him the same dose he had given me. I got all the cowboys around me and explained what this guy had done, how he had hit me in my mouth.

"Now, I don't want any of you birds to butt in," I said. "Just don't let him run, because I can't run after him. But I want to show this guy that I can stick my fist in his mouth just as good as he stuck his in mine."

Well, the boys promised a fair deal and so the town man and I went to it. Believe it or not, it took me a long time to get my fist in that bird's mouth, but I finally accomplished the feat and he went down for the count.

By that time I was really sore. My lip was swollen and if there were any spots on me that had not been bruised before, they sure were now. Once more I made tracks for the doctor. I was getting to be a regular customer for Doc, who told me to sit down, that he would soon be through fixing up the other show folks. I was sure glad the show had its own doctor.

Before he had finished with me, the bugle blew to saddle up for the night show.

The boss came in the dressing tent, hollering, "No connection. All kinkers seat 'em high 'cause they're coming tonight. Everybody cut. Railroading tonight! Shakedown! Take care of yourselves."

When the cowboys left the dressing tent and went to the stake rope to get their horses, everyone had done away with his big hat and boots. They were wearing small hats and low-cut shoes. I could not understand this, but before the night was over I sure found out their reasons. I found myself the only man dressed in cowboy regalia—big hat, chaps, and boots.

We made it to the cars all right and

as soon as the stock was loaded, the cowboys, little hats and all, disappeared. The sleeping cars were spotted across the road from the loading runs where the wagons were being loaded on the flat cars. As I hobbled past there, I noticed that there was quite a crowd around, but there were no women or children, which was unusual. "Something is going to happen here," I said to myself.

I had already had enough entertainment and excitement for the two days I had been with the Show, so I made my way toward the sleepers. Just as I got across the road from the runs, some of the town people were so delighted to see me with my big hat and chaps, that they proceeded to greet me with a shower of sticks and stones!

A brick hit me on top of my hat and it bounced off. As I stopped to pick it up, something struck me in the seat of my pants, knocking me forward. The .45 Colts that I had stuck in my shirt and forgotten all about fell to the ground. I had my back turned to the crowd and as I stooped over to pick up my gun, I looked between my legs and saw, about ten feet behind me, the same fellow that had popped me in the mouth. He had another fellow with him and they were both armed with clubs.

They charged at me, so I emptied the round of .45 blanks at them. I know that some of the wads from the blanks must have burned them, for they turned and beat a hasty retreat. Knowing I had done gone and played hell now, but seeing no use to worry about it, I took the empty shells from the gun and put in another round of blanks.

I was just about to start for the cars once more when I heard a commotion at the runs and looking closer, could see that trouble had broken out over there just as the train crew was putting the last wagon over the runs to the flat cars. I decided that I would stay and see what happened and walked over a little closer.

I was surprised to see Hank and the other cowboys, still wearing their little hats, right in the crowd with the town folks. It looked like every time Hank or one of the other cowboys raised an arm, someone would go down.

Each cowboy was armed with a laying-out pin (a steel rod about eighteen inches long and one-quarter of an inch thick) which the canvas-man uses in staking or laying out the tents.

While the fight was in progress, part of the train crew finished loading and the train master, Harry Parrish, gave the order to get out of town just as the sheriff and some of his deputies drove up in a buggy. The fight soon stopped. The cowboys, mingling with the town people started off to town with the crowd.

The train was now coupled up and the engineer gave the "highball" whistle, so I ran the best I could and managed to board the privilege car platform, where I stood on the steps waiting to see what would happen next. Here came five or six cowboys running as fast as they could. Right behind them came the crowd, throwing everything loose.

The boys managed to get aboard all right and just as the train crossed over to the main line a shower of brickbats greeted me, one of them hitting me in the stomach, nearly knocking me off the steps.

I once more brought the .45, loaded with blanks, into action. To my sorrow, my blanks were answered by real bullets. None of them hit me, but they came too close for comfort, so I ran into the privilege car and with the others I got down low and listened to the shots and the bullets whizzing over our heads.

Outside of a few bruises the Show folks were none the worse after the night's fight, but the privilege car was badly shot up and had to have an entire new set of windows.

From there on to the next town, the crap tables, poker tables, slot machines, and lunch counter did a good business, I was too sore to make it to my berth, so I sat in the car listening to each one tell how many he had knocked down. Every once in a while someone would say to me, "Want to sell your big hat and boots?"

NEXT MORNING we arrived at Alton, Illinois. I was glad to get out of Missouri, the "show me" state, for I felt that I had been shown about enough. Everything went along fine the two weeks we were in Illinois, with the exception of one night when I discovered that I had lost one of my spurs somewhere between the picket line on the show lot and the stock cars. I thought a whole lot of those spurs as I had gotten them from my friend, "Wild Man" Lynch. Before unsaddling I asked Hank if he would ride back to the lot with me and look for the spur.

When we arrived, everything, with the exception of a few wagons, was gone and there were the usual few town people standing around, possibly a half-dozen in all, watching the wagons being pulled off the lot.

Riding up to the place where the picket line had been, a funny sight greeted us. A man was running just as fast as he could right toward us with nothing on but his socks and B.V.D.s. Well, I was sure surprised. The man rushed up to where Hank and I were sitting on our horses and shouted, "Oh mercy! Oh mercy! Cowboys! One of those rude drivers stole my clothes!"

At this Hank drew his gun and said, "Now look here, Clara, get going some more," and with that he busted his .45 right behind the poor little man, who took Hank at his word, The last I saw of him, he was still running.

I asked Hank what it was all about. "Nothing," said he. "Only Shorty Harris, the boss hostler, is dressing himself up. It is one of his old tricks. Harris always dresses up when a sissy comes on the lot." Then he picked up my spur.

Hank and I had things easy at our post in the connection every day just watching the short-change artists at work. During this time, I had become very popular with the cowboys and the other folks and I was riding old Windmill every show. Things began to get monotonous. Same old routine, up in the morning at six and out of my third-story stuffy berth to the stock cars, unload the stock, then to the circus lot, to the cook tent for breakfast and back to the dressing tent to wash and shave and clean up in a hurry so as not to be late for the parade.

After a long parade, back to the show lot and rush to lunch. After lunch back *to the dressing-room in time to hear* Henry say, "Old Windmill, Hinkle." Then to the connection and from the connection to the arena to help rescue the stagecoach, drive the Indians away from the prairie schooner, and to ride a bronc. Then to the stock cars, load the stock, and on to the privilege car for a bite to eat before going to my berth.

Sometimes I would watch the crap games and card games and listen to the grifters tell how they had clipped the "town monkeys." This was the everyday routine on the Kit Carson Show, and I was getting tired of the monotony. I decided that I would head back to the Kansas City Stock Yards, but after the mailman came around with the new route cards, which showed that we would be in Kentucky for one week and then in West Virginia, I changed my mind.

THE DAY after I purchased the route card, we were in Henderson, Kentucky, and it was there that some more excitement started in the connection. In that

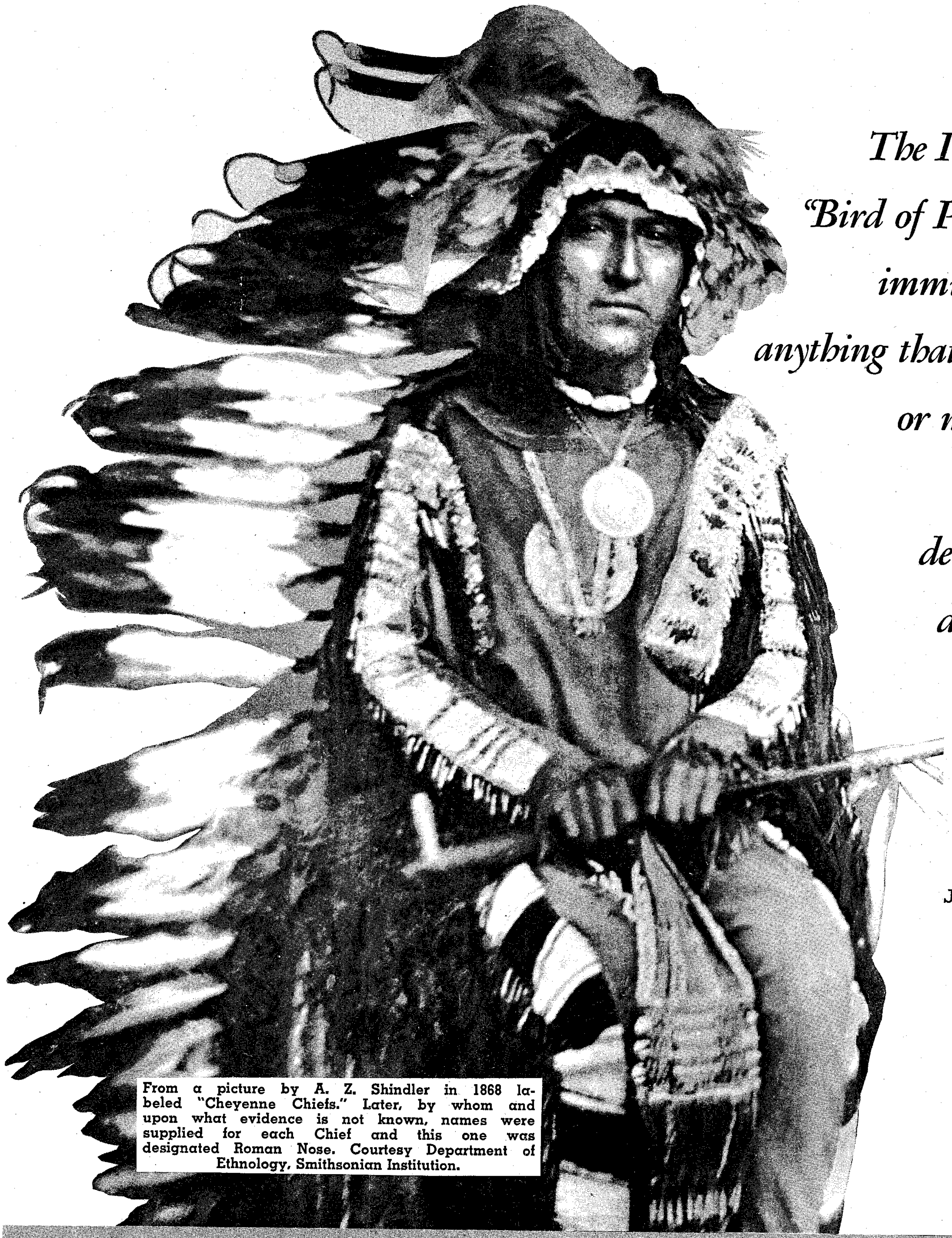
(Continued on page 57)

This was the day when everybody rolled up his shirt sleeves AND trouser legs and went to work.

ROMAN NOSE

The Indian "Bird of Prey"—immune to anything that man or nature could devise to destroy him

By
BILL
JUDGE



From a picture by A. Z. Shindler in 1868 labeled "Cheyenne Chiefs." Later, by whom and upon what evidence is not known, names were supplied for each Chief and this one was designated Roman Nose. Courtesy Department of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution.

HOW effective was Indian "medicine"? One fabled warrior rode his horse at a slow trot within thirty yards of 1,800 soldiers, each of whom was firing at him. He taunted them with word and gestures. He rode along their front, not once, but several times. The target for thousands of whistling bullets, he emerged from the experience without a mark or scratch. What is more, he repeated the performance, on other fields and at other times.

Roman Nose was the "fightingest" of the fighting Cheyenne Nation, said to be the fiercest of all frontier cavalry. Almost 100 years after his death, his name cannot be heard in some parts of Kansas without an uneasy feeling or goose pimples.

He had the strong features of the northern Plains Indian. His face was dominated by piercing black eyes, the mark of a wild, free spirit; his nose was hooked like the beak of an eagle, with thin, delicate nostrils. The broad bones of his lower jaw were set in a pattern of unyielding determination. The mouth, too, was inflexible.

Roman Nose stood about six feet, three or four inches in his moccasins. Weighing approximately 230 pounds, he was every inch and pound a fighting man, one of the finest that ever lived.

Roman Nose's chest and body were compared by some to a barrel keg. Not marked with the bunched muscles produced by habitual daily labor, the limbs were symmetrical, only faintly revealing their wiry, whipcord strength.

Like most Cheyennes, Roman Nose had more than one name. One was said to be Sauts, the "Bat." It might have been acquired during one of his campaigns from one of the medicines on his war bonnet. He was called Roman Nose by the whites and the name caught on with the Cheyennes who interpreted it slightly differently—to them it meant bird of prey.

Apparently Roman Nose was never a chief, but he certainly was at the front in every battle, and led many attacks and raids. The whites regarded him as a chief and requested his presence at several peace conferences.

White Bull, or Ice, was his adviser. Some of the Cheyennes esteemed him as one of the greatest of medicine men; others said that he was one of the greatest of liars. Be that as it may, he directed the way to a really formidable medicine for Roman Nose. White Bull was said to have gained his powers from the medicine of a deer, a bear and a wild hog.

War bonnets were worn only by those who were the real professionals in war. Only a few of each warrior society were qualified to wear them. If one were not accomplished in the art of battle and assumed the headdress, he was scorned by both his friends and his enemies.

It was said that in the Battle of the Rosebud, Jack Red Cloud, newly off the reservation, wore his famous father's bonnet before proving he was worthy. When he was cornered during that fight, the Crows took away his father's bonnet and rifle. The novice begged for death, but they only laughed, taunted and horsewhipped him, telling him to grow up before acting like a warrior. This was the deepest of humiliation to him and through him, to the other Sioux.

WHEN it became time for Roman Nose to wear a headdress that signified his maturity in the art of war, he went to White Bull and requested one that would protect him from harm by his enemies and from the most brutal of nature's forces. White Bull had just such a war bonnet in mind, one that had been revealed to him in a vision. It was more than an ordinary war bonnet, for in order to make it effective, elaborate ceremonies had to be observed before donning it in battle. There were also restrictions placed upon the wearer—he must never eat food that had been touched by a metal tool, or shake hands with anyone.

The war bonnet was composed of everything known that would ward off injury. The explanation of each portion seems naive and ingenuous, but the total end result was undeniably convincing. War bonnets ordinarily were constructed by their wearers, but in the case of Roman Nose, it is said that the tailor was White Bull.

Over the brow band was a single buffalo horn pointing upward. Behind this horn and tied to the hair was the skin of a kingfisher. On the right side of his head was a hawk skin. From both sides of his head streamed a trail of eagle feathers, red feathers on the right and white on the left. On the back of his head was the skin of a swallow, and at the start of the red feathers, a bat.

The idea was that, in battle, the real Roman Nose entered the body of one of the birds represented on the headdress, enabling those birds to contribute their outstanding qualities to his own natural abilities. His body could be fired at but not injured, because the real Roman Nose wasn't there, just his spirit self—that is, if the proper ceremonies had been observed and none of the taboos violated.

One time, Roman Nose made medicine on the waters of the Cheyenne medicine lake, now known as Lake De Smet. He was to fast the sacred four days of his tribe and pray for great medicine for guidance, protection and supremacy over all enemies.

At dawn of the first day, Roman Nose made a raft. Divesting himself of all garments, he took on board a large buffalo robe for a bed, a smaller one for a pillow, and a medicine pipe to smoke during his meditations, nothing else. No water, no food, no clothing was taken.

The first night, a storm arose and watchers could see during lightning flashes the raft being tossed about by white-capped waves. Fearing for his safety, they anxiously awaited the coming of morning. With the dawn, he could be seen floating safely, still in the center of the lake.

During the second day, Roman Nose was observed praying and meditating. With the second night, another storm arose, more fierce and violent than the first. The waves were higher and tossed more wildly, the lightning flashed more brilliantly, and the thunder was more deafening, yet the third day found Roman Nose at his devotions as though nothing had happened.

On the third night the storm again increased in strength. His people that night gave up hope, believing that no one could survive the violence on the lake, but again he was unharmed.

The storm of the fourth night was the worst that any Cheyenne had ever experienced, for with it came hailstones so large they damaged the lodges and the horse herds, as well as wild animals. The Indians were afraid, not only for Roman Nose, but for themselves. It seemed that none would survive. But, once more, when morning came, Roman Nose floated safely in the center of the lake. When he was helped ashore, for this was the end of his meditation, it was evident that he had not been hit by a single hailstone. Although the rain had been like a solid wall and the whitecaps had broken over the raft, not a single drop of water had touched him.

Thus was born the living legend of Roman Nose. If the rawest of nature's elements could cause him no harm, what weapon devised by man could ever touch him?

THE FIRST occasion on record where Roman Nose demonstrated his utter contempt of enemy weapons, was in a brush that the Cheyennes had with the Blackfeet Tribe of Sioux. Here he rode slowly along before the Blackfeet, taunting them, as each in turn fired shots or arrows without doing him the slightest injury.

According to legend, Roman Nose turned down the offer of a chieftainship among the Cheyennes. He feared that the responsibilities would interfere with his life as a warrior and since he was primarily a warrior, that in itself would interfere with the duties expected of a chief.

The qualities that endeared him to all Plains Indians, that compelled their faith and trust, were interpreted differently by the white men. To them he was arrogant, intolerant, unreasonably stubborn and viciously cruel.

The first large-scale demonstration of the remarkable powers of Roman Nose came during the Battle of the Platte Bridge Station in July, 1865. Roman Nose directed the fight against Sergeant Custard and the twenty-four man escort of three supply wagons. Only two men escaped death. After the first wild charges on the escort had failed, Roman Nose rode slowly around the wagontrain, examining the defenses. Although all of the men fired at him, he was uninjured.

Riding back to his men, he directed them to creep forward under what natural cover they could find, while firing at the train. Some time later he rode forward again. When no shots were fired at him, he rode on in and found all of the men dead or badly wounded. His brother, Left Hand, was killed in this battle while Roman Nose was without a mark.

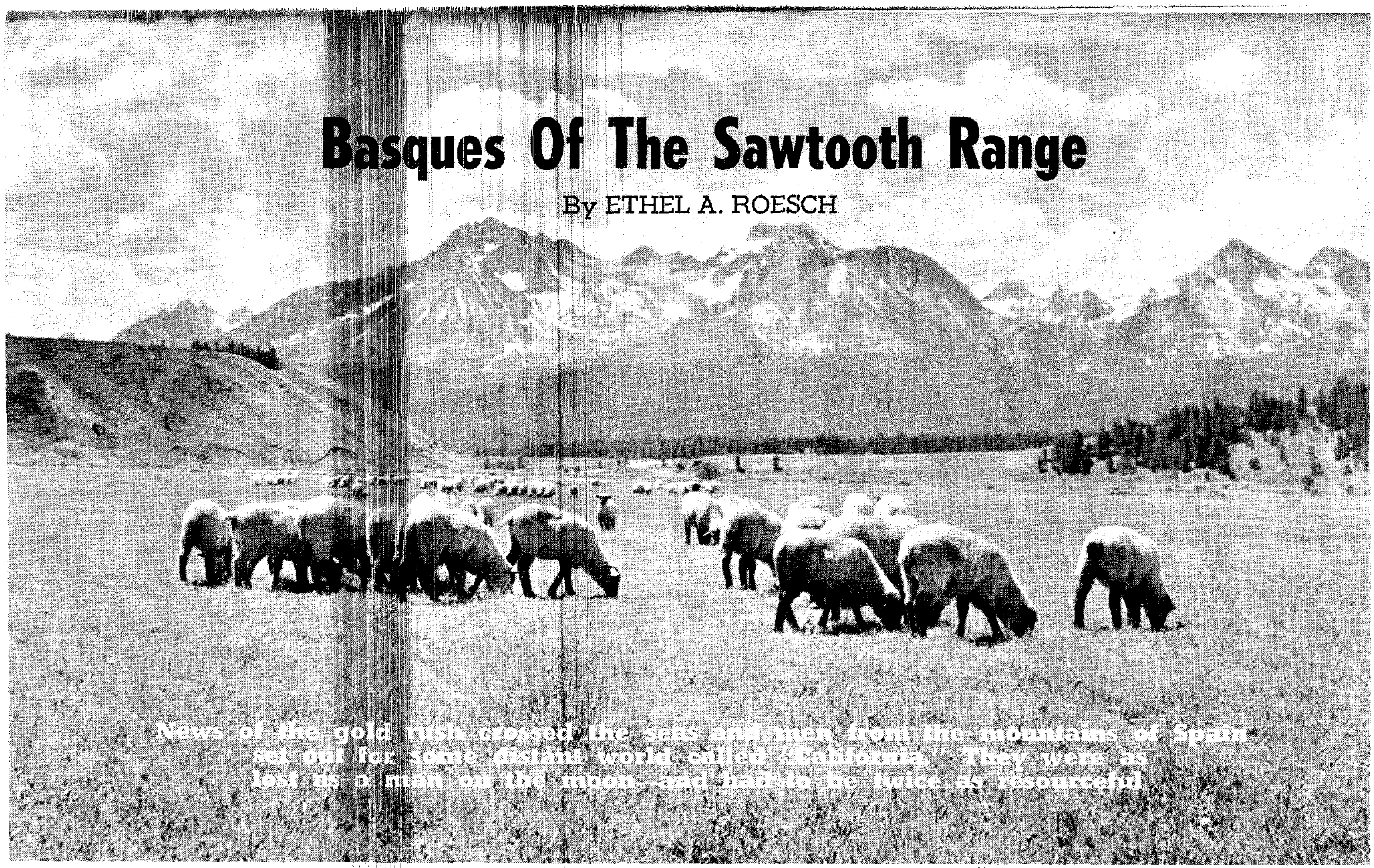
The next opportunity to demonstrate his powers came in September of the same year, a short two months after the Platte Bridge fight. General Connors had been placed in command of the Powder River Expedition. Colonel N. Cole was in charge of one leg of the drive, to start from Columbus, Nebraska; Colonel Walker was in command of another division originating at Ft. Laramie. General Connors was to start his section from the vicinity where Ft. Fetterman was later established.

Colonels Cole and Walker were without Western or Indian war experience. Almost from the start they were in serious trouble and if they had not been rescued by Major North and his Pawnee scouts, 1,800 men would have perished either from the Indians, or starvation and exposure. They had lost all of their horses but 600, and these were unfit for service. Their supplies—wagons, mules, everything—were gone, even many of their guns and much of their ammunition. Their boots were worn out and they were leaving bloody footprints wherever they walked. They had been under constant attack since leaving their bases; often their horses starved for having to be

(Continued on page 68)

Basques Of The Sawtooth Range

By ETHEL A. ROESCH



News of the gold rush crossed the seas and men from the mountains of Spain set out for some distant world called "California." They were as lost as a man on the moon—and had to be twice as resourceful.

Idaho State Department of Commerce and Development

Lush summer pasture in the Stanley Basin of the Sawtooth Mountains makes sheep-raising a thriving business in Idaho.

I heard them first—thousands of sheep, baaing and bleating their way through a back street of Ketchum, Idaho, shepherded by one man on foot followed by his sorrel and kept in line by a dog who worked first one side then another, his eyes constantly on the alert for laggard or stray. Not the most musical band in the world, they moved surely and swiftly through the street to be followed the next day and the next by more bands moving from the lowland winter pastures of Idaho high into the Sawtooth Mountains where lush summer meadows and fresh water awaited them.

To drive a band of a thousand or more sheep through a town in orderly fashion seemed a task difficult enough, I would have thought, to require the combined skills of the police force, state militia, and national guard, but one man did it, alone, without raising his voice. What manner of man was he? Who was he? "A Basque," I was told. That was enough explanation because to an Idahoan a Basque means a person who owns sheep, who herds sheep, who knows sheep.

The first Basque people in North America came during the California gold rush, which was a disappointment because most of them found no gold but were forced to move inland following whatever menial work they could find.

A ship's captain was the first one to venture into the Nevada-Idaho-Oregon region. He had docked his boat in San Francisco, heard the glowing tales of the Nevada gold strike, left his ship, and headed out, arriving at Winnemucca, Nevada, early in the 1880s.

John B. Edlefsen, whose *A Sociological Study of the Basques of Southwest Idaho* is on file in the archives of the Idaho State Library in Boise, states that this man acquired an interest in sheep. No written records were kept, by or about him, but tradition has it that in a couple of years he sent for an old friend at home who came and also made a little money, not in gold, but in sheep. After a few years the second man, who had been even more successful than the first, returned to his home in Province of Vizcaya in the heart of the Spanish Pyrenees and dazzled his friends with his wealth and his tales of the new country.

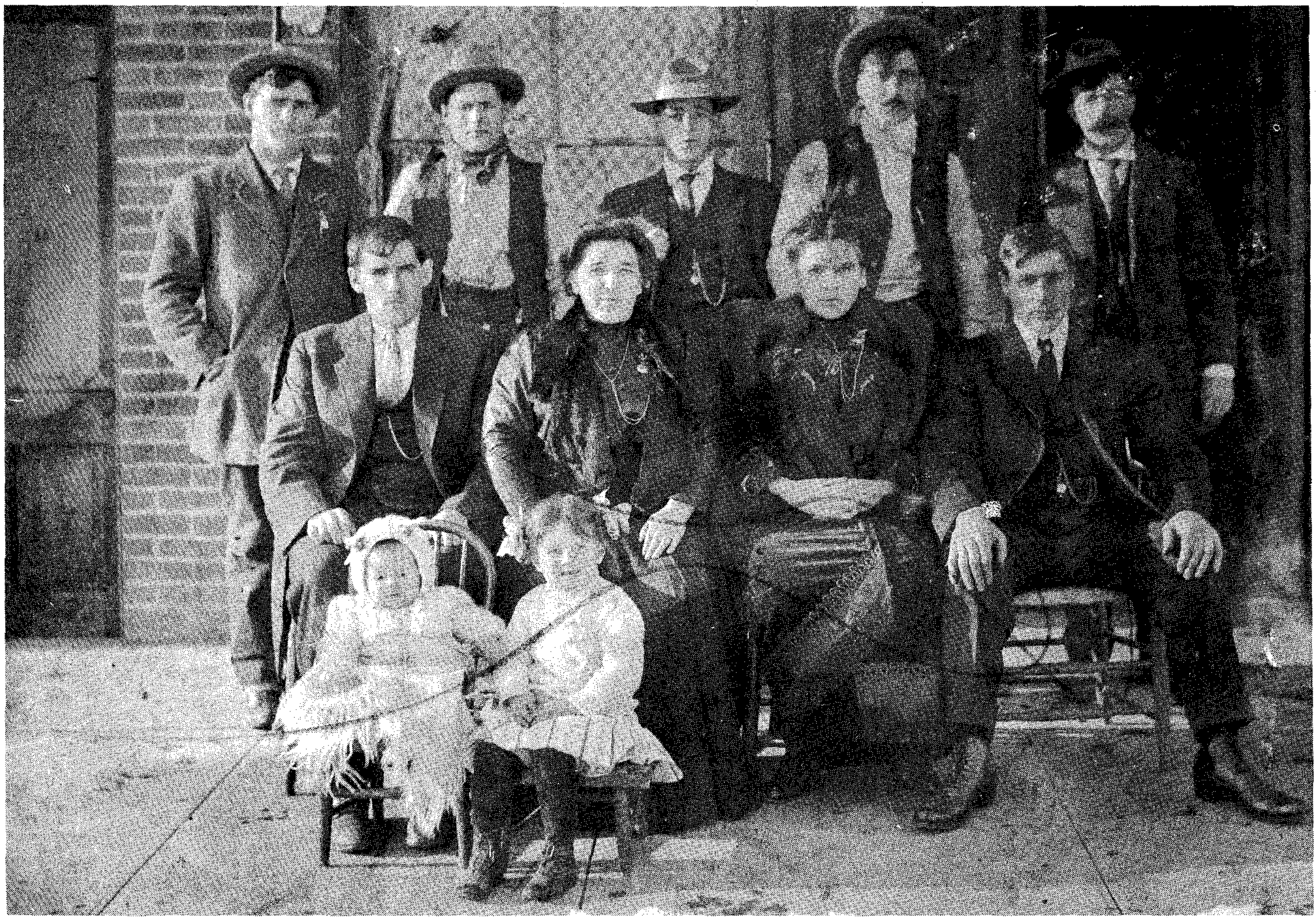
Nevada was just a name, Idaho completely unheard of, but the people of the Province knew the word "California", and it was of California that the man spoke, and to California that the Basques who came into the inland mountain region thought they came. For many years Old World Basques called the entire West "California." Many who were to settle in Idaho and live their lives out there always spoke of California as the promised land, the place they thought they had reached if things went well with them or the place to which they were going if things weren't so good. California was their dream, their Eldorado.

ANTONIO AZCUENAGA, having heard the magic tales of the far country, left his homeland in April, 1887. He worked as a sheepherder near McDermitt, Nevada, then made his way to the fertile Jordan Valley of Oregon where he was the first Basque in that region. He summer-grazed his sheep in the Owyhee Mountains in the southwest corner of what was then the Territory of Idaho. Thus, it can rightfully be said that the Basques followed the sheep into Idaho.

The rugged Owyhees were at that time pocked with busy mines, but beyond the buttes there was always one more valley stretching green and inviting. Young Azcuenaga's life was a lonely one, his sole companions being his dog, his sheep, and now and then, a horse or donkey provided by his employer. Home was a skimpy bedroll spread on hard rock. Meals were a tasteless warmed-over stew from which mutton grease would cling to the roof of his mouth, a never-ending rancid taste from one meal to the next.

Silver City, Idaho, was in its heyday as a booming mining metropolis, but the noisy miners had little time for the young man whose day and night vigilance kept him from joining their revels. Looking at him, if they paid him any attention at all, many a miner must have wondered what kind of young man could prefer the herding of sheep to the mining of precious metals. The language barrier made conversation difficult, and the Basque seldom risked the embarrassment of stumbling over the strange English words. Never was the miner to guess that the stocky, dark-eyed young man who wore an old blue beret and a frayed smock had come to this country to seek a fabulous land called California where gold was knee-deep and everything good was for the taking. Too poor to buy a grubstake, too lacking in the English language to talk anyone into staking him, his dreams were of gold, but his lot was sheep. This was to become the lot of other Basques who followed him.

After a couple of years in the Jordan Valley, Antonio Azcuenaga joined a small group of fellow countrymen on their



Courtesy Mrs. Rufino Hormaechea

The Uberuaga boarding house in Boise, Idaho, was one of many which served as a home away from home for many Basques at the turn of the century. Standing (left to right): Jose and Domingo Uberuaga; Felepe, Pedro and Ysidro Arriola. Seated: Mr. and Mrs. Juan Uberuaga and little ones, Phil and Juanita; and Mr. and Mrs. Domingo Onederra whose wedding has just been celebrated.

way to the little village of Boise. He made his mark and lived out his life there. Gold, precious metals, dreams of a better way of life, escape from old world tyranny, adventure—who can say exactly why the Basque people came to Idaho? But come they did, until the Quota Law of 1924 limited Spanish immigrants, which included the Basques, to 252 people each year.

For centuries an isolated people in the rocky seacoast mountain region of southwest France and north-central Spain, the Basques spoke an ancient tongue unlike any of their neighbors. Legend has it that Tubal, fifth son of Japheth who was a son of Noah, came to Europe long before the Tower of Babel was built and transmitted to the Basques of the Pyrenees a pure language. Whatever its origin may be, the Basques called their region in Europe the Eskual-Heddia, "the land of those speaking clearly." To their early neighbors in Idaho, this was anything but true! The *New York Times*, October 8, 1961, in an article on the Basques, states: "A single word in Eskuara, as the Basques call their language, may carry the weight of a sentence. Etcheradinokoan, for example, means 'going toward my house,' a meaning achieved by tacking five suffixes like boxcars onto the word for house."

Just as the Basque language was hard for the Boise settlers to understand, the English language was well-nigh impossible for the early Basque to master. Small wonder, then, that he had to accept the lowliest job available, sheepherding, to keep body and soul together.

Outcasts and ne'er-do-wells, shifty characters too undependable to be hired in the mines or by the cattlemen, had long been the main helpers of the sheepmen, and it was undoubtedly a relief when a young, strong European was willing to take the sheep to a high pasture.

SHEEP BANDS were large (sometimes four or five thousand), provisions were sparse, and the pay small. Coyotes preyed on the stragglers; unsuspecting ewes tripped in narrow ravines and lay helpless, thin legs pawing in the air until rescued. Beasts, birds and boulders challenged the skill of the shepherd.

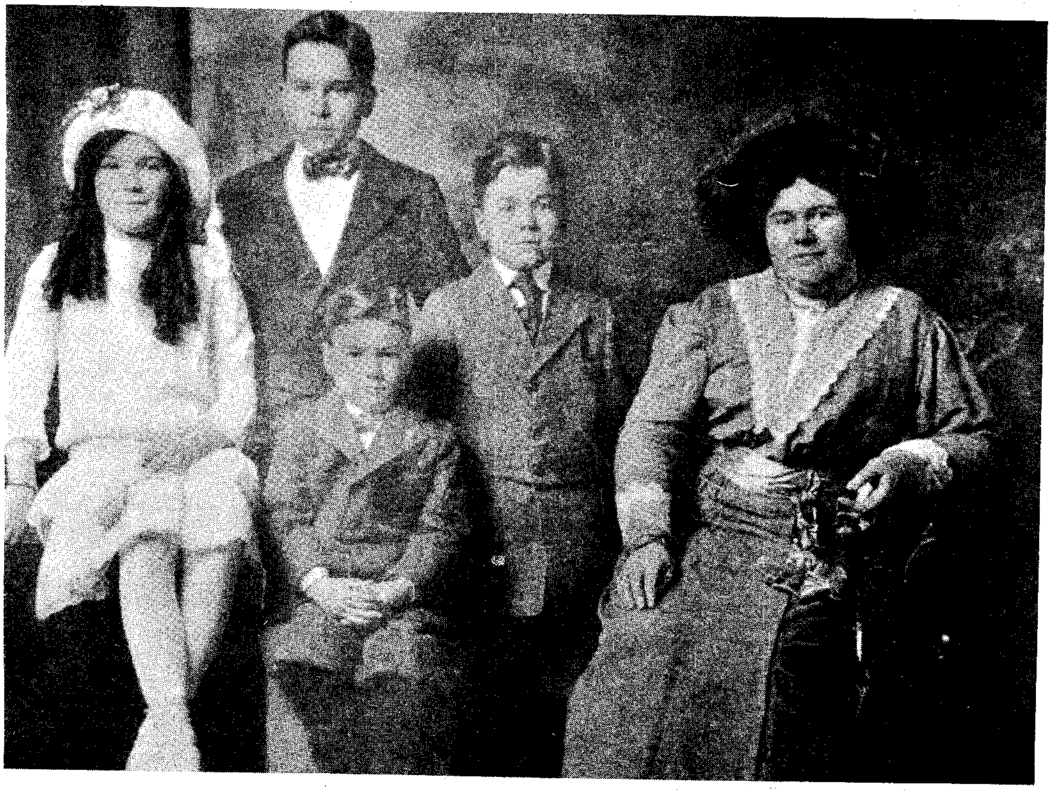
Most of Idaho's cow-sheepmen battles were fought in court between lawyers rather than on the ranges between herders and cowboys. However, the smart herder soon learned his ranges and his trails and kept well out of the way of his traditional enemies. Once in awhile, the venom loosed by the cowboys on sheepmen resulted in terror and tragedy. Tales are still told in the Sawtooths of herders shot and bands of sheep driven to their death over cliffs a thousand feet high.

But the Basque was dependable, the sheep well cared for, and when the bands ended their long summer mountain trek and were turned into home pastures for winter, the animals were intact, calm and fat. Contrary to popular notions, sheepherding was a skill learned, for the most part, in this country by the Basque. In the old country, many men tended their small diversified patch farms, but real renown came to them from fearless seamanship.

As long ago as the 12th Century, Basque whaling and cod-fishing expeditions reached the coast of Newfoundland. When fierce Philippine savages murdered Magellan in 1521, Juan Sebastian Elcano of Guetaria, a Basque, took command of the expedition and became the first sea captain to sail around the globe.

John E. H. Nolan, writing in *National Geographic*, tells about an old Basque fisherman who insisted one of his people tipped off Columbus about America. "Then that grasping Genoese sailed across the ocean with another Basque as navigator and took all the credit." Better authenticated than the fisherman's claim, however, are the deeds of LeComte de Troisvilles, the first Captain of the King's Musketeers in 17th Century France; of St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits; and of St. Francis Xavier—all Basques. Martial Singher, the Metropolitan opera baritone, and Maurice Ravel, composer, were of Basque stock. To assume the Basque became sheepherder because that was his only skill in the homeland is to be incorrect; to say that centuries of hard work in the mountains and on the sea had molded a sturdy, dependable and independent people able and willing to tackle any job offered them and to adapt to the rigors of their new land would be more nearly the truth.

The Basque may have seemed inscrut-



Courtesy Euzkaldunak Organization

The proud family of Antonio Azcuenaga, Idaho's first Basque who arrived about 1888. Below, friends of Matilda Anduiza (with corsage) gathered for a farewell party before she journeyed to Spain to attend school in August, 1930.

able and his language impossible, but the newcomer with his Old World background of thrift and patience watched and waited and before long he understood the American way, if not the words. He kept his wages close to him, lived frugally, and with every few dollars ahead invested in a few sheep of his own. "Free enterprise" was an unknown term, but because many a Basque was natively ambitious, conservative and keen, he soon became an entrepreneur. Through the years names such as Juan Archabal became legendary in Idaho country because of vast sheep empires built by small wages invested and reinvested in sheep, and toil that went on around the clock all year long.

THE Old Country Basque house, center of social and family life, was always open to kinsmen, provided they shared in the work as well as the play and food. That same tradition was carried into the Basque boarding houses which lined Boise's Grove Street at the turn of the century and which through the years became a home away from home for many lonely young men.

Juan Uberuaga, born October 22, 1881, at Arbacegui, Guerricaiz, Province of Vizcaya, Spain, who ventured to this country in 1905, owned a typical boarding house. In the early days of his marriage when he was in the hills, his wife Juana did the work and found time to welcome and help newcomers strange to the ways of Idaho. After Juan passed his sheepherder's stick on to a single man and stayed in town, his family of seven

Courtesy Mrs. Rufino Hormaechea

children and the boarders kept him quite busy.

"I remember how it was when a man started out with his sheep. Those early years everything was carried in a pack on the back. There were no covered supply wagons then. They took all they could for months, months at a time, in the mountains," daughter Juanita said.

Juanita "Jay" Uberuaga, now Mrs. Rufino Hormaechea, serves as guiding light and publicity chairman for Euzkaldunak (Basque) Organization, Inc., which is dedicated to the revival, presentation and preservation of authentic dress, dances, and traditions of her people. The group supports Boise's present Basque Center (located near where the Uberuaga boarding house once stood) and has inspired modern Idaho Basques to learn the authentic old dances. They were asked to be a part of the official Idaho contingent at Seattle's World Fair in 1962. The Basque dancers will also represent Idaho at the New York World's Fair in June of this year.

"Men came down into town starved for talk, for Old Country food, for companionship. Boarding houses such as Mama's were their homes away from home. They were a haven for men who were alone, and practical for the women and children too. They kept us going when the men were in the hills, the only way some families had to earn a little money. They were the center of our lives. Everyone worked. Women who didn't own a boarding house worked for women who did.

"Times were so hard! Paydays for the men were small and far between. We wore everything out, then patched and repatched. That's why, in these later years, when we tried to revive the traditional dances and costumes, we had so little to go by. Everybody had worn out everything they brought with them.

"Yes, the women and children worked at everything—odd jobs. Some even bootlegged a little for extra money to keep their families from starving."

People of love and life and laughter, Basques were not ones to be forever depressed by the early years in the new land. Generations of isolation in their mountain homeland had welded their people together with a wealth of tradition. They could endure isolation and long hours while working, but holidays were for laughter, picnics, dancing. Mrs. Hormaechea said, "I remember the Sunday dances when we kept going all afternoon and evening from one house to another. There would be a nickel piano in each house, and everyone would put a nickel in. Oh, how we danced! The Jota, the Porrasalda, the Arresku!

"And handball! Jack Anduiza had a boarding house with a fronton (ball court) in it, and the men and boys used to play pelota. That's a fast hard ball game, pelota is. It used to be played by striking the ball with the palm of the hand, but it can be played with a paddle. You could tell a good pelota player by the hardness and strength of his right hand. Sometimes the best players were the boys and men who practiced alone, throwing and rebounding the ball for hours against steep mountainsides when they were tending their sheep. Young men played; old men bet. All of us had our team favorites, too!

"No, life wasn't all hard work. We even had our own church on the corner of Idaho and Fifth Streets. About 1910 the Boise Bishop sensed a need for someone the Basques could call their own, someone who could speak to them in their own tongue, understand them. He sent for a priest and the Reverend Padre Arregui came to us in 1911. I remember my Mother telling me what a comfort he was!

"The Basque house was the center of life, just as it was in the Old Country. Many a young fellow got his first and only taste of education at the boarding house. The women understood so well the terrible handicap of speaking in a foreign tongue. They had to do the bargaining in stores, deal with officials, and the other things necessary to get along. So it was the women who cracked the language barrier first. They learned the words first, then taught them slowly and simply to their children, their menfolk, and anyone else who came to stay.

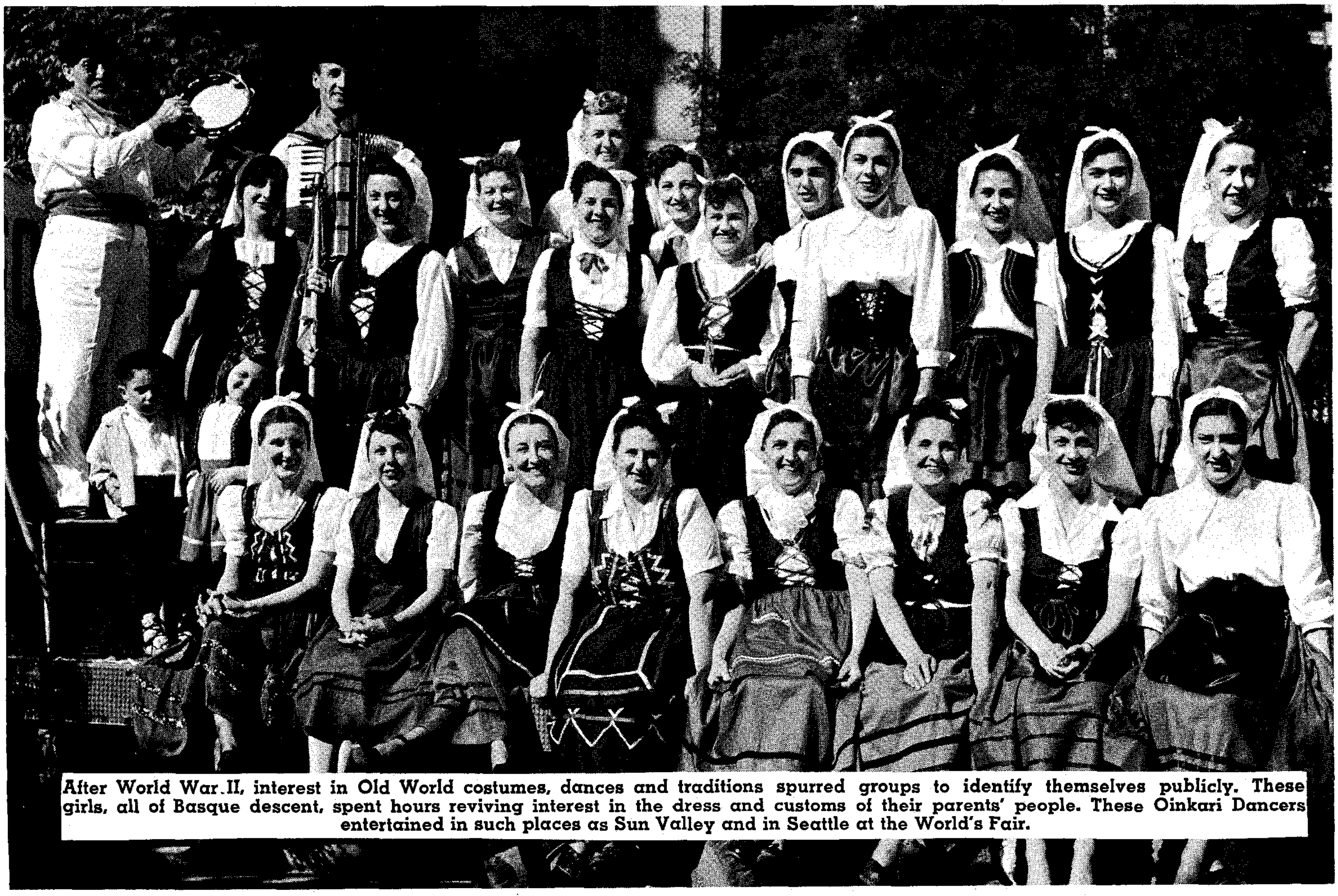
"I can see them now, Mama, elbow-deep in bread dough, kneading away, drilling a young lad in English words, 'Say Hello for Kaxo,' 'Say Goodbye for Agur.'

"Or the lesson may have been in counting. 'You've got to know how to count,' she would say. 'Say it after me: One, Bat. Two, Bi. Three, Iru. Four, Lau. Five, Bost. Six, Sie. Seven, Zazpi. Eight, Zorti. Nine, Bederatzi. Ten, Amar!'

"Sometimes the young man would have to perch on a kitchen stool with feet high in the air while Mama scrubbed the floor on hands and knees and taught him the words for members of the family. 'Father, Aita. Mother, Ama. Daughter, Alaba. Son, Seme.'

"And then, when the sheepherder prepared to leave with his charges again,

Courtesy Euzkaldunak Organization



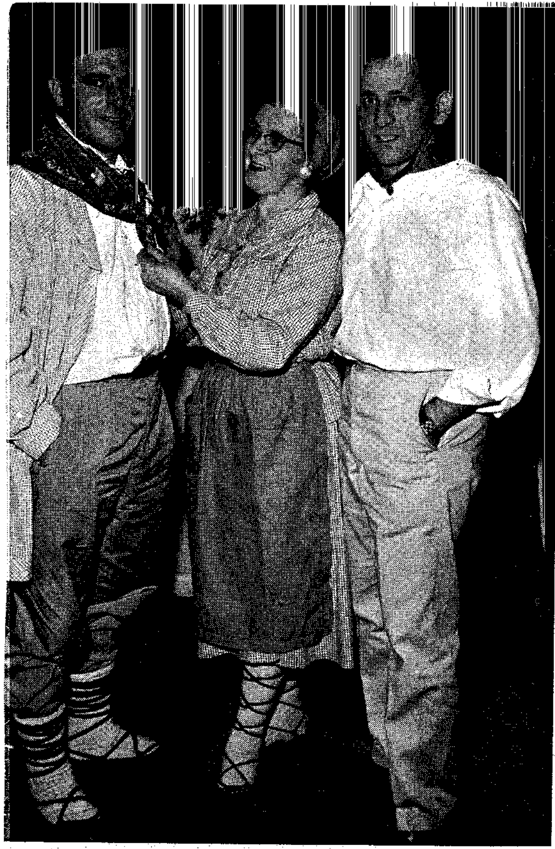
After World War II, interest in Old World costumes, dances and traditions spurred groups to identify themselves publicly. These girls, all of Basque descent, spent hours reviving interest in the dress and customs of their parents' people. These Oinkari Dancers entertained in such places as Sun Valley and in Seattle at the World's Fair.

Mama was right there, reminding him to practice the words. And he did! Mama was little, just over five feet, but she had their respect!

"The Muz Tournaments were highlights of our life. Muz is a card game, much enjoyed by our men for it takes wit, courage, and stamina to stay in a tournament. And then, of course, later, but still very much a part of the memory of every Idaho Basque, was the yearly Sheepherders' Ball.

"The first Sheepherders' Ball which was started by John Archabal, Sr. in 1919 continued for twenty years as a charity benefit. Through the years we were able to make large contributions to organizations such as the Red Cross and Salvation Army. Everyone who attended had to be a Basque or a guest of one and had to come dressed in authentic costumes or in levis and cotton dresses. In case anyone was forgetful, Ben Goicoechea would have a herder's wagon parked outside the dancehall door ready to sell the right costume. Dancing went on until midnight with exhibitions of native dances done by those who were expert. At midnight, a fat lamb would be auctioned off for charity. I remember once Dan Bilbao paid almost $1,300 and it all went for charity."

Through the years, the Sheepherders' Ball dwindled in popularity and gave way to more modern forms of entertainment, but recently it was revived for Basques and their guests. "It's changed, though, different," the people of Boise say. "The flavor is gone. But that's the way it goes. Things change."



Basque costumes brought back from Spain a few years ago are modeled above left by Mr. and Mrs. Rufino Hormaechea. Her brother, Joe Uberuaga, then on leave from the U.S. Embassy in Mexico, looks on. At a 1957 picnic, Mrs. Hilario Urresti, Julie Gandiaga and Anuci Jayo prove they're still adept at the ancient art of balancing a pail of water. Cotton dresses, levis and neckerchiefs are approved dress (below) for the Sheepherders Ball. Pictures courtesy Euzkaldunak Organization.

PICNICS, huge affairs taking in all Basques for miles around, were times when feats of athletic and eating prowess were performed. While the aged ones sat in a row and watched, younger ones competed in age-old skills. Even women got into the act, balancing pails of water on their heads, walking up and down, daring each other to spill the first drop. There were races, tug-o'-war, and weightlifting for the men. In 1961 Jose Garatea, a 165-pound sheepherder, lifted a 250-pound weight 49 times in 10 minutes to become the North American Basque champion. Recently, Ben Goitiandia, meatcutter, bested Jose's feat to become the current champion.

Today the Idaho Basque has his name engraved indelibly in the sheep industry, but you also find proud names in other lines of work, skilled and unskilled, in the professions, in entertainment, education, and government. Names like Lizaso, Murelaga, Uberuaga, Eiguren, Zumalcarrequi appear in all kinds of businesses, both as owners and workers.

No concerted effort is made to present a solid voting block in government affairs. There are Republican Basques and Democrats, all as fiercely loyal today to their parents' adopted country and its causes as were the old-timers to the one they left. When Pete T. Cenarrusa held the gavel as Speaker of the House for the State of Idaho during the last legislative session, he did it not as a Basque, but as an American well able and willing to make his contribution toward the cause of good government. He did it as an American proud of his heritage and of his compatriots.

Today, according to the Idaho Department of Commerce and Development, there are about 8,500 Basques living across southern Idaho's Snake River Valley. They comprise Idaho's largest single immigrant group and the largest Basque community in the world outside of their homeland.

The United States has adjusted its quota system to allow young men from the Pyrenees into this country as sheepherders for three years, after which time, at the request of their employers, the boys can return for another term. Upon his return to the Pyrenees after his tour as a humble sheepherder in America, the young Basque carries in his levis more money than he could earn at home during an entire lifetime, even after paying his own transportation expenses. He has been to America. He has made his stake.

In the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho today one finds grizzled old herders who eagerly answer questions in a heavily accented tongue. They are genial men who pose for pictures with aplomb and a glint of dark-eyed laughter. They are spirited men who add to the lore of the mountainmen as many colorful details as they figure their listeners will accept. Seen, also, is the young man whose only answer to a question is a shake of the head, a shy smile. He is the young one from the Pyrenees whose tenure here is very short.

I heard the sheep first, then I saw them. The picture in the Sawtooth Mountains appeared much the same as it had in the early days. The sheep, the man, the dog—but there is a difference. Gold was their lure. Gold is what the old-timers dreamed about. Sheep was their lot, and for this the modern Basque is thankful. Remains of once bustling gold mines dot the Idaho mountainsides and the men who mined them are mere ghosts of the past, but the Basque walks proudly over the land, very much a living part of the modern State of Idaho.

Illustrated By Al M. Napoletano

LUMBRE!

By GEORGE P. GRAY

GREENHORNS PAY A BIG PRICE. MOST OF THEM SHOULD BE GIVEN A MEDAL FOR BEING WHERE THEY HAD NO BUSINESS, DOING WHAT THEY DIDN'T KNOW HOW—AND LIVING THROUGH IT!

BY THE dim light of my candle, I could see Mexican miners descending the ladder from where they had been working in the stope high above me. It lacked fifteen minutes to the end of the forenoon shift, and I wondered idly why they had stopped work so soon. Two of them called out a single word to me as they passed and hurried out the stope. I had no idea of its meaning but, assuming it was some form of casual greeting, I merely nodded in reply with a pleasant "*Como esta usted?*" I figured they knew what they were doing and let it go at that.

Just as I raised my geology pick to chip out another ore sample, there came a BOOM!—BOOM!—BOOM! The first explosion flung my candlestick from where I had stuck it to work by, wrenched the pick from my hand, and threw me to my knees. Blast after blast made the stope timbers shudder. The rock floor—in fact, the whole mountain—trembled as from an earthquake. Rocks clattered on the plank floor high above me. I cowered where I fell, waiting to be buried alive.

My relief at finding I could still move my hands and legs was offset by the foul smoke and dust-laden air. I had barely enough sense left in me to realize I must find my candle if I hoped to get out of that cavernous network of mine timbers.

I crawled about in pitch darkness, blacker than any I had ever experienced. Not the least sign of my hand could be seen as I pressed it against my face. One after another my few matches flickered out in my trembling fingers. The last one I let burn down, as I hunted for the candle, until it blistered my fingers. Then I was in darkness again.

After what seemed like hours of crawling about, my hands and knees reached the bleeding point. I got up and tried to fumble along without aid of light and time after time I was stopped short against the side wall of the stope. Finally, discouraged and exhausted, I crouched against a mine timber.

AS I sat there, wiping the cold sweat from my aching forehead, a fierce resentment developed in me against H. H. Dyer, the mine superintendent, for having deserted me.

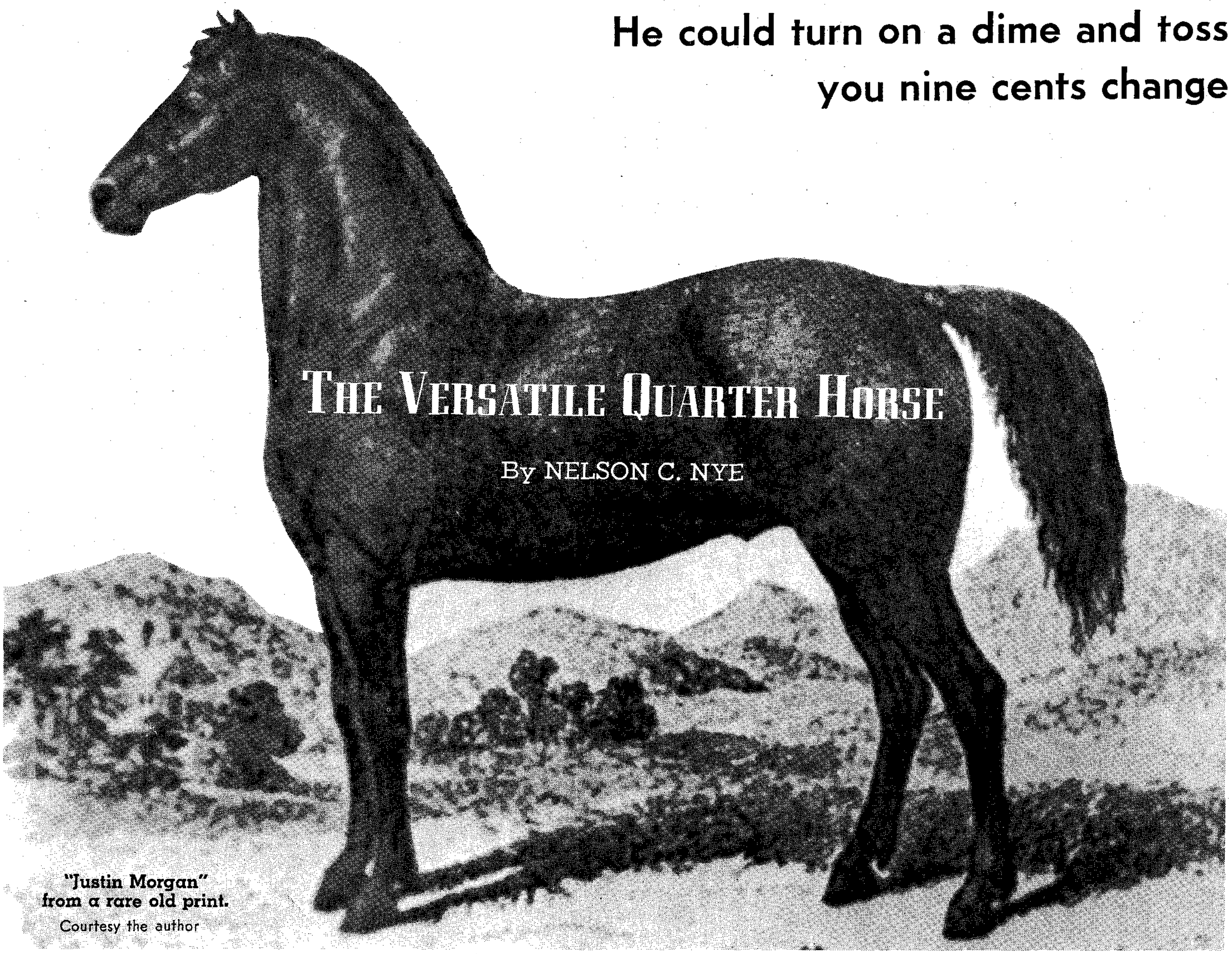
I had been working for the Shannon Copper Company at Metcalf, Arizona, in the early 1900s checking out cars of ore destined for the smelter at Clifton and disposing of supplies as they came in by rail. I thought I was doing a good and conscientious job there so I was surprised and a little apprehensive when Dyer sent for me one morning.

He greeted me with a pleasant smile and said, "You've been doing all right where you are, George—everything satisfactory. Now how'd you like a better paying job, say like mine sampler? We're needing another one."

"Sounds interesting, Mr. Dyer, They tell me that a man could learn quite a lot

(Continued on page 51)

He could turn on a dime and toss you nine cents change



THE VERSATILE QUARTER HORSE

By NELSON C. NYE

"Justin Morgan" from a rare old print.
Courtesy the author

IT HAS BEEN said that Paul Revere rode a Quarter Horse, and I would not be surprised if someone proved he did. Justin Morgan has been called a Quarter Horse, and this has not greatly astonished me, either. Anyone who cares to dig deep enough into the turbulent facts of George Washington's republic is bound to discover any number of references to these small chunky paragons clean back to the days when we were—as Kenneth Roberts has so aptly described us—little more than "a rabble at arms."

This horse, the oldest breed-type on this continent, antidating by upwards of two hundred years the pampered and long-popular Thoroughbred, has always been an inseparable part of our heritage. Although the general public appears never to have been aware of this, the long-abounding "short horse" had a great deal to do with founding the American Thoroughbred—the "bar sinister" part which led to the enactment in England of legislation introduced by Lord Jersey intended to eliminate from turf competition certain families of Thoroughbreds propagated in the United States.

Many persons have asked, "But what *is* a Quarter Horse? Where did he come from and what is his purpose?"

To come right down to bedrock he's a multi-purpose horse, bred in the main for all-around utility—a *doer.* In recent times many of our more dollar-minded breeders have tended to become specialists, attempting to consistently produce horses fitted by temperament and ingrained capacity to do one thing superlatively well, breeding stock for ranch and range use, the show ring, rodeo contest competition, track performance or other special categories. But the Quarter Horse historically—perhaps one should say *ideally*—could do each of these in turn and do them remarkably well. Such tremendous versatility of over-all performance was the goal for which the type was evolved. No other breed has ever been more agile, willing, or faster at the quarter mile.

This naturally brings up that second-asked question—"Why is he called a Quarter Horse?" He is called this because, properly mated, he is bred to outdo all others in sheer burst of speed for short distances. The term, Quarter Horse, is a contraction of the name by which he was known when Colonel Sanders Bruce dumped him out of the American Stud Book.

In 1833 when Sir Patrick N. Edgar of Granville County, North Carolina, published a book called *The American Turf Register, Sportsman's Herald and General Stud Book,* there were among its pages many references to, and descriptions of, celebrated and famous American Quarter Running Horses. Somewhat earlier these were called "Chickasaws," a small blocky type which our gentlemen planters acquired from Indians bearing that name.

Mr. Robert M. Denhardt, first Secretary of the American Quarter Horse Association, recently declared, "Until I was drawing up the Constitution and By-Laws, no name had been selected. Jack Casement had been writing articles in several magazines advocating a Steeldust registry—he called his and his dad's horses 'Steeldusts.' George Clegg and Ott Adams called their horses 'Billys.' I had written an article for *Western Horseman* in the late '30s in which I showed that most of these horses sired by Billy, Rondo, Peter McCue and others were all related, and all gained their fame on Quarter tracks. I suggested and, in future, called all short horses 'Quarter Horses' *(Quarter Horses Then and Now).* I did not like the designation, Jack Casement and Jack Hutchins did not like it, but where was there a better? Hutchins wanted them called Billy Horses—but not Casement; he wanted Steeldusts. So we unwillingly compromised on the term 'Quarter Horse' to designate short horses, which were all related anyway."

NOW to that most-often asked question, "What *is* a Quarter Horse?" Rex Cauble, one of our breeders at Crockett, Texas, has attempted to answer in several of his advertisements by saying:

> *He's half a ton of poised and controlled energy, held on an easy rein and a hair trigger.*
>
> *He's a workin' man who can earn his keep on the range all week and*

Courtesy the author

"Jet Deck," just after winning the 8th race in the $207,750 Los Alamitos Futurity on December 16, 1962.

be a handsome dandy at the track on Sunday afternoon.

He's proud when he stands; looks lazy when he walks—

But when he runs he can whip the tears from the corners of your eyes and plaster your hat brim against the crown.

He's big in haunches, supple in the withers, stout in the neck and wide across the chest . . . to hold his great heart.

He's cow-smart and brave—though sometimes a clown—and to the man with sky in his eyes and mud on his boots the Quarter Horse is a faithful hand . . .

And a friend!

The Quarter Horse has been described as being many things to many men. Before the American Revolution a Mr. J. F. D. Smith wrote in his remarkable book, *The Horse In America*, "In the southern part of the Colony (Virginia) and in North Carolina they are much attached to quarter racing, which is always a match between two horses to run one quarter of a mile, straight out, being merely an exertion of speed; and they have a breed that performs it with astonishing velocity, beating every other with great ease."

This great breed type had traveled a long way before he arrived in this country. The Moors brought him with them when, under Tarik, they overran Spain. This Mohammedan conquest was begun in 634. The Moslems, by 696, had completed domination of most of North Africa, entering Spain in 710. Largely their cavalry was composed of Berbers whose horses had come from Syria, Egypt, Nubia, Zeneta, Barbary and Arabia. The great preponderance of these were Barbs, a race of desert-bred horses noted for speed and endurance.

In the years intervening between 710 and the colonization of Spanish Guale (Florida) begun in 1565 by Admiral Pedro Menendez de Aviles, who fetched the horses there in the first place, this Oriental stock was crossed and recrossed on whatever horses Tarik's hordes found in Spain, and had produced—before Menendez ever set sail—the world-famous Spanish Horse. The hundred specimens he brought to America were indubitably of this breeding—i.e., Spanish Barbs. How, indeed, could they have been otherwise?

By 1650 Spanish Guale had seventy-nine missions, eight towns, and two royal ranches. These ranches were perpetuating the blood and best qualities of the admiral's hundred foundation horses. When the Chickasaw Indians began trafficking in this stock with our Carolina and Virginia planters, Florida must have been line-breeding Barbs on a pretty impressive scale.

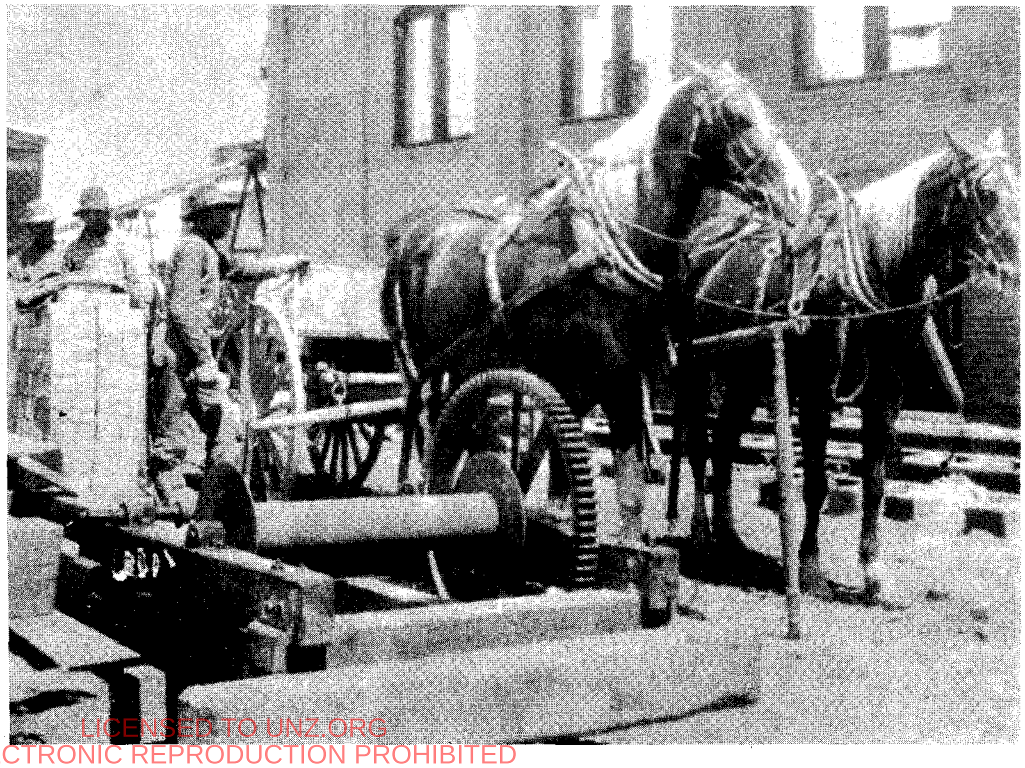
IT WAS long taken for granted our Colonial forebears got their "wild Spanish ponies" from strays and runaways escaped or abandoned from the travels of De Soto. Others have supposed Cortes responsible. They came, however, from Spanish Guale via the Chickasaw Indians. Hence the horses which were raced with such zest on a sunny afternoon down the village lanes and cowpaths of the Carolinas and Virginia were not the scrub Indian ponies which so many writers have carelessly dubbed them but, in fact, line-bred Barbs.

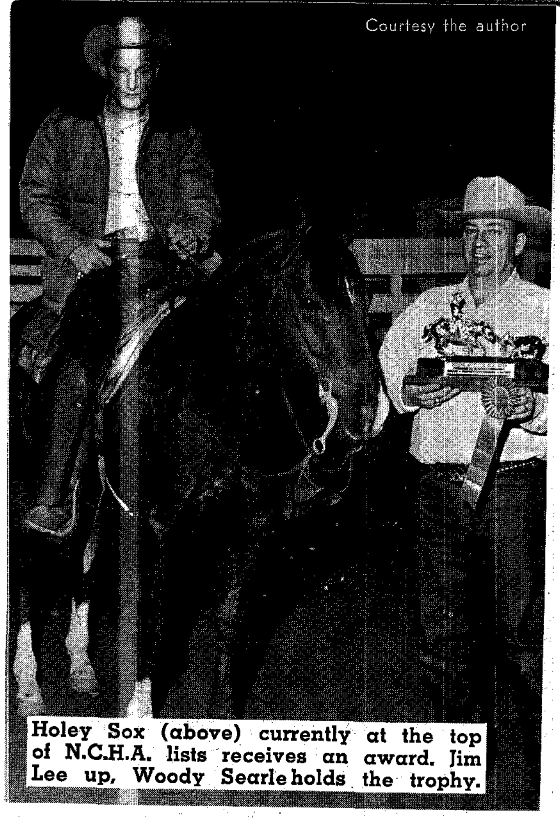
Here, in my opinion, was the far-back basic ingredient—the cornerstone, so to speak—of the present-day American Quarter Horse.

The second ingredient was added when some of our wealthier planters, having returned from extensive trips to England extolling the marvels of the four-mile heat, began the importation of so-called *English* stallions. The majority of the horses were Barbs, with a sprinkling of Arabians and mixed-breeds. One must remember that it was not until 1793 that Volume One of the English *General Stud*

Old Fred and full sister Maude pulled this wagon from a farm in Missouri to Pueblo, Colorado, where this picture was made. Old Fred was one of the foundation sires of the famous Coke Roberds horses.

A. C. Haeberle




Courtesy the author

Holey Sox (above) currently at the top of N.C.H.A. lists receives an award. Jim Lee up, Woody Searle holds the trophy.

Book was issued, though an Introduction was, indeed, published by James Weatherby, Jr. two years earlier. We may—all descriptions to the contrary notwithstanding—be reasonably certain these animals were not "Thoroughbreds."

Our first serious importers of "English" horses, for instance, were Messrs. Wood, Sandys and Gookin who brought a number of these stallions into Virginia as early as 1620. The local horse stock was not greatly changed for some while, the planters by and large being pretty well satisfied with the sport of breeding and match-racing their Chickasaw ponies, frequently wagering quite fantastic stakes on the outcome of such competitions. This Chickasaw was a *using* horse very like his present counterpart, extremely maneuverable, rugged, enduring and amazingly prepotent. It was not until the middle 1700s that distance racing and the four-mile heat really began to put the Chickasaw out of business.

In 1746 the "English" stallion Jolly Roger (a chestnut foaled in 1741 by Roundhead out of a daughter of Croft's Partner) was fetched into Virginia. The following year Nathaniel Harrison imported Monkey, sired by Lonsdale's Bay Arabian from a daughter of Curwen's Bay Barb. Most such importations prior to 1800 were purely Orientals, many of which by bloodlines were predominantly Barb.

In 1752 the race horse Janus was imported into Virginia; he stood about fourteen hands three-quarters of an inch, was described "of low stature" revealing "great bone and muscle, round, very compact, large quarters and very swift; all of which desirable qualities he imparted so perfectly to his progeny that many of them remain in the stock . . . and great speed and muscular form are still found in many horses whose pedigrees reach him . . . or when, as it is sometimes called, there is a 'double Janus cross.' Nearly all his immediate descendants were 'swift Quarter nags.' He was sire of an immense number of short distance racers, brood mares and stallions." This was written by Sir Patrick N. Edgar into his aforementioned stud book in 1833. The bloodlines of not a few present-day Quarter Horses can be traced back to Janus and his court of Chickasaw mares.

What was done with Janus was, in lesser degree, performed also with such other imports as Saltram, Oroonoko, Flimnap, Florizel and others. Their court of the Chickasaw Barbs produced the American Thoroughbred and the American Quarter Running Horse. Get which ran four miles or better went into and stayed in the former; those which ran short were called Quarter Horses.

AFTER the smoke of the Civil War had cleared and changed so much of America's thinking, the Thoroughbred emerged to bask in the limelight, the pampered darling of wealth and fashion. The Quarter Horse, finally relegated to the back of beyond, began his adventure-packed migration toward the wild and woolly West. From Kentucky and Illinois and William Penn's state he came in ever increasing numbers, furnishing both locomotion and transportation for uncounted "movers"—pioneers, gold seekers, drifters and gamblers, perhaps even for some few of that despised breed of ne'er-do-well, the nester, with his barbed wire and grass-turning bull-tongued plows—for the Quarter Horse pulled many a wagon, doing whatever he was called on to do.

He was crossed on mustangs to build up remudas and out in the brush, once again, he became a race horse, the sweetheart of fly-by-night gentry who loved a fast horse as they did their own lives. Then the cow crowd took hold of him and crowned him king of all the West's horses. He performed grueling tasks no Thoroughbred could possibly have stood up to—wherever there was danger, where excitement or deadly provocation had reached the point of no return, there you would find the Quarter Horse, playing his part in the taming of the last frontier.

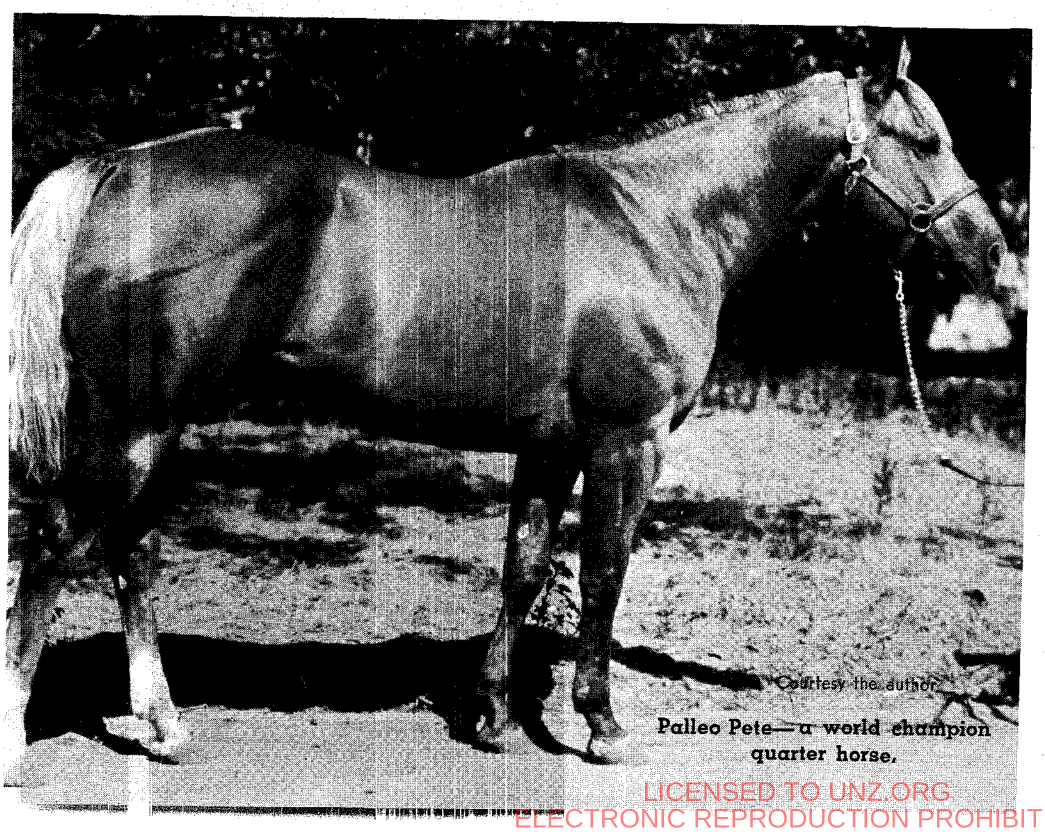
The infamous Hole-in-the-Wall gang knew these horses and frequently engaged in powdersmoke showdowns to retain or take off with stolen numbers of their kind. Sam Bass rode a Quarter Horse whenever he had any choice in the matter—the famous Denton mare was of this breeding. Black Jack Ketchum, the notorious train stopper who lost his head on a New Mexico gallows, was extremely partial to Steeldusts. And the Dalton boys—Sam Doolin, too—more than once owed their lives to a fast Quarter Horse.

Many a frontier marshal and old-time sheriff would fork nothing else, for in their line of work, "early foot" and plenty of bottom were not only prime requisites but all too often the only real chance they might have for survival.

Over at Silver City years ago a Quarter Horse called, I believe, Figure 2, was pitted against a big-wheeled velocipede and won hands down. And just a few years back one was raced against a Jaguar. A roper named Ted Yarborough had this horse called Cheeta Lea that he raced at several Quarter Horse meets, winning twenty out of twenty-one starts; then, apparently getting his fill of such foolishness, he settled down and made a top roping horse out of her—she can really come up with them, put on a slide stop and hold that calf till hell freezes over. Ted, using Cheeta Lea, has taken top money several times at Fort Worth. In 1953 the owner of the Jaguar talked Ted into a match for 100 yards. All the sports car enthusiasts figured they had this race in the bag, but when the automobile reached the 75-yard mark Cheeta Lee was over the finish with foretop flying.

Extreme dexterity has made the Quarter Horse the world's finest cutter. No other breed has had a representative named World's Champion cutting horse in the past several years. Some prime examples of Quarter Horse performance in this field are Marion's Girl, King's Pistol, Slats Dawson, Poco Stampede, Poco Bueno, Senior George, Cutter Bill and, last year, Woody Searle's fast-stepping Holey Sox.

As a cow horse, a short-distance race horse and a horse that's tops at all rodeo competition, the Quarter Horse reigns supreme. His early foot and astonishing maneuverability gave rise to the phrase, "He can turn on a dime and toss you back nine cents change!" He is pretty near unbeatable as a barrel racing horse, is currently much sought for chariot and cutter racing and has been used as a jumper in international tournaments. And the best of his kind can do it all.


Courtesy the author

Palleo Pete—a world champion quarter horse.

THE NAME THAT CAUSED A KILLING

By WALTER GANN

A case where "pride" pulled the trigger and two men ruined their lives—for a reason that wasn't good enough

COLONEL WILLIAM H. DAY lost his life in 1881 from injuries received when his horse fell on him at a roundup. He was shaping up a herd to drive over the Kansas trail. His ranch consisted of more than a hundred sections of land in the south end of Coleman County, Texas, and was stocked with something like 8,000 cattle branded D A Y on the left side.

At that time my father owned a small ranch which was entirely surrounded by the Day property. Contrary to what some writers would have us believe, there was no indication that every big outfit wanted to gobble up the little ones by running the owner off the land. Mutual trust and friendly relations prevailed between them more often than not.

After the Colonel's death Mrs. Day operated the ranch for several years. She eventually decided to cut it into smaller units and lease them out for grazing. The first undertaking was to liquidate the livestock and she hired my father to take charge of the outfit and close out the cattle.

Among the dozen or more cowboys coming under his supervision was William Utley. He was a hard working, loyal and personable young man of twenty-one years who had many friends. Along with his good qualities, he had some bad ones. He drank too much at times and was inclined to become boisterous while under the influence. And, as one of his friends put it, "He was stubborn as a snubbin' post."

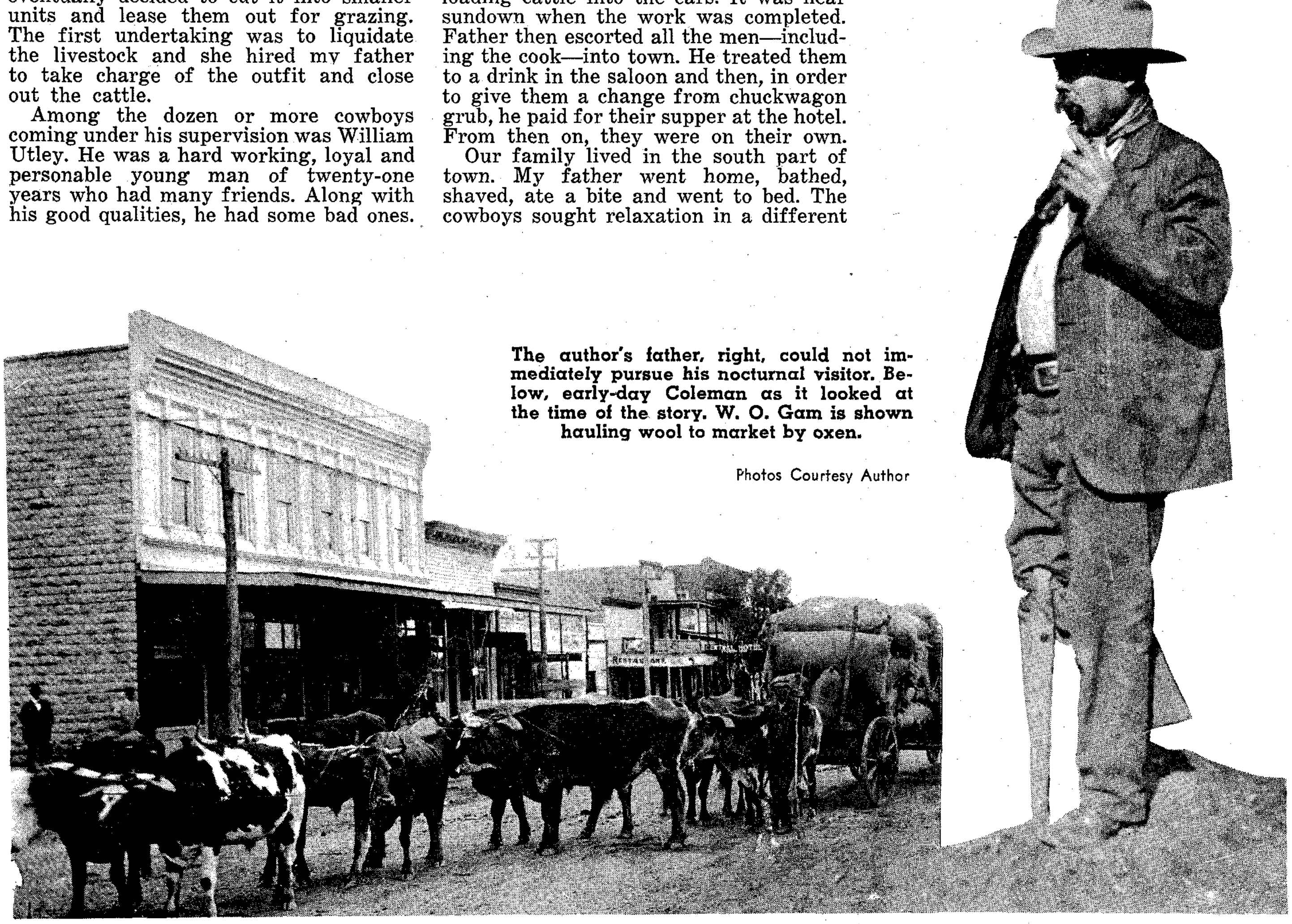
During the interval between the death of Colonel Day and my father's close connection with the outfit, the Santa Fe Railroad had extended its line through Coleman. This put an end to the long and tedious trail drives to the north for cattlemen in that area. In the process of disposing of the D A Y cattle, my father shaped up a herd and drove it to Coleman in September, 1888, for shipment to market. Will Utley was one of the cowboys making the trip.

The herd arrived at the shipping pens near noon. After a hurried dinner at the chuckwagon which was camped on the creek less than a mile away, they began loading cattle into the cars. It was near sundown when the work was completed. Father then escorted all the men—including the cook—into town. He treated them to a drink in the saloon and then, in order to give them a change from chuckwagon grub, he paid for their supper at the hotel. From then on, they were on their own.

Our family lived in the south part of town. My father went home, bathed, shaved, ate a bite and went to bed. The cowboys sought relaxation in a different way. It had been a long time since they had been in town and they made the most of it. Besides giving the saloons a fair share of their patronage, they took in every place that offered fun and entertainment. A passenger train was due in town at eleven o'clock that night and that was an event not to be overlooked. They rode out to the depot as the saying went, "to see the cyars come in."

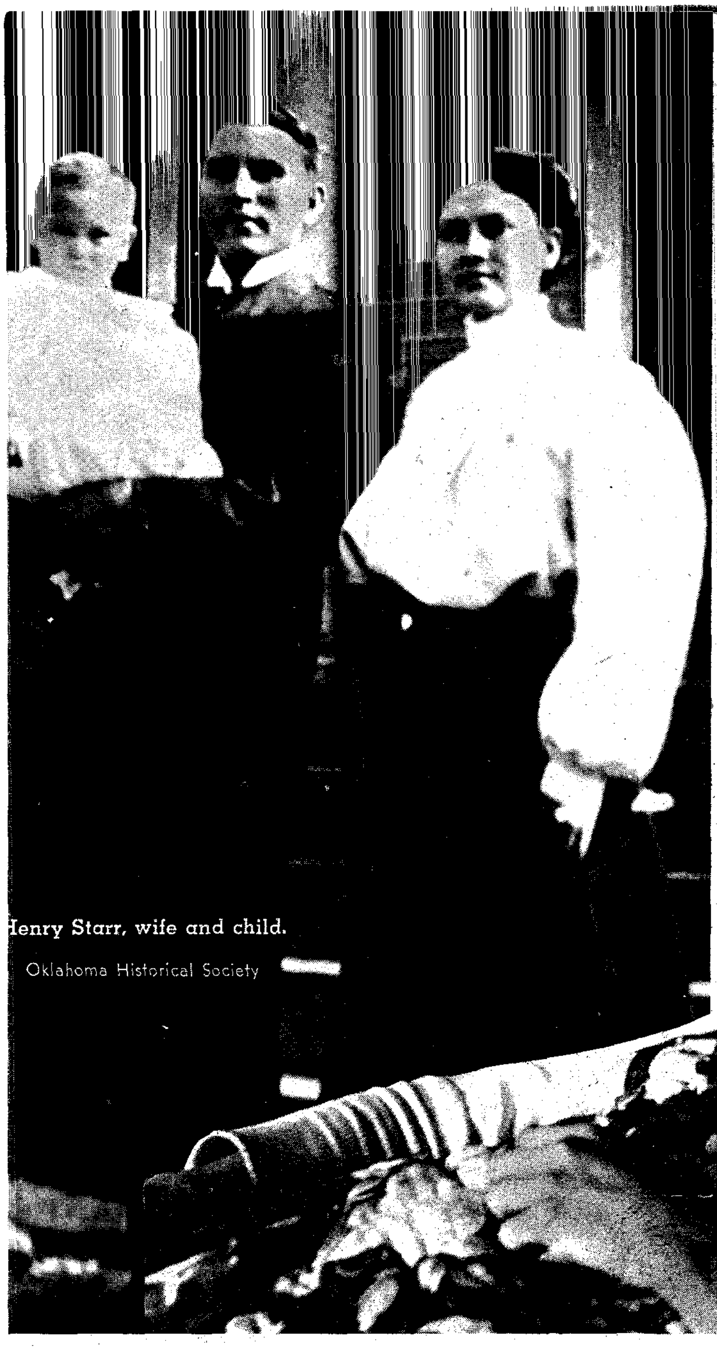
THE TRAIN was late that night. While waiting for its arrival, some loud and rough horseplay took place on the platform between a few of the cowboys and local rowdies. The night station agent, Charles C. Harris, came outside to stop the disturbance. He got into a hot argument with Bill Utley. Threats were

(Continued on page 59)



The author's father, right, could not immediately pursue his nocturnal visitor. Below, early-day Coleman as it looked at the time of the story. W. O. Gam is shown hauling wool to market by oxen.

Photos Courtesy Author



Henry Starr, wife and child.

Oklahoma Historical Society

The Stroud National Bank (foreground) and the First National Bank of Stroud, Oklahoma, were both hit during a daring double robbery, planned and executed by Starr. Below, Starr in the doctor's office after being shot during the robbery.

THAT FRIDAY they buried outlaw Henry Starr in the little cemetery at Dewey, Oklahoma, February 25, 1921, the story of a bandit as picturesque as ever poked a six-gun under the nose of a frightened small-town cashier ended.

Starr made a deathbed boast to the doctor at Harrison, Arkansas, a day or two before he died from a wound inflicted during an unsuccessful attempt to raid the People's State Bank there. He said he had "robbed more banks than any man in the United States," and his statement was accepted beyond a doubt by men who had known him ever since he was a romping cowboy riding a range where Tulsa now stands.

Starr was a well-educated young Cherokee Indian, who had been graduated from the government Indian school at Tahlequah, Oklahoma, but who chanced to turn outlaw; he stated he was driven to it by unfair peace officers. Working as a cowboy on a ranch between Nowata and Bartlesville in 1892, Starr, then nineteen, was arrested on a charge of horse stealing and spent several months in jail before a trial at which he was acquitted. Starr said the horse in question strayed about the pasture of the ranch where he was working and was there for several days before being turned into the pasture. When nobody claimed the animal after a few weeks, Starr mounted it one day and rode to Nowata. The owner of the horse saw him, recognized the animal, and had Starr arrested as a thief.

"When they let me out I was bitter against the world," Starr said. "I decided that if they sent people to jail when they had violated no law, they couldn't do more to a criminal. Having been branded a criminal, I thought I might as well be one in fact."

Starr felt doubly disgraced by being placed in jail, for his father and mother had brought him up to think it was an awful thing to be arrested. The officers chained him to a bed at the time, and he was only a kid. Later Starr said that he might as well be dead as so disgraced. It is true that the young man came out of that jail with blood in his eye.

From that day until the day he died, Henry Starr was an outlaw. Sometimes he was not wanted for anything in particular, but those who knew him best never believed he ever really reformed. It was simply in his nature to rob banks, just as it was to gamble, they said. Never a winner at cards, Starr's invariable habit when he made a stake was to hunt a poker game where, regularly, he turned over what money he had to those with whom he gambled. But Henry never used liquor, tobacco, coffee or tea. And despite his lifelong association with gamblers and gambling games, he was never known to hold up a game. He just seemed to have an irresistible desire to gamble, especially at poker, and the only way he could get money fast enough to satisfy his craving for cards was to get it in large bunches from vulnerable country banks.

Henry always enjoyed raiding. He would laugh inwardly until he could hardly control himself at the enormous fright some victim banker would show when Starr and his men would step in and take charge of all the loose currency with the "hands up and steady" that Starr always personally sang out.

Starr's reckless boldness probably accounted for the fact that he was wounded in more than one raid and captured on several occasions. He was inclined to underestimate the danger of apprehension or death.

In all his career there probably was

KING OF THE BANK ROBBERS

By CARL W. BREIHAN

He boasted of robbing more banks than any man in the country. His record still stands!

no better illustration of Starr's daring and his contempt for the law than that short period soon after his release from the Colorado State Prison in 1913. He was paroled by the governor of that state, conditionally. One of the conditions was that he was not to set foot in Oklahoma, scene of most of his depredations. Starr lingered in Colorado for a few brief months, then slipped away back to Tulsa. Taking the alias of "R. L. Williams," the name of a candidate for governor who later was elected, Starr rented a little bungalow at 1534 East Second Street. The gas and light meters and the telephone at the Starr home were listed in the name of "Laura Williams," Starr's wife.

Starr kept out of sight in the daytime because just two doors from him on the same street lived Jim Woolley, then sheriff of Tulsa County. Across the street from him was a church. Next door to him was one of the city's largest ward schools, and every day hundreds of children played in the outlaw's back yard at recess.

At that time there was a primary election campaign growing hotter by the day. Robert L. Williams, J. B. A. Robertson, Al Jennings (another noted ex-bandit), Charles West and Robert Dunlop were seeking the Democratic nomination for governor. Probably intending to muddle the situation if possible for Williams, who was the favorite, Starr had his adopted name of R. L. Williams placed on the ticket. Probably he also hoped to improve the chances of his old friend, Jennings. At any rate it did cause somewhat of a mixup, for there were two Williamses on the primary ticket—Robert L. Williams, who was nominated, and just plain R. L. Williams, who in reality was none other than the outlaw and fugitive, Henry Starr. This information leaked out later after Starr had been wounded and captured in a raid on two banks at Stroud in 1915.

Men of the day firmly believed that Starr, from his home on East Second Street, directed most of the bank robberies that were then so numerous in Oklahoma. Henry was not the kind to seek seclusion for nothing. His deathbed statement about robbing more banks than any other man bears out this theory, as well. Until he was mortally wounded at Harrison, Arkansas, the wily outlaw simply kept his tracks well covered and managed to evade capture from 1919 until 1921.

HENRY STARR was born on December 2, 1873, at Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, near the United States military cemetery. His father, George (Hop) Starr, was a half-breed Cherokee, and his mother, Mary Scott, a quarter-blood. He attended the Cherokee Indian mission there until his eleventh birthday, when he left school following the untimely death of his father. Suddenly upon the shoulders of the young Indian boy fell the duty of caring for his mother and two brothers. Two years later Mary Starr married again, and while Henry strove to get along with his stepfather, he found it impossible. It was then he left home to become a cowboy on one of the large cattle ranches in the Cherokee Nation.

He became friendly with a gang of youths who were regarded as "wild," many petty offenses being laid at their doors, and often the Federal officers would make a raid on the gang of delinquents. On one occasion Henry was arrested and accused of theft, the deputy marshals attempting to "third degree" him.

Starr often made the statement that the shame of false arrest so angered him that eventually he grew to hate any man who sought to carry out the law. But later he added, "A man who commits a crime and then shoots an officer who tries to capture him is a fool. The officers never quit hunting you if you kill a man, but they don't pay much attention if you just rob a bank or stick up a train. While I am scouting I am going to take good care not to kill a man." And he lived up to this code of wisdom. Another theory of his was to rob only during the daytime, as it created an element of surprise and he was gone before the victims got over the shock.

In 1892 the express office at Nowata was robbed by a party of masked men who rode away on horseback. One of the robbers rode into a wire fence and was thrown, his horse running away. The animal was found later with a saddle which Henry Starr had borrowed from a friend. A few weeks later at Lenapah (Nowata County), Floyd Wilson, a deputy marshal and special officer for the Iron Mountain Railroad, attempted to arrest Henry for the robbery.

The two men rode up to each other on horseback, both drawing their revolvers, and at close range they fought a duel to the death. It was a fair fight. Wilson was game, and believed that he could get his man. First he tried to use his Winchester but it jammed, so he grabbed his revolver. Starr allowed Wilson to get in a first shot, but he missed by a scant few inches, and then Starr shot him dead.

HENRY'S courtship and marriage began in a singular and romantic manner. Starr and his gang were engaged in robbing a Missouri, Kansas & Texas passenger train at Pryor Creek, Indian Territory in August, 1892, and he was standing on a front platform. A young woman, Mary Morrison, rushed past him, sprang from the train and disappeared in the darkness wild with terror. The bandits had robbed the train and ridden several miles when they overtook the frightened girl. The night was dark and the country wild and unsettled. Starr carried the young woman to his outlaw camp, and next day sent her to a railroad, and then to her parents at Joplin, Missouri. He told her that some day he might visit her, which he did soon after, under an assumed name.

In January, 1893, Starr and some companions shot up the town of Choteau, Indian Territory, robbing two general stores and the depot. Several days later the same gang robbed the general store and depot at Inola.

His first bank robbery occurred at Caney, Kansas, on March 25, 1893, when he and Frank Chaney rode into that town and stuck up the Caney Valley National Bank for $4,900. The notoriety that Starr received from that robbery attracted scores of lesser known outlaws to his side and within a month he had formed a real gang.

On May 5, they held up a Katy passenger train at Pryor Creek, getting $6,000 and a consignment of cut diamonds. Their next exploit was to ride into Arkansas and rob a bank at Bentonville of $11,500 on June 6.

Soon afterward Starr discovered that officers were closing in on him, so the gang was broken up and he started for the West. He met Mary in the Osage Hills, and in a covered wagon they started for Emporia, Kansas, where they expected to entrain for California, get married, and never return to Indian Territory.

At Colorado Springs they were overtaken by detectives. With Starr was "Kid" Wilson, another desperado wanted in the Territory. More than $40,000 in cash was taken from the two bandits. Starr and Wilson were taken to Fort Smith, Arkansas, then the seat of the Federal Court having jurisdiction over Indian Territory.

Starr was tried for the murder of Floyd Wilson, convicted and sentenced to death by "Hanging Judge" Parker. Prominent members of the Cherokee Indian Nation worked valiantly and succeeded in getting the young Indian a new trial. Before it could take place, a strange incident occurred in the Fort Smith jail, one which probably saved Henry Starr from hanging.

"Cherokee Bill" (Crawford) Goldsby, a notorious outlaw and mixed-blood, occupied a nearby cell awaiting trial for murder and train robbery. One afternoon when Guard Lawrence Keating came to lock the cells, he found the door of the cage occupied by Cherokee Bill blocked by the badman's foot. A moment later the guard was shot dead. Someone had smuggled a revolver to the bandit.

While jail attendants were determining how to obtain Cherokee Bill's gun, Starr suddenly volunteered to take over the job. Without a word he walked down the runway to Bill's cell, swung open the door, and entered. The officers, safe around a corner, listened attentively but heard only a faint whispering. A moment later Starr stepped out, locked the cell, and delivered Bill's gun to the officers.

Starr never told how he persuaded the

(Continued on page 42)

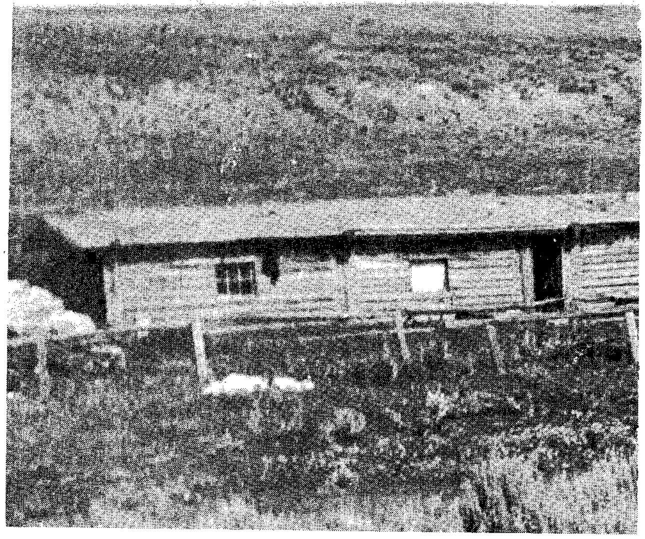
COW FOREMAN

Of The

BAR M

By FAY EMORY SMITH

He wasn't allowed to give
together that was



"OL' SIEGEL'S" legs called to mind a bit of doggerel attributed to a visiting Englishman when he saw his first bowlegged cowboys:

"Egad, what manner of men are these? Their legs look like parentheses."

When his friends spoke of him it was always as Ol' Siegel, but he was known far and wide as "Bar M" Siegel, the brand of the ranch where he was top hand for so many years.

One day Siegel watched one of his rough-string riders get thrown. When the rider picked himself up he turned to his friend, "Bud, this may be too much horse for me, I wish you'd try him." Bud did and Bud was thrown also.

Siegel said, "Help me get my saddle on 'im, I'll ride 'im."

"Oh no! You don't ride broncs any more. That horse has what it takes. He's tough, don't you do it!"

But Siegel insisted, "Open the gate, I want to get out of this corral where there is plenty of runnin' room. Two of you come along to haze 'im and pick me up."

With the hackamore rope and a handful of mane in his left hand, left foot in the stirrup, and firm grasp of the horn with his right hand, Siegel hollered, "Turn 'im loose!"

The bronc hadn't bucked enough with the first two riders to be tired and he left the ground with his first big jump. Siegel hadn't thrown his right leg over to sit in the saddle; with his right leg free he kicked the horse in the belly. It didn't take many kicks before the horse quit bucking and broke into a wild run out the corral gate and away. Siegel threw his right leg over, sat in the saddle and the pickup men caught the horse.

Said Siegel, "With the gate open and me kickin' I figured he'd rather run than buck, and he did." Then he grinned as he repeated the time-honored cowboy cliché about the "horse that couldn't be rode."

SIEGEL was not a Caucasian, that was obvious. He had finely chisled features, aquiline nose and thin lips. Some said he was Spanish, but his brown skin and big black eyes were inherited from Indian ancestors. From his appearance—tall, broad shoulders, slender waist, courtly manners—he could have been the offspring, generations gone, of a Conquistador and an Indian maiden. He didn't know he was handsome.

It was said that half the cowpunchers in Wyoming owed him money, for Ol' Siegel never refused a touch. Other than in his memory there was no record of these loans and he never asked that one be paid; many were, of course. With more money than he knew what to do with, he really didn't care—$50.00 every month and found, with other ranch hands getting only $40, he was rich! His pay just accrued to his credit on the company's books.

Siegel was fastidious, however, about certain items of dress and equipment. His saddle was made to order. His bridle had a large, heavy, long-shanked U.S. Cavalry bit; the reins were long, thick, and about an inch and a quarter wide on which he could get a good grip. With that bit he pulled a horse's head up and it had to quit bucking. The brightly colored saddle blanket was made by Navajo Indians. His spurs were silver-mounted. His boots were made to order with two-inch underslung heels, knee length and leather lined. His hat was the best that Stetson made.

He was never seen outdoors without buckskin gloves, no summer day being too hot, no winter day too cold. His Indian friends kept him supplied. His hands were soft and almost white. He wore "California" pants of finely woven wool, tan plaid and so heavy he wore chaps only in bad weather; his chaps were beautiful, faced with long, wavy, white angora hair.

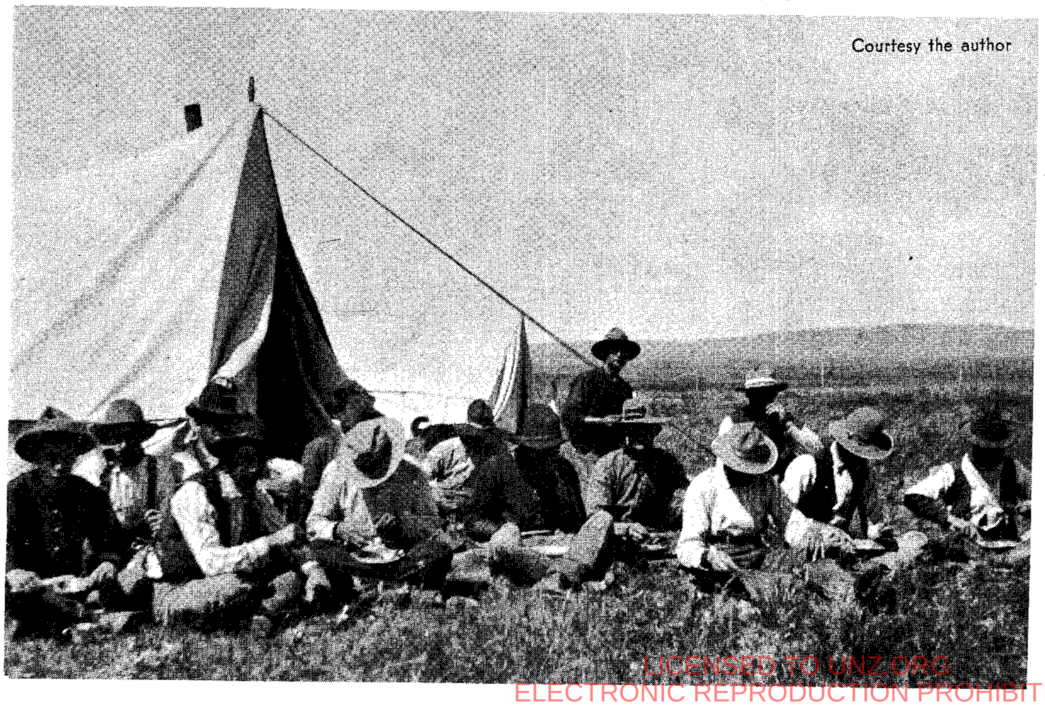
His guns consisted of a Colt .45 six-shooter with ivory grips and a Winchester .30-30 carbine. He seldom wore them unless cattle rustlers were active or lobo wolves were pulling down his calves.

His neckerchief was a large square of black silk, which he would tie over his ears in winter—if no one were around to observe this weakness. His sixty-foot lariat was round braided rawhide.

His bed was a rarity, for a bunkhouse. The pillow case was always snowy white, with not even a shadow to show where his head had rested. From the ranch storeroom he drew his Dukes Mixture tobacco and Mexican cornhusk cigarette papers. They were larger than stateside papers; cowboys called them saddle blankets.

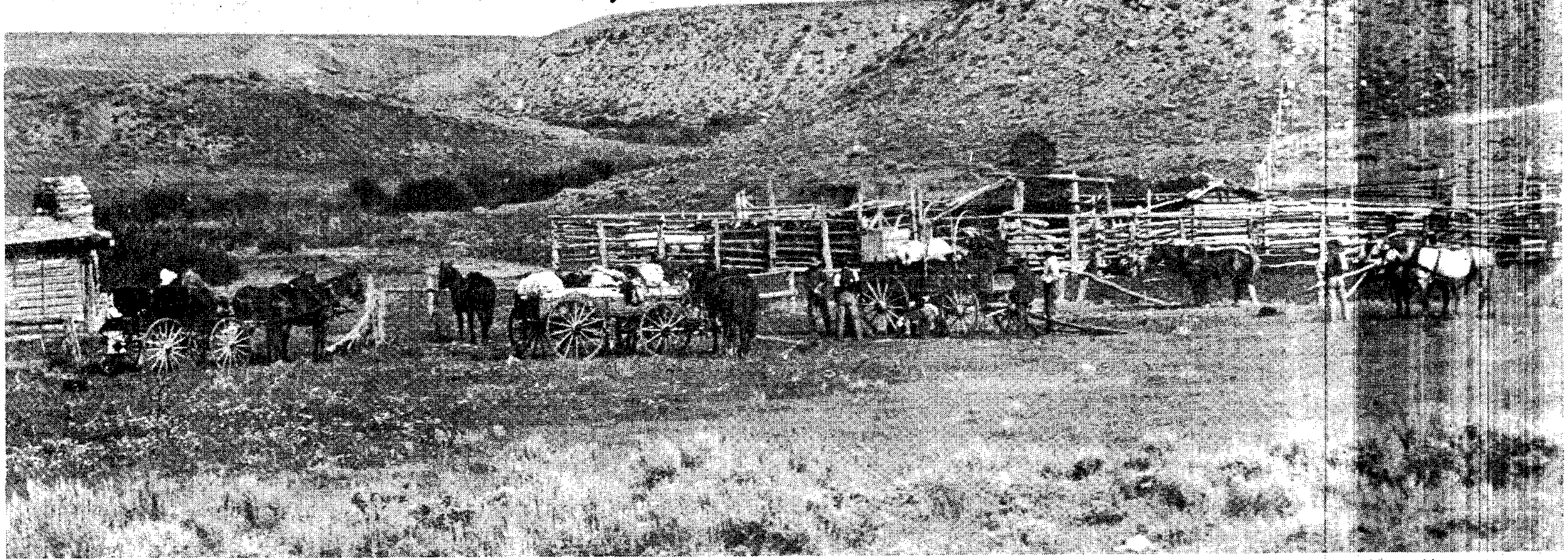
Not being interested in saloons—he didn't drink—he seldom went to Laramie,

Bar M horse roundup at Shirley Basin in 1906. Jim Hardman, far left, Ol' Bar M Siegel, center, with dark shirt and face in shadow.



Courtesy the author

orders to men—directly—but he held a ranch never the same after he rode away



"Old 49" Ranch, Bar M summer headquarters on the Laramie Plains.

Courtesy Harry Hannas

only a long day's ride away. Most cowboys liked to go to town about once a month or so to get a haircut and a hot bath in the tub at the barbershop, but the cook cut Ol' Siegel's hair. Sometimes his head looked as though he had trimmed the long, straight, black hair himself—without the aid of a mirror.

PROOF of his fine character was reflected in the love the children of the foreman and the manager at the home ranch bore him. Siegel's happiest moments were when he was called to the "Big House" and asked to baby sit. These occasions were not infrequent.

Due to the isolation of the ranch, the distance to town, or the several miles' travel to reach some of their neighbors, Siegel sometimes stayed with the children overnight. The evenings were spent before a blazing wood fire, his lap filled with little ones (I saw three there once), others on the floor at his feet. Ol' Siegel told tales he remembered from his boyhood, tales that had never been written and did not appear in the childrens' story books—Indian legends of animals, papooses, braves, squaws, or the Happy Hunting Grounds and the Great Spirit.

Sometimes he would hitch up their pony cart. They would all pile in with a picnic lunch and spend the day fishing for trout, climbing a little rocky peak, or exploring a cave that Siegel said had once been a robbers' hideout.

"I'm glad you children brought along them bows and arrows I made for you. Now I'm goin' to show you another way to shoot an arrow." He cut a two-foot willow stick, took a buckskin string about two feet long from his pocket, tied a knot in one end, tied the other end to the stick, cut a notch near the business end of an arrow and hung the knotted string in it. Then using the stick as a whip, he popped the arrow on its way.

Siegel had considerable skill with a bull whip using a ten-foot lash. It was said he could flick a fly from a cow's hip without touching the cow. This skill enabled him to shoot the arrow right on target almost as accurately as with the bow.

In the spring when the sap first came up in the willows, Siegel would go down along the creek near the ranch and cut a smooth willow stick not much larger than a child's finger. This he would cut into three or four-inch lengths. The bark, when wet with sap underneath, could be slipped off. From the wood he carved a whistle, cut an air vent in the bark, slipped it back over the wood, and the result was a perfect whistle giving a clear, shrill note; and again the children were happy.

Just before Christmas somebody always brought Ol' Siegel's presents out from town. When the one-room, one-teacher, rural school on the ranch—three children from a neighboring ranch rode in each morning—held its Christmas party, Siegel always helped entertain. He couldn't sing, he couldn't dance, he couldn't play a musical instrument, but he was an expert with a lasso rope, throwing half-hitches, tying knots in the air, spinning, or making fancy catches on a small boy running by. Then he would play with his whip. The way he could pop it fore and aft sounded like a quick-firing gun. With a boy to hold a paper he cut it to shreds.

THE BAR M used Siegel for a "rep" to pick up any Bar M strays that might show up in the roundups of other outfits. One important roundup he always made was the "Dash Quarter-Circle" horse ranch roundup, for Dash ran about 7,000 horses. The Dash wagon boss liked to have Siegel along. He knew just how to run a wild bunch to turn them; just how far out to the side to keep so as not to chase them; just how to ride his mount until the horse got his second wind and then cut in ahead.

Most roundups were sizable undertakings requiring good leadership. One year the Dash counted 1,700 head of horses through the corrals at the "Old 49" Ranch. It was thought to be the largest herd of horses ever gathered in one bunch.

On a CY roundup when Siegel was repping for the Bar M, a big and ancient buffalo bull came in with their gather. In those years there were still a few lone buffaloes left on the ranges, remnants of the vast herds that once roamed the cattle country. The riders were looking him over when Siegel announced, "I'm goin' to rope 'im."

Somebody said, "Don't do it, Siegel, he's bigger'n your horse."

"I seen a few buffalo when I was a boy but I never roped one and I'm ridin' the best rope horse in the world."

As told to me: "So Siegel rides into the herd and tosses his loop over the buffalo's head, but when he went to make his trip the buffalo didn't bust. Instead, Siegel's horse was jerked off his feet and there was Siegel, horse, rope and buffalo all mixed up. Two of the men tied on and they stretched the old bull out on the ground. Neither Siegel, the horse nor the buffalo was hurt, just Siegel's feelings."

As they recovered their ropes and turned the buffalo loose Siegel said, "I hope nobody shoots that critter, I sorta like 'im."

At one beef roundup on the Laramie Plains, Siegel was elected foreman. Three outfits combined: the Bar M, the Two Bar and the Sybille Horse & Cattle Growers Association. The Association was a group of smaller ranches. The roundup swept a country thirty-five by forty miles.

The three outfits met and started from the Carlin Ranch on Rock Creek, September 20, 1916. Each outfit had a mess wagon and a bed wagon, each drawn by four horses; the bed wagons carried loads of wood under the beds. There just wasn't enough firewood on those Plains and cows didn't always leave their chips convenient to the cooks' fires; cow chips didn't put out any light after dark anyway.

Breakfast was about three or four o'clock in the morning, dinner at ten or eleven, and supper about four in the afternoon. Rations were mostly beef, bacon, potatoes, beans, biscuits, gravy, stewed dried fruit and Arbuckle's coffee.

There were three separate horse cavvys, each herded by a wrangler in the daytime and a nighthawk after dark. The nighthawks drove the bed wagons daytimes, sleeping when they could, which wasn't much for they built fires and helped the cooks. Some days riders changed horses as many as five times, as different horses were used for riding circle, cutting cattle or roping, with gentle horses for night use. The three cavvys totaled about 500 head.

Each outfit had a wagon boss, so the

question came up about who would be the top man. Three bosses would never get the job done. They huddled and chose Siegel, who was not a wagon boss but just another hand, and everybody was happy with no hard feelings.

The fifty riders emerged slowly from the valley to a bare ridge. Siegel trotted his horse out in front, held up his hand and halted them. Then he rode slowly along the line and selected certain ones to be in charge and instructed each to pick his men. He explained how to ride the country he assigned so as not to miss any cattle. He led the longest circle himself, the hardest ride.

On one roundup the cavvy had what we called a "bunch-quitter." He would quit the herd and refuse to enter the rope corral with the others when the wrangler brought them in. Two men tried to help without success when Siegel cut across enough so that he dropped his loop over the bunch-quitter's head. When Siegel's horse felt the pull of the lariat as Siegel took his dallies around the horn, he began to buck. The rope was about to sweep Siegel from the saddle, so he stepped off but hung on to his reins with his left hand and the end of the rope with the other. He was one busy cowpuncher until the bunch-quitter choked himself down fighting the loop around his neck.

"Nice goin', Siegel," I said, "if that had been me I might have turned everything loose. It took guts to stay with 'em."

"Fay, 'Don't never turn loose'—you have heard old-timers say that. If I had let the rope go, that bunch-quitter would have run off with it. If I had turned my mount loose he would have followed, and there'd go my saddle and I'd be afoot. A man can be in big trouble if he is bucked off and don't hang on to his reins. Don't never turn loose."

WHEN the horse herd was rounded up and brought to the home ranch each spring—the Bar M ran about 600 head—the male colts were gelded and branded, and horses needed for the season's riding cut out. Siegel looked them over and if one struck his fancy and he had an old horse to be retired from his string (ten head), that horse was assigned to him. No one rode Siegel's horses without his permission.

Some of the larger ranches had a man to break horses. This bronc rider didn't ride them enough to gentle them but he rode most of the buck out of them and turned them over to the rough-string riders. These men were usually paid an extra $2.50 per month for each of these half-broken horses in their strings which they would gentle and train. Many good cowboys were not bronc riders. Stallions and brood mares were never broken; they ran on the range the year around and were almost wild horses.

Rough-string riders liked to ride with Siegel for they knew that he would take care of them. One day Bud Gillespie was riding a real mean bronc. Bud could ride him but he knew that if, for any reason he had to dismount or was thrown, he might be unable to get back aboard again alone. Siegel took care of his riders and this day he figured he'd better stick close to Gillespie. Every few minutes the horse would jump sideways, pitch, whirl, buck or sunfish. Then he reared and threw his head back so far his head struck Bud in the face.

Said Siegel, "Bud, give me your hackamore rope, I'll fix 'im." The horse was wearing both a bridle and a hackamore. Bud handed over the end of the rope; Siegel took a couple of dallies around his saddle horn and pulled the bronc's nose up close to the horn.

"Thanks Siegel, that does it, now I can roll a smoke."

Siegel trained and gentled his horses and they were as fine a string of cowponies as could be found on any ranch. Horses, like children, know when a man is kind and can be trusted. In a corral with many horses milling and running, and cowboys with lasso ropes catching their mounts, Siegel would call to the horse he wanted and walk slowly toward him talking all the while. Some of his horses would stop and wait to be caught.

Jim Hardman said to me, "I think Ol' Siegel's horses just like to go riding with Siegel."

But there was one, a beautiful dappled gray that Siegel called "Sun," that didn't. That horse was almost impossible to rope in a cavvy. He stayed in the center of the bunch and watched only Siegel, knowing the other ropers weren't after him. He was clever; he could tell when Siegel was going to throw. When he saw the rope coming, he would duck his head. But Siegel was clever also. After missing his first cast he would keep flipping his rope without throwing it until the horse tired of ducking with no throw. Then Siegel would make a quick cast at the proper time and Sun was caught.

His memory for horses was remarkable. He could remember any critter he had ever seen and could recall where and when, months or even a year later. If a certain horse or horses were needed Siegel would know where their home was—what range they favored. He would ride out, maybe many miles, and perhaps be gone for two or three days, but he would return with the right ones, sometimes necked together for easier handling.

DURING the administration of Wyoming's Governor Bryant B. Brooks, an epidemic of cattle mange hit the ranges. The Governor, a cattleman himself, ordered that all cattle be dipped.

This was a major operation. Ranchers joined together in construction of vats and roundups. The vat was a short, narrow, concrete trough, filled with crude oil and level with the ground. Cattle were urged down a short ramp, so steep they slid into the liquid over their heads, swam a step or two, and clambered up a gentle sloping ramp at the other end.

With their sense of smell temporarily destroyed by the oil, cows could not recognize their calves and calves did not know their mothers. But Siegel and Thornt Biggs, an old-time cowboy from the Two Bar, knew which calf belonged to what cow. Their memory for cattle was uncanny. With the help of other riders they would unite mother and offspring. If they failed to accept each other, riders were told to tie them up together until they did. Nine thousand head were dipped on the Laramie Plains in one big roundup.

Hardman told me, "Siegel and Old Thornt knew cattle so well they could read a cow's mind and knew what she said to her calf."

Siegel had the title of "cow foreman." That was why he was paid $10.00 more a month than other hands. He had charge of livestock and ranges, and decided what to ship to market. Few ranches had a cow foreman, they had foremen; but in the interest of harmony, decreed by a smart owner, Siegel did not handle men. Everyone who knew him liked him, but saddle-tramp cowboys were inclined to resent long hours and hard rides in bad weather when ordered by a foreman the color of Ol' Siegel. Siegel, quietly or privately, gave suggestions to the foreman in his low, soft-spoken voice. The foreman then gave orders to the men, got the job done, and the company prospered.

Along about the time of World War I two deaths in the owner's family changed everything. The outfit was sold—brand, livestock and land. The purchaser (called "Eastern money") brought in a new manager and foreman. Siegel was told that he was too old and they didn't need him anymore. He was not given a pension; he was not even given his top horse—which, of course, bore the Bar M brand.

Ol' Siegel's heart was broken. The Bar M was his home, the only one he ever had, the place where he had spent the best years of his life. A neighboring rancher, a friend, took him in, but the damage had been done; Siegel sickened and died in less than a year.

"Eastern money" didn't do well and profits decreased. The new owners didn't know why, but livestock men said it was the loss of Ol' Siegel that caused it for the ranch always had made money and it could have continued to do so. In a few short years the Old Bar M was broken up, sold piecemeal, and ceased to exist.

THE LAST TIME I saw Siegel was in the winter before the war. I pulled in at the Bar M one evening with two horses. I was cold, tired and hungry after a ride of about fifty miles on a gray, cold day with a fine stinging snow in the wind. Siegel greeted me, "Hi, Fay, you're far off your range. What you doin' way up here?"

"I sold this mare and agreed to deliver her at the Ira Bean ranch. You'll have to tell me how to find it for I'll be lost up in those Laramie Mountains."

"Shore boy, shore, but first you better get in that mess-kitchen right fast. You're almost late for supper now. But take off them spurs, we got a new cook since you was here and he'll throw out anybody who wears spurs in his kitchen. I'll take care of your horses."

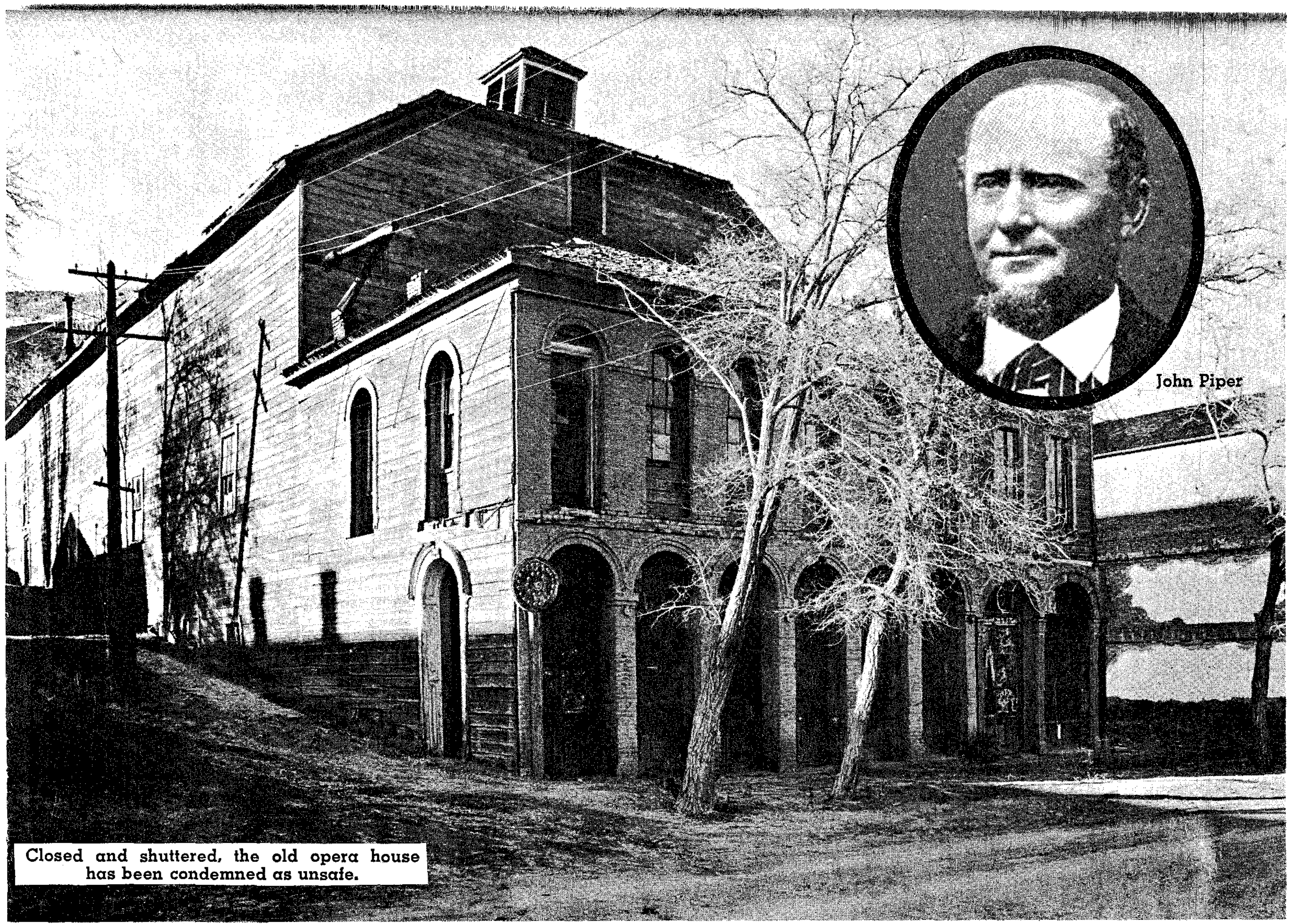
That roast beef dinner with hot biscuits hit the spot for we never packed lunches; sometimes, if there were a pancake left over at breakfast, I would fold it and put it in my pocket, but that hadn't happened that day.

Siegel found a place for me to sleep in the bunkhouse. The next morning after breakfast—the same roast beef dinner as at supper, except pancakes instead of biscuits—he took me out back of the corrals and showed me the road going north, a wagon-rut trail.

"Go north, take all left-hand roads and stay west of Laramie Peak, cross Magpie Creek and foller up it a little ways and there you is. You'll jus' be in time for supper, about forty miles."

This I did and hit the Bean Ranch right on the button without seeing a person all day. It was another rough day. I hit a "gray-out"—similar to the Antarctic "white-out"—for a few miles. I could see little, but I knew my horses would follow the trail. A gray-out is a frozen cloud or fog, the air filled with tiny ice crystals. My altitude was 7,000 feet or more. I had two stout, grain-fed horses and changed mounts a few times and by doing this, I didn't have to slow to a walk nor stop to rest them. I rode all day at a slow trot, never loped.

Jim Hardman, an old-time Bar M rider, expressed the feeling of all Bar M hands when he said, "Ol' Bar M Siegel, he was one of us, always."



John Piper

Closed and shuttered, the old opera house has been condemned as unsafe.

Nevada Historical Society Photo

PIPER'S Opera House

By DIANE M. POLLOCK

Elegance in the mud! They checked their pistols, washed their faces and settled down to hear the high notes and phrases

MAUDE ADAMS, Enrico Caruso, Lillian Russell, Houdini, Marie Dressler, Al Jolson, Julia Marlowe, John Drew, Lily Langtry, Howard Ward Beecher, Julia Arthur, Lawrence Barrett, Lotta Crabtree, Edwin Booth, Nellie Melba, Joseph Jefferson, Helena Madjeska, Mark Twain—a roll call of stars! For fifty-seven years, these and hundreds more once trod the boards at Piper's Opera House, Virginia City, Nevada.

Actually, the first theatrical performance was given in 1860 in the Howard Street Theater, one of several legitimate theaters on the Comstock during the boom years, but theater history didn't get started in the Queen City until 1863 when Maguire built the first so-called "opera house," of which the present Piper's is a descendant.

In a town of 15,000 miners, gamblers, madames and millionaires, Maguire built the best. There were gaslit footlights in cabbage leaf-shaped brackets, crystal chandeliers, carpeted floors, gilt chairs, velvet railings, and a hand-painted curtain claimed to have been imported from Italy but actually painted by a "bummer" to work off a hotel debt.

On the opening night of Julia Dean Hayne's and Walter Leman's performance in "Money," gunfire was exchanged between two theater patrons—one in the dress circle and one in the "pig-pen" section—but absolutely nothing was going to stop that show or any subsequent show. The Comstock's theatrical era had begun and it remained through fire and disaster until the 1920s.

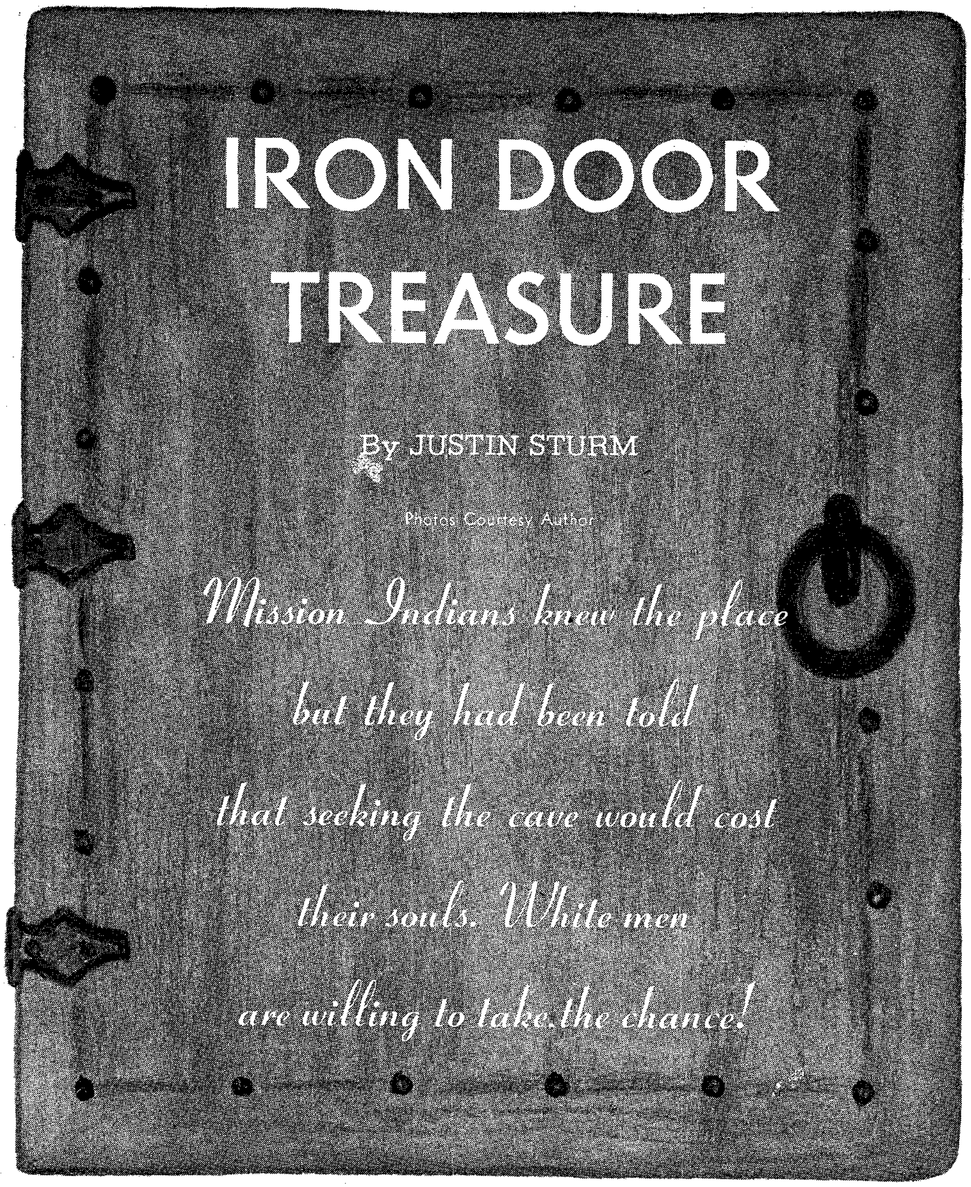
Billings ranged from Shakespeare's plays to animal fights. A typical show might consist of a singer, then a recital of "Hamlet," followed by a minstrel show, with the finale being an animal fight. Miners in their worn Sunday best, millionaries with their gold, and madames in their gaudy silks and flashing silver rubbed elbows to catch a night's performance.

Right from the start, saloonkeeper John Piper recognized a good thing and began buying stock in the opera house. Five years later he had controlling interest and had begun a theatrical career that for more than a quarter of a century dominated the entertainment activities of the region. Not only did he change the name from Maguire's to Piper's, but he booked its first opera company.

Piper had a money-making operation. He gave his performers advances on their salaries, then withheld the salary until the debt was worked off. This guaranteed him talent at all times with a minimum of turnover. David Belasco was one of Piper's captives. Belasco didn't like either the arrangement or his stay in Virginia City. After working off his advance, Belasco went on to New York where he achieved theatrical fame and fortune. It wasn't until much later that Belasco admitted his stay on the Comstock had helped make his acting more realistic—especially the death scenes.

VIRGINIA CITY had grown to 20,000 people and Piper's opera house was packed nightly by audiences who could not get enough of "Ten Nights in a Bar-

(Continued on page 69)



IRON DOOR TREASURE

By JUSTIN STURM

Photos Courtesy Author

Mission Indians knew the place but they had been told that seeking the cave would cost their souls. White men are willing to take the chance!

SOME DAY soon, perhaps in a few months, I'll have adequate funds to finance another trip to the beautiful valley of Santa Maria, known now as Ramona. This is a small community in the back country of San Diego County in California. In this quiet valley there lies a fortune in gold, silver and priceless church possessions that were hidden by the Spanish Padres many years ago.

Much of the treasure had come up by way of Mexico and was being kept at one of the missions until it could be transferred to a Spanish galleon anchored off San Diego. The treasure lies hidden in an old gemstone mine sealed up with an iron door.

I got involved in this mystery one Saturday when I returned home from an unsuccessful prospecting trip in the mountains just south of Riverside. I hadn't been home fifteen minutes when the phone rang. The phone call was from Don M., a prospecting colleague and buddy. Don asked if I would be interested in looking for some lost treasure. He said that he had met an old school friend of his named "Ben" whose grandfather knew the approximate location of some treasure buried by Spanish Padres.

I had never done any treasure hunting before and had always associated treasure with mythical pirates, so I was a little reluctant to pursue the subject further. Don's persistent optimism won out, however, and I found myself "agreeing with aversion" to meet Ben and hear the whole story.

In a couple of hours Don had picked me up and we were heading for Colton, where Ben lived, to meet him and his grandfather. On the way over, Don filled me in with minor details concerning Ben's background. Ben was a full-blooded Klamath Indian whose ancestors originated in Oregon. Don had gone to school with Ben for seven years and, according to Don, they were rather close friends.

At our destination we were escorted into the kitchen by a warm and friendly old man who looked like the Indian on a buffalo nickel. After the introductions were over, we sat down to a cup of hot coffee. I felt a little uneasy—the old man's eyes seemed to be reading my thoughts. Don noticed that the old man was staring at me and started explaining that he and I had been partners and close friends for years. He vowed he would stake his life on my honesty and integrity. When he had finished with his glowing character reference I felt like running for governor.

If the old Indian was at all impressed, he showed not a sign. After a few seconds of silence he turned to me. "If you have a tongue, speak!" I replied briefly that I did have a tongue, but at a time like this I felt that my ears should take over until he had his say. At this he smiled and said to his grandson, "I guess we have a couple of partners!" After we had reached a gentlemen's agreement concerning percentages, the old man settled back and told us this story.

"ABOUT seventy years ago, when I was a young man of twenty, my aunt, who was bedridden with a lung disease, told me that she knew the exact location of a lot of gold that the Spanish Padres had hidden. This is the story as she told it to me.

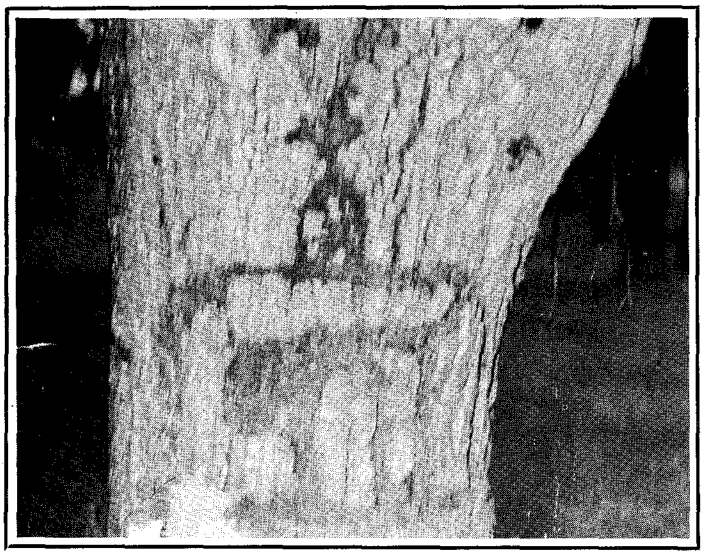
" 'Years ago, when I was a girl, I lived at a mission with other Indians not too far from the ocean. About once a week I was selected to go with some other women into the hills to prepare meals for the Padre and some Indians who were working a mine from which they took out pretty colored stones. We were never allowed in the mine, but we could observe the men working from the top of a large flat rock on which we prepared the meals. We would generally stay out at the site three days. Down near the entrance of the mine was a large flat rock that had a carving of a big cross in the center. I could see that the long part of the cross pointed toward the entrance of the mine. One day when I was back at the mission I heard that much gold had arrived. It was being kept there until a big ship arrived in the ocean to take it away. I heard that the gold was brought from a great distance on mules. One day, when I was out preparing meals at the mine, a messenger from the mission came running excitedly into camp. He went straight to the Padre and gave him a message. The Padre got us all together and we started down the path toward home.

" 'On our way, we met another Padre and two Indians whom I recognized as being from our mission. With these men were two oxcarts drawn by burros, and two burros followed behind, pulling an iron door. I had seen this door several times at the mission. The two Padres were talking and pointing in the direction of the mine. I glanced into one of the oxcarts and, even though it had a cover over it, I was still able to see gold and several silver candlestick holders. I did not see into the other oxcart. At the time none of these things meant anything to me as we had been told by the Padres that things of that nature belonged only to God and possession of such by us would mean the loss of our souls. We were told many times that if we went near the mine without a man of God (a Padre) with us that this, too, would result in the loss of our souls.

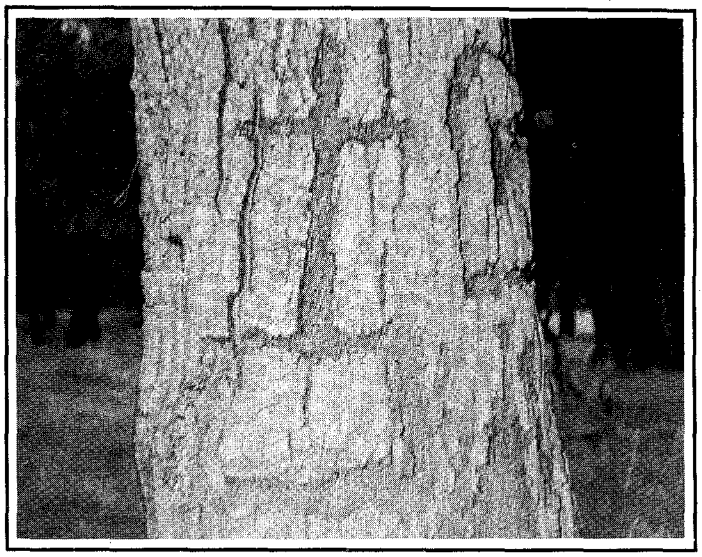
" 'When we arrived at the mission, we heard that there was some kind of fighting going on and the Padres were leaving for some far-away country. The next day the Padre and the two Indian men that we had met on the trail returned. One of the Indians told me that they had put much gold and silver in the mine and then had closed it up with the Iron Door.

" 'After a few days, lots of men came on horseback and took us all far into the desert country of Arizona. We were left there to live with many other Indians. I do not know what happened to the Padres, but I believe that they were either killed or sent far away.'

"After finishing her story, my aunt gave me the approximate location of the mine, but no matter how I begged her to lead me to it she refused—not because she was sick, but because she was



A carving of what appears to be an old mission on this tree could be a key to the treasure.



The author thinks this carving of a cross with a box at the base could indicate church possessions buried in a chest.

frightened. And that's the whole story, boys."

The old Indian thought to himself for a moment, then added, "I'll give you the directions that I have for locating the 'cross.' Now should you find the 'cross'—remember that the long part points toward the entrance. I went down there once several years ago, but I couldn't find the location. Besides," he added with a smile, "I'm a little superstitous myself." He reached into his billfold and handed his grandson a twenty-dollar bill. "I don't have too much money, but this will help you a little. I would like to go with you, but I'm a little old to be tramping around the hills."

THE OLD MAN'S offer to help finance the search made me think that there must be some truth in what he had told us. After analyzing the immediate situation and checking our finances, we decided to spend a couple of weeks looking for the big flat rock with the cross carved on it. After getting directions from the old Indian and securing leaves-of-absence from our jobs, the three of us headed for the little town of Ramona in Don's '51 Cadillac. We decided to buy most of our supplies in Ramona.

It was 7 p.m. when Don, Ben and I pulled into the tiny community. The town consisted of one hotel, a theatre, and a small variety of other stores. The hotel in the center of town looked mighty good after driving all day and it was getting dark fast, so we decided to spend the night "in comfort and style" at Hotel Ramona.

The next morning we headed for the local grocery store and stocked up on food to supply us a week or more. Depending on local directions, we drove out a dirt road for several miles. We were looking for a particular mountain that served as a directional marker. After eating dust for ten miles, we sighted our mountain; a couple more miles brought us to where we would camp for the next two weeks.

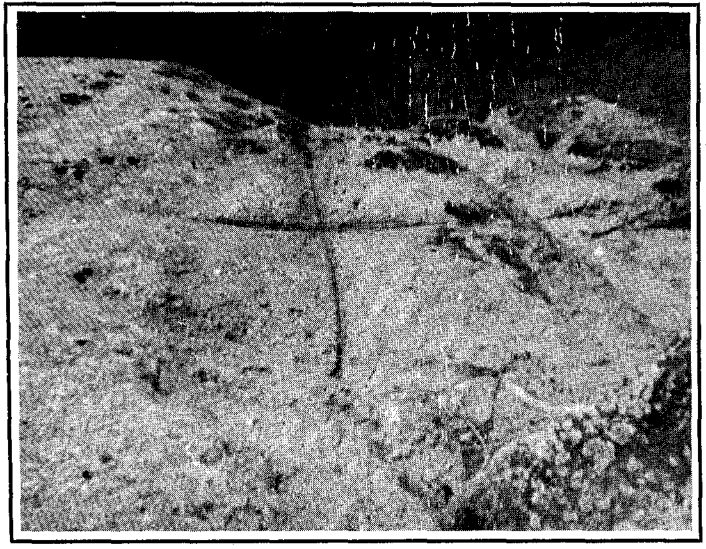
The next morning, after a hearty breakfast, we started a systematic search. The area to be explored was marked off in zones. Each zone would be gone over thoroughly before starting on the next one. Four days of this systematic searching uncovered nothing but a few arrowheads and pieces of broken pottery. On the fifth day Don located a quartz vein that had several pieces of dark tourmaline in it. San Diego County is known for an abundance of gemstones, so we felt that it had little significance, except to serve temporarily as a morale booster.

On the seventh day, I was walking through a grove of large old oak trees when I noticed a carving on one. It looked like a carving of an old mission. On the other side of the tree was another carving of a cross with a square at its base. Some eighty feet from this point we found a perfect carving of an owl, slightly faded by the years, but all of the markings were evident. It appeared that one of the eyes was purposely set higher than the other. It was obvious that these symbols were very old. We spent the rest of the day searching that particular area and trying to decipher the drawings. Three more days passed without turning up another clue.

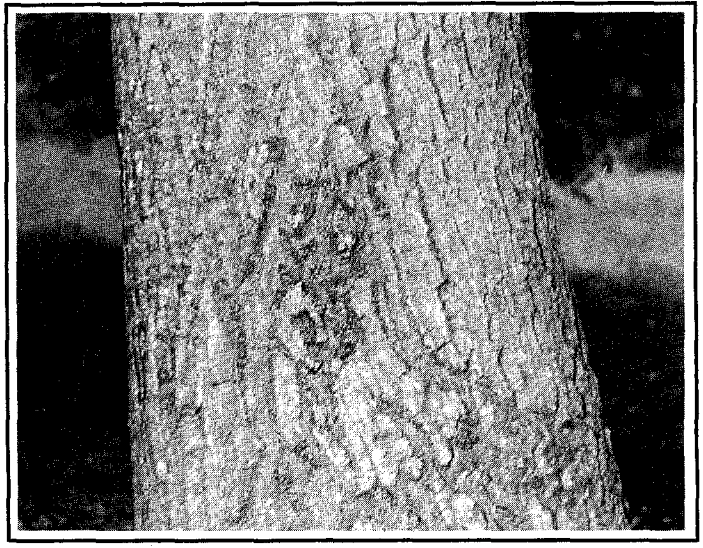
Then, on the eleventh day, we found the rock with the cross carved on it! Don and I had been looking for Ben so that the three of us could eat lunch together. As we started across a dry streambed, Don brought my attention to two large boulders. They seemed to have been placed on a huge flat rock in the center of the dry wash. Upon closer observation, we could see that the two boulders were definitely concealing some type of carving on the huge rock.

After locating Ben and getting his assistance, we managed to roll the two boulders back a few feet, revealing a cross that had been carved into the rock! The long arm of the cross was pointing

The large boulder at lower right was used to conceal the cross carved in the flat rock below.



Near the treasure site the outline of an owl can be seen carved on an old oak tree.



The author, shown with an old pick and a bell (inset) found near the treasure site.

toward the bank of the wash, several feet away. After the cheering had died down and we had mentally spent most of the millions that we would uncover, we started probing and digging in the direction that the arm of the cross pointed. Don came up with a suggestion that was immediately approved, after a few hours of continuous digging in the hot sun. He suggested that we rent a metal detector in San Bernardino. Don and Ben would pick it up and they would also try to raise some capital, as we were running pretty low.

The next morning Don and Ben took off for San Bernardino and I headed for the treasure site to do some more exploring. At mid-afternoon I was following the streambed uphill when, at about a hundred feet from the treasure site, I came across an old "rock dam" at the base of which was a large boulder with a carving of a perfect arrow without the "heft." The arrow appeared to be pointing to the stream bank where the right side of the dam entered. It's quite possible, however, that the boulder might have shifted and, as a result, the arrow would point downstream toward the rock with the cross. I'm sure the dam served as a water stop or diverter so that the Padres could carry on their duties. I was quite happy over my discovery and spent the rest of the day probing around the dam. I hated to see night come, as my enthusiasm could have kept me searching and digging twenty-four hours a day.

THE NEXT MORNING, Don and Ben arrived with both metal detector and finances. I wasted no time in telling them about my discovery. The dam and the rock with the arrow carved in it were sure signs that some type of activity had been conducted here. Our morale was very high as we started up the hill toward the treasure site, carrying our newly acquired detector which was supposed to reach a maximum depth of thirty feet.

After setting up the instrument, we experimented on several objects and felt confident that we had it in top operational order. We then proceeded to check the area at the point where the long arm of the cross pointed. The instrument started reacting immediately. The earphones were shrieking like mad and the needle swung all the way over. At first we thought that the detector might be acting up, so we checked some different locations but the reaction was negative. We checked and double-checked our spot, with the same results each time—the earphones would sing loud and clear and the instrument needle would swing clear over. You can't imagine the excitement that was around us—we had found it! We were sure that in a few hours we would be three wealthy boys.

We started digging immediately. The sun was at high noon and the temperature close to 105 degrees, but the hot dry heat had very little effect on our enthusiasm. We erected a lean-to to bring the temperature down a bit and improve working conditions.

Our progress was slow due to the ground formation, mostly decomposed granite. After two hours of continuous digging we had penetrated the surface to a depth of only three feet. However, we felt confident that by the end of the day we would have the treasure within our reach. It was a real blessing to see that "ball of fire" in the sky disappear over a distant mountain range. We continued to dig until darkness set in. By this time we had a hole about seven feet in depth and about four feet wide.

That evening around our campfire we decided to set light charges of dynamite, as it was getting almost impossible to dig with picks and shovels. The next morning we all went to Ramona for the dynamite and some more supplies and spent the rest of the day setting off light charges and mucking out with long-handled shovels. By the end of the day the hole was so deep we constructed a windlass. At our new depth of eleven feet, the metal detector still reacted the same. By the end of two more days we had a hole twenty-four feet deep, but still no trace of the treasure.

The next morning, we decided the spend a few hours checking other possibilities but if nothing turned up by noon, we would continue with our main project. The instrument was costing too much, renting it by the day, and we wanted to cover as much ground as possible before turning it in. Within two hours we had made two important discoveries. Don and Ben detected something approximately thirty feet from our diggings in the dry streambed. By the way the instrument reacted, we knew the object was small, Our shovels flew and at four feet we uncovered an old hand-forged pick. Its badly decomposed handle was still intact. The rusted head was in two pieces and held together by old iron studs. On the face of the pick, still visible, was a symbol of an upside down "V" with the letter "Y" inside of it. This was indeed a great morale booster. Later, with the help of the Los Angeles County Museum, we learned that the pick was definitely of Spanish origin. The exact date was not known, but it was believed to be approximately 120 years old. I still have this pick.

Our other important find that morning came while I was probing around some dirt mounds on the left side of the big rock with the cross. My iron probe, after penetrating a foot through the soft mound, struck something solid. We found three large cut blocks of rock, apparently taken from a large vein with quartz and feldspar as the principal components. There were also visible traces of garnet and tourmaline. We immediately had a powwow and came up with the theory that the Padres had used blocks to build an appropriate treasure vault.

EVERYTHING seemed to be falling into place. We knew now that we had a bona fide treasure location. We felt very confident that the spot where we were digging the hole was right over the vault or treasure room. Perhaps the entrance started nearer the bank of the streambed. If this be true, considering the degree of angle or elevation to where we were digging, then the vault with the gold and silver could be as deep as forty or more feet. After lunch we decided to set a heavier charge of dynamite, hoping to possibly penetrate to the treasure room.

With the auger we drilled a hole about five feet, then packed it with dynamite. The "big boom" produced nothing but a pile of loose dirt and smoke. We spent the rest of the afternoon cleaning out the hole.

That evening around the campfire, we discussed the story that Ben's grandfather had told us. He said that his aunt had told him that she and the other women used to prepare meals nearby and that she could see the men at work at the site. Remembering this, we decided to see if we could locate the spot where the meals had been prepared. Our funds were depleted, so Don elected himself a committee of one to take the detector back and try to raise a little capital.

The next morning before Don took off for Riverside, he drove Ben and me to Ramona so that we could make some calls. I managed to raise a few dollars over the phone and Ben's grandfather said that if Don would stop by his house he would buy us some supplies. Don drove Ben and me back to the campsite and then departed for Riverside. Ben and I agreed to spend half a day digging and the other half searching around the area.

About mid-day I was sitting on the rock with the carved cross when Ben, standing on top of a rock-studded knoll a hundred yards away, called out that he had found something. I broke the hundred-yard dash record getting up there! Ben was standing on a large, table-like rock staring down at three round bowls that had been formed by continuous grinding. All around the area were pieces of broken pottery. This had to be the spot that the Indian woman had spoken of. But for a large bush, we could see the treasure site.

The rest of the afternoon was spent digging in this hole. This latest find really boosted our spirits high. At any moment we expected to break through to the treasure room. By nightfall, Ben and I had dug down four more feet. The "money pit," as we had come to call it, was now thirty-two feet in depth, and six feet in width.

After a hearty breakfast of fried cottontail, potatoes and coffee, we continued our digging the next morning. It was after twelve when Don returned with more supplies. He was quite happy when we showed him our most recent discovery. He was also positive that this was the location where the Indian women had prepared the meals. The next couple of days were spent digging, probing and mucking out the money pit. At forty-two feet we decided to stop operations and take a few hours' rest. We were all starting to show signs of discouragement and our morale was low. By now surely we should have broken into the treasure room. After bathing in a nearby spring,

(Continued on page 50)

She traded the misty fields of the Emerald Isle for the dusty streets of Ellsworth, Abilene and Dodge City—and her new-world friends included Hickok, Masterson, Earp and Tilghman

Queen Of The Cowtowns

By GARY L. ROBERTS

All Photos Copyright Robert E. Eagan

Annie Anderson

THE SALT SPRAY seemed to seek haven in the beard of the old Welsh sea captain who, pausing to light his pipe, stood gazing out across the gently rolling seas. His ship was a fine one, and his passengers were paying good money, too. He turned to look down the deck toward the bow where several passengers were lounging. Something seemed to be moving beneath the canvas cover on the forward hold. Perhaps it was only the wind. Walking closer, he heard a muffled sneeze, followed closely by another.

"Mr. Ellis," he said quietly to a passenger standing nearby, "I think I have a stowaway here. Would ye like to see the surprised look on 'is face when 'e's caught?" The young man nodded assent and followed the captain to the hold. Stopping beside the hold, the captain grabbed the edge of the canvas and jerked it back quickly.

"Annie, what in the name o' heaven are ye doing here!" Mr. Ellis exclaimed.

His surprise was understandable. The small girl huddling in the forward hold was his sister! Annie Ellis, a thirteen-year-old native of Bollegy, Wales, had stowed away on the Welsh sailing vessel that was carrying her brother and older sister to their new home in America. As she lay there looking up into her brother's eyes with tears streaming from her own, she would have been very surprised to know that one day she, a poor stowaway, would be the landlady of the legendary gunslinging marshals of the Kansas cowtowns. On that morning in 1858 she could only gaze fearfully at her brother's face. Ellis made feeble apologies to the captain, and, cursing softly under his breath, counted out passage money.

When the ship dropped anchor, Annie was jubilant. At last her dream of coming to America had come true. Her brother tried desperately to persuade her to return home, but his pleadings were to no avail. Annie was in America, and she meant to stay.

Not long afterward, Annie moved to Kansas City with her brother. There she fell ill. Not able to pay the doctor's bills, Annie's brother had her admitted to a poor farm where she remained until she was nineteen.

Annie Ellis, alone and homeless, met David Rule, twenty-five years her elder, and they were married a short time later. As a government contractor and carpenter, Rule followed the westering soldiers from one post to another. The newlyweds settled in Junction City, Kansas, but only temporarily. Mr. Rule was soon on his way again, this time to Abilene. His wife stayed behind for a while to set things in order and then followed.

Annie Anderson's home on Second Avenue was purchased from Bat Masterson. Shown in the photo (left to right): George Anderson, Jr., Robert Wright, Henry Wright and Annie Anderson.

When Annie stepped down from the train at the rundown little depot in Abilene, she noticed a tall, extremely handsome man with luxuriant mustache and flowing hair. A bright badge gleamed on his brocaded vest. This was the already legendary Wild Bill Hickok, marshal of hell-raising Abilene, the wildest, bawdiest, rowdiest town in Kansas.

Hickok took a liking to the beautiful young stranger and helped her to find a job as a waitress in a hotel restaurant. Hickok frequented the restaurant regularly, and he and Annie soon became close friends. When Hickok left Kansas for Cheyenne, Wyoming, Annie watched from the station platform. She did not hear from him again until she received word that Bill had been murdered in Deadwood.

AS Annie moved from cowtown to cowtown she became acquainted with other frontier characters. In Wichita, where she operated a boarding house, she met two men whose lives were closely aligned—Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson.

On May 4, 1873 a child, named Kate, was born to the Rules. Shortly afterward, Dave Rule returned to Kansas City and Annie moved on, this time to a mushrooming little railroad town on the banks of the Arkansas River—Dodge City.

Annie surveyed the little town as the wagontrain she had joined rolled slowly down the muddy streets of Dodge. It was not very different from Abilene, Ellsworth or Wichita, though perhaps it was a little less impressive. Dodge was just on the verge of a boom, and Annie had been in the other camps at the height of their glory.

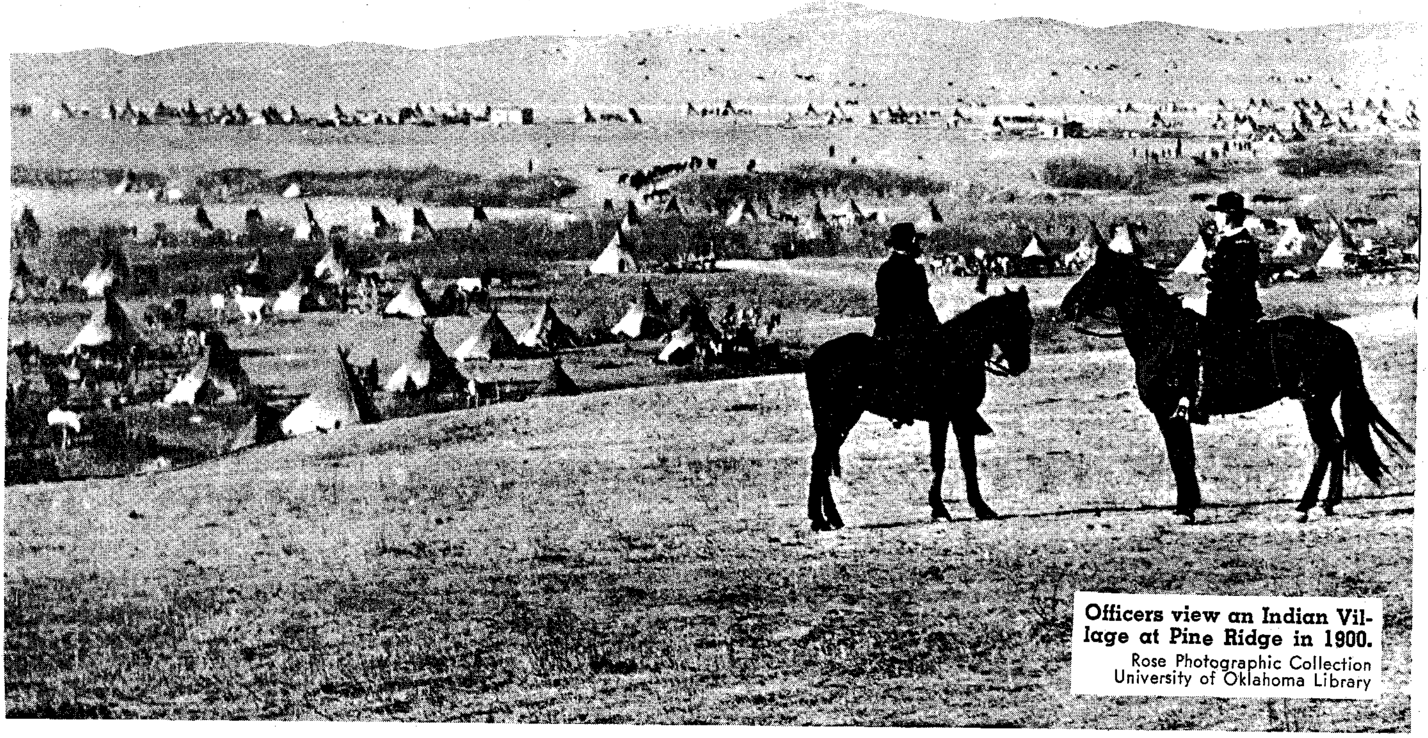
Camped for the night on the edge of town, Annie picked up her water pail and started up the boardwalk. She was penniless, with a child to feed and no friends. A storekeeper was sweeping the

(Continued on page 54)

How far can you bluff a Sioux? How far can you trust Indian allies? Both questions had to be answered in the

SHOWDOWN AT PINE RIDGE

By WILL H. SPINDLER



Officers view an Indian Village at Pine Ridge in 1900.
Rose Photographic Collection
University of Oklahoma Library

THE most ticklish, dangerous few hours in the history of the big Pine Ridge Indian Reservation of South Dakota occurred during a bright June morning in 1881, the first day of the Sioux's last Sun Dance. On this eventful day a band of nearly 400 Brulé Sioux under old Chief Spotted Tail from the Rosebud Indian Reservation threatened to storm the newly established Pine Ridge Indian Agency (then called Red Cloud Agency), kill every white man there, seize all the food and clothing in the big commissary or "Waken Pomani" as the Indians termed it, and end up by burning all of the buildings.

Only a miracle, mostly in the form of the iron nerve of Pine Ridge's Indian Agent, Dr. Valentine T. McGillicuddy, saved the day and prevented the tragic happening. The first agent appointed after the agency was moved from near Crawford, Nebraska, to its present location on White Clay Creek, he served from 1879 to 1886, after which he lived in Rapid City for some years after leaving the U. S. Indian Service.

Chief Spotted Tail and about 2,000 of his Brulés had come over from the Rosebud to the Pine Ridge Agency to witness the big Sun Dance. Although his band had brought plenty of food along and Dr. McGillicuddy had been officially informed of this fact, the Chief and his band had been accustomed to bullying their agent at Rosebud and having most of their surly demands fulfilled. That Dr. McGillicuddy was not such "easy pickings" they had yet to learn—the hard way.

Shortly after entering on duty at Pine Ridge, McGillicuddy had organized, uniformed, and armed a band of 100 young Oglala Sioux Indian Police under the able leadership of Captain George Sword, a young full-blood of proven qualities. Dressed in smart uniforms of blue jackets and trousers, and black hats, they were a neat, impressive, efficient band of law enforcement officers and the doctor was justly proud of them.

On that memorable June morning McGillicuddy and a group of officials and other guests were assembled in his office awaiting transportation by army ambulance to the big Sun Dance a mile or so to the south of the agency on "Sun Dance Flats." His group of guests included three army officers, Major Burke, Lieutenant Waite, and Lieutenant Goldman; Edgar Beecher Bronson, a young New York City "tenderfoot" rancher in the area who later became an author of note; Mr. Blanchard, the post trader at Pine Ridge; Charlie Conley, a local Indian inspector; and a few others. The agent's chief clerk and Louis Shangreau, his mixed-blood interpreter, were also in the office.

Suddenly they were startled by the abrupt entrance of Captain George Sword of the Indian Police, whose manner, though calm and dignified, told them plainly that something had gone wrong. Swiftly he advanced to Louis Shangreau and began talking in low, hurried tones. The interpreter turned to the group with this startling statement, "Sword, he say many Injuns come from White Clay—all Brulés and ride war ponies and all set for some devilments. Sword, he also say he no like the looks of things."

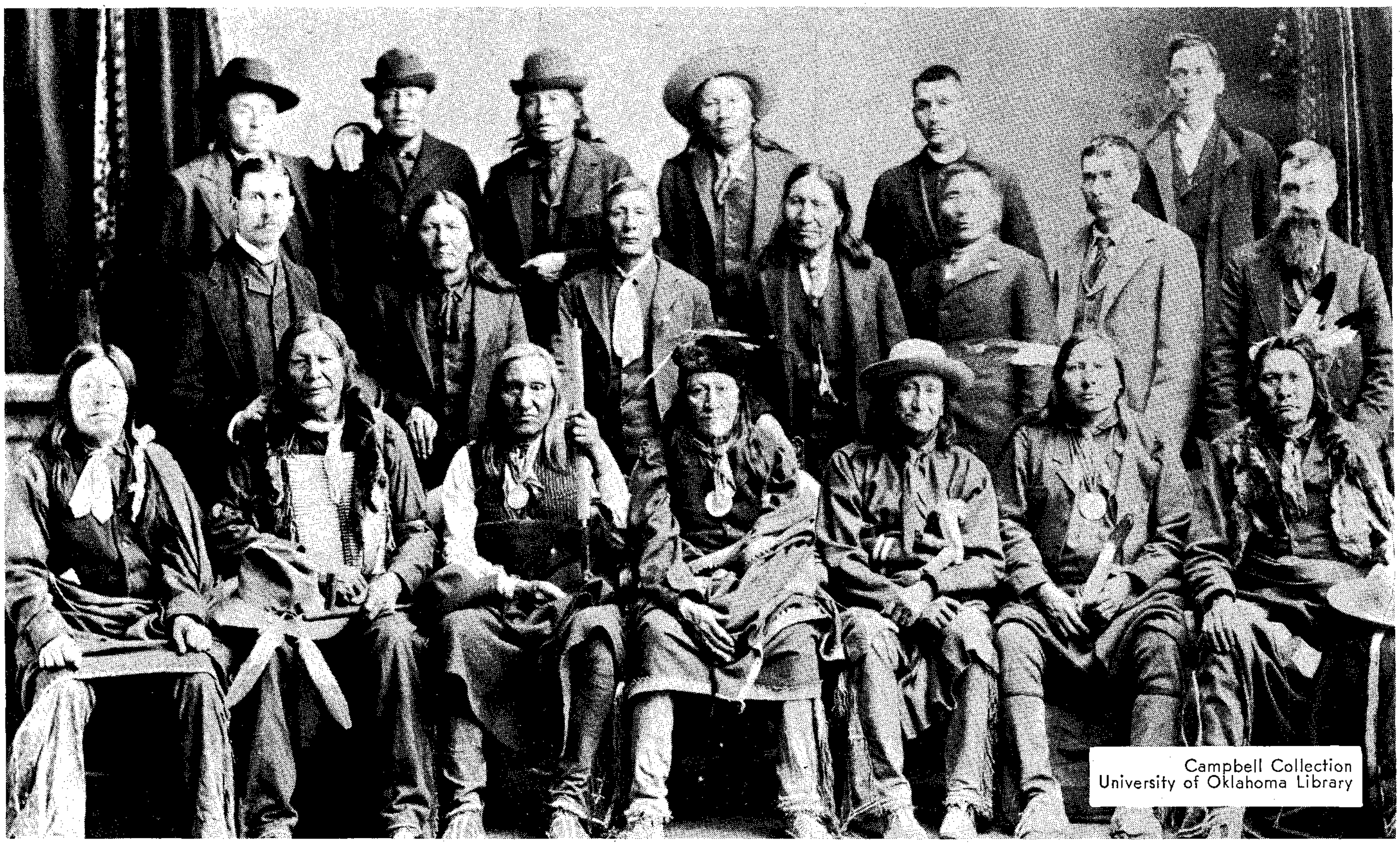
After a glance out of the office door, it did not take long for the group inside to decide that none of them liked the looks of things out there any more than Captain Sword did. A band numbering close to 400 warriors sat their war ponies some 300 yards from the agency compound gate. A heavy cloud of dust behind them showed plainly that they had approached at great speed and had just stopped, evidently for a council among themselves.

FINALLY, ten warriors separated themselves and began advancing slowly on foot toward the compound gate, the rest of the band withdrawing the way it had come, calling a halt nearly a half mile away. At McGillicuddy's wise insistence, all within the office resumed their seats, to make it appear as though nothing unusual was happening. Most of them, however, took the opportunity to carefully check their pistols before the delegation of warriors reached the office door.

In a slow, deliberate shuffle, the ten delegates entered, the outline of a rifle showing plainly beneath the blanket of each. With a gruffly grunted "How!", they squatted on the floor facing the agent's chair with their backs against the wall nearest the door—a scowling, sinister crew, plainly coming for no peaceful purpose.

"You tell agent we want grubs!" finally growled the sub-chief to Louis Shangreau after a long silence. He was a tall, powerful buck of middle age, with a surly, malevolent face.

"You tell him, Louis, that I have been advised by his Rosebud agent that he and his people left there fully rationed for the round trip here to the Sun Dance and back," calmly replied McGillicuddy.



Campbell Collection
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An Oglala Sioux delegation of February, 1891. Seated (left to right) High Hawk, Fire Lightning, Little Wound, Two Strike, Young Man Afraid of His Horses, Spotted Elk, Big Road. Second Row: F. D. Lewis, He Dog, Spotted Horse, American Horse, MAJOR GEORGE SWORD, LOUIS SHANGREAU, Ben Pourier. Third Row Zaphier, Hump, High Pipe, Fast Thunder, Reverend Charles S. Cook and P. T. Johnson.

“You tell agent he must give us grubs *now*—right away!” demanded the chief fiercely, sparks of hot anger fairly dancing in his evil eyes.

“Louis, just tell him to go to hell,” McGillicuddy answered quietly, he gets no food at this agency.” He looked the chief squarely in the eye, a half-smile on his face.

Jumping suddenly to his feet, the enraged, bullying chief dashed swiftly to the agent’s side and shook his fist in his face.

“If you don’t give us them grubs *now*, I’ll kill every white man on this reservation!” the Indian shouted hoarsely in English.

The chips were plainly down now, and no mistake. For nearly a minute, or so it seemed, the defiant sub-chief towered and “Mac” sat, confronting each other. There was a mean scowl on the chief’s face, an amused smile on the agent’s. Then suddenly the smile fled, Mac’s jaws tightened and, without a word, he jumped up, sprang upon the chief, seized him by the throat, and shook him until his concealed rifle clattered to the floor. Without hesitation the agent then rushed him to the open door, whirled him around, and gave him such a violent kick in the rear with his boot that the chief went sprawling in the dust several feet from the door. Defiant, sadly hurt in spirit, and half-strangled from the choking, he was truly a sad—and dangerous—spectacle. His nine braves dashed out, promptly helped him to his feet, and brushed some of the dust from his blanket. The whites also came out at once and all lined up outside the door with their backs to the wall. As if by magic a dozen or so of Sword’s young Indian Police appeared in their midst, lining up in the ranks against the agency building.

THEN came a few ticklish minutes. A single shot was all that was needed to “open the ball,” as Charlie Conley had termed it, and the fight would be on. But the chief and his warriors, after carefully weighing the situation, sullenly pulled out through the gate and set off toward their band.

The whites drew deep breaths of relief. “Bet hell will shore pop good an’ plenty when that old coffee-cooler gits back to his bunch and spills his tale,” drawled Charlie Conley. “An’ if we’uns ain’t got ’em buffaloed and they come back fer an attack, I’m afraid it’s Katy bar the door for the lot of us unless we’uns do some mighty tall schemin’.”

“Major Burke, you’re the senior officer present here. Will you assume command?” asked the agent.

“No, Doctor, you are in supreme command here, and you seem to be doing very well,” replied the Major with a grin. “Please command me as your aide.”

Suddenly it was noticed that George Sword and his band of Police had disappeared, and apprehension grew at once. Had they turned tail and sneaked away in the wake of the heavy odds of this sub-chief of Spotted Tail’s and his warriors? The hearts of all sank very low in those few suspenseful minutes.

But they were not left long in doubt, although the manner in which Sword and his Police returned almost gave them heart failure. They had been watching the Brulé band keenly, where they were still in council several hundred yards away. Mrs. McGillicuddy and Mrs. Blanchard

(Continued on page 48)

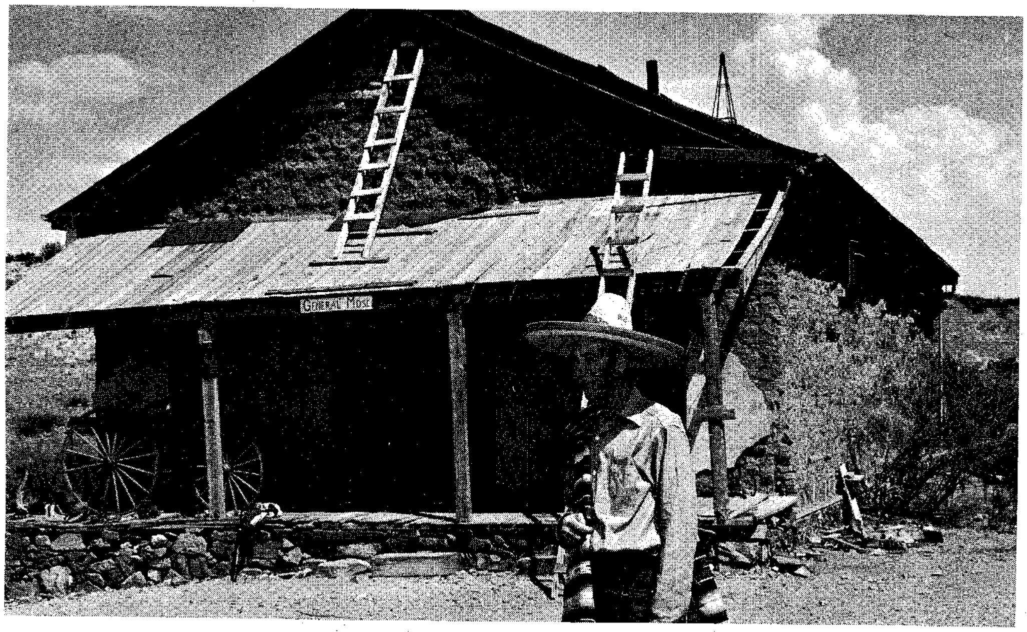
Doctor McGillicuddy, photographed in the 1870s when he was an Army physician.

Rose Photographic Collection
University of Oklahoma Library

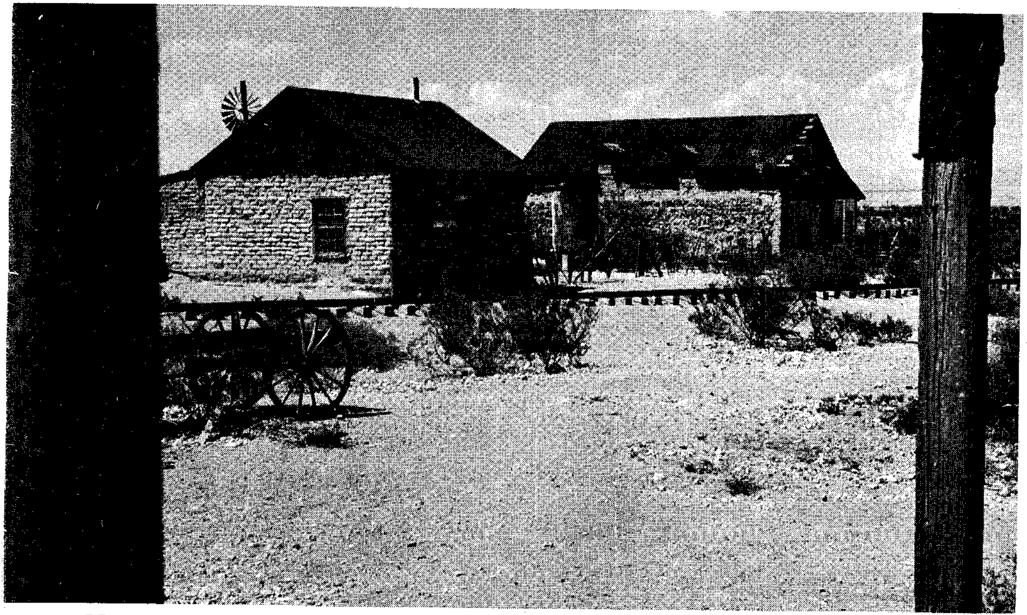
STAG

By MARJO

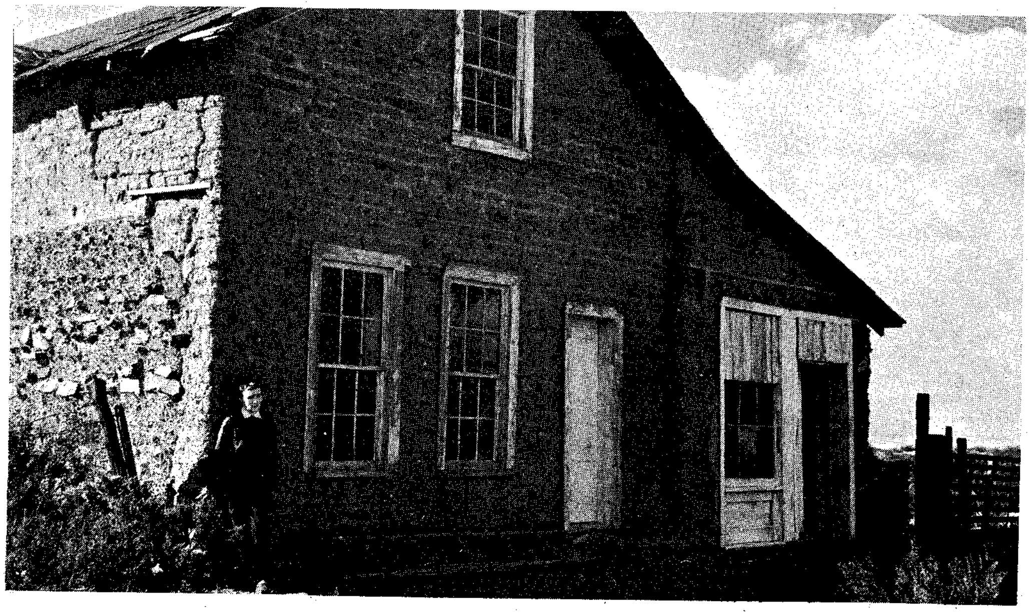
Shakespeare, New Mexico,
played out, there was sti
from the pockets of w



Frank Hill, owner of the ranch on which Shakespeare is located, stands in front of the old general store in which the family now lives. From the porch, you look directly across at the Grant and Stratford Hotels, below.



Mrs. Hill stands in front of the Stratford Hotel, regarded as elegant in its era because it had muslin hangings to partition rooms for privacy.



A tumbled-down mass of adobe, except for the public buildings which still stand in good repair, is located two and one-half miles south of Lordsburg, New Mexico, just off U. S. Highway 80, on a ranch owned by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hill. The main street, through which the Southern Pacific railroad extended a branch line in 1885, is covered with desert growth, mesquite and greasewood. Horses now graze where once the Concord stages thundered to a dusty stop.

The Hills make their home in the General Merchandise Building, a structure nearly 100 years old, and stable their horses in the old Assay House. The Stratford Hotel and the Grant House, once favorite havens for weary stage travelers as well as famous outlaws, stand in desolation across the "street."

The little ghost town of Shakespeare has a history that reads like a western script. It, too, knew Curly Bill and the outlaw gang that made Tombstone notorious. Unlike many western towns, Shakespeare didn't "boom and bust" with an ore discovery, but went through three phases and three changes of name in a span of only twenty years.

In 1850, the place was known as a good watering spot for travelers. There is evidence that soldiers were in the area during the Civil War. But its real history starts in 1867 when it became an official stop on the stage line of the National Mail and Transportation Company. This line succeeded the Butterfield Overland Mail, which had abandoned its route through New Mexico during the Civil War in favor of one farther north to insure safe delivery of gold from California. As a stage stop, the town got its first name, Grant, in honor of the victorious Union general.

In 1873, it was renamed Ralston for the famous Billy Ralston, San Francisco financier and promoter, who had bought up the mining interests. Finally, in the Eighties, it fell under the guidance of Colonel John Boyle, St. Louis mining promoter, who called the town Shakespeare for his favorite author. This name is still attached to its ghostly remains.

Although Shakespeare prospered as a result of ore discoveries, it was better known as a popular stage stop. Travelers liked this route from El Paso to Tucson, one which avoided the high mountains and the Indian uprisings to the north. The town had an excellent well and the Grant House was famous for its antelope steak dinners.

One day in 1870, the stage brought W. D. Brown, member of a government surveying party. A former prospector, he stayed behind in the town to look around

STOP

B. WHITE

s an oasis. When the mines
little ore to be panned
y and dusty travelers

in the Pyramid Mountains which form a backdrop to Shakespeare, and he found several specimens which looked rich in ore. These he took to San Francisco to Herpending and Company, which was directed by William Ralston, for assay. Ralston, organizer of the Bank of California, had made a fortune from the Comstock Lode and was always on the alert for new investments.

Brown's specimen assayed 12,000 ounces of silver to the ton. With Brown as a guide, Ralston sent an expedition to stake claims in an area six by twenty miles to be known as the Virginia Mining District. When word of the surprising find became known, the get-rich-quickers began flocking in. The town, renamed Ralston in honor of the Californian who was making the new wealth possible, rated a post office and rapidly acquired a population of several thousand.

Although millions of dollars in ore was removed from the claims, much of it was low-grade, requiring machinery to extract the silver. This was discouraging for the bulk of the miners, who were pick and shovel men. In addition, Ralston's company had failed to observe New Mexico Territory filing laws and claim-jumpers created so many legal entanglements, further mining was curtailed. The population dwindled, and the few remaining settlers looked forward to nothing more exciting than the arrival of the next stage and news of the outside world which the passengers would bring. Then, almost overnight, a new find resurrected the town. This time it was diamonds!

TWO MINERS, Philip Arnold and John Slack, took a bag of precious stones to the Bank of California for appraisal. When gem experts valued the samples at $120,000, Billy Ralston arranged for a mining expert to accompany Slack and Arnold to the diamond fields. As soon as he reported finding diamonds in cracks and crevices all over the area, Ralston organized a $10,000,000 company, the New York Mining Company, with capital from here and abroad. He is said to have bought out Slack and Arnold for $600,000.

Although the owners tried to keep the location of the diamond find a secret, they were unable to hide the news of such a discovery. Newspapers were reporting it by the summer of 1872. Knowing of Ralston's interests in the Pyramid Mountain area, miners and adventurers began swarming into town, again swelling the population to 3,000 or more.

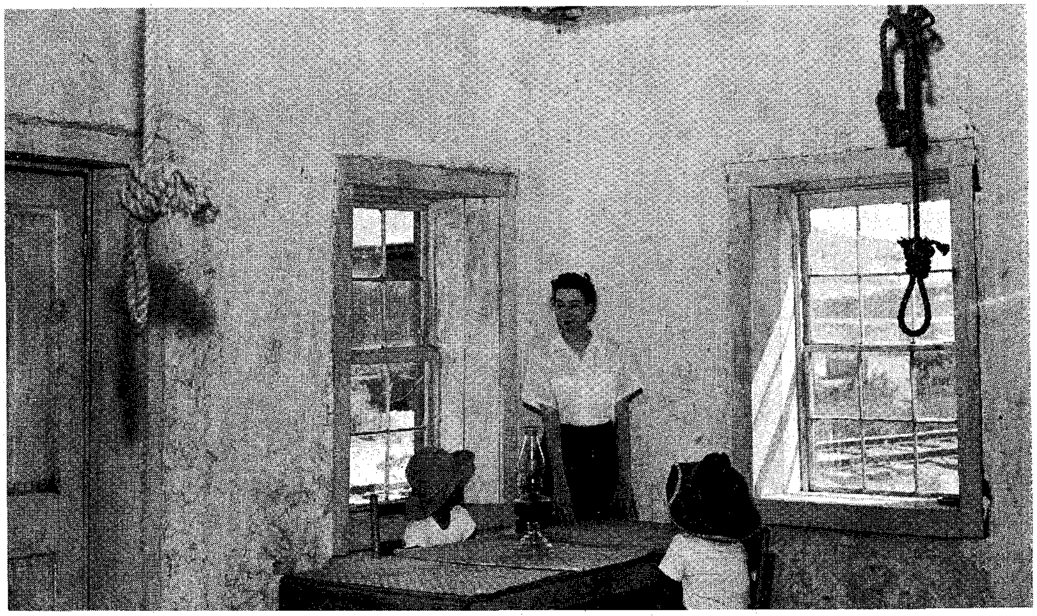
By November, 1872, the spectacular diamond find had become known as the "Diamond Hoax" or the "Great Diamond

(Continued on page 62)

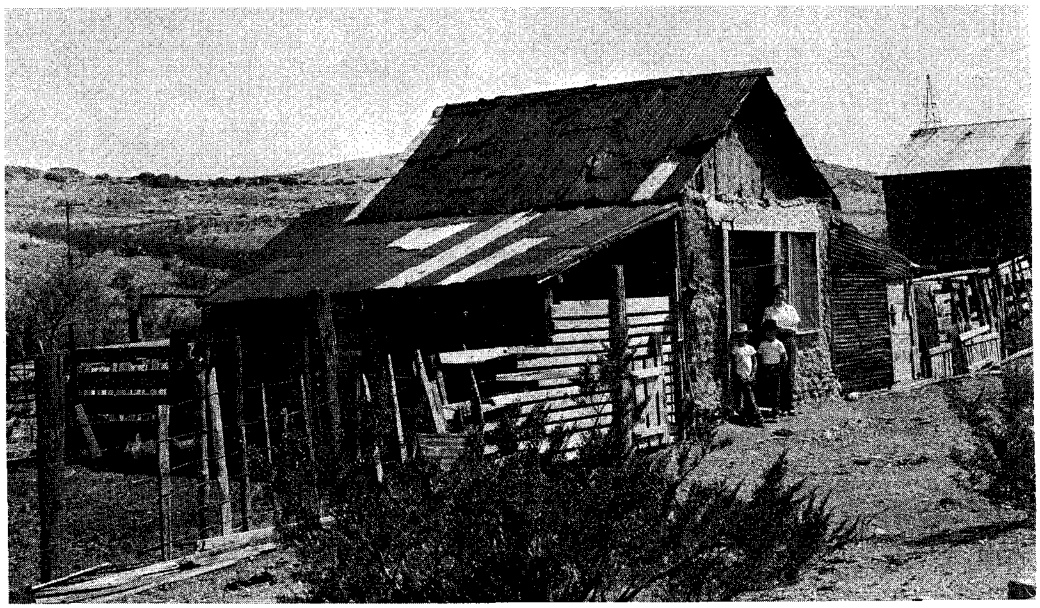
GRANT HOUSE
ANTELOPE STEAK
EVERY SUNDAY

Photos courtesy author

Jan Hill, daughter of the owner, rings the old dinner gong in front of Grant House. Below she shows visitors the dining room, where nooses are grim reminders that two outlaws were hanged from these rafters on New Year's Day in 1881.



Jan shows a couple of young sightseers around the old assay office and livery stable, lively places in the days gone by.



PREACHERS and GUNMEN

He was called a "bad Indian"— a renegade. But one man saw him in a different light

By REV. FRANK HOPKINS

Submitted by George O. Hopkins

Note: This article was written for me in 1925 by my father, Benjamin Franklin Hopkins, commonly known as Rev. Frank Hopkins, for fifty-three years an ordained minister of the Methodist Church. The period covered, as near as I can determine, is from the latter part of 1899 to 1903. Rev. Frank Hopkins, a Spanish-American War veteran, apparently went into the Territory after his discharge from the United States Army. Frank Hopkins was born in April, 1878, in Union County, Illinois, and died in Imbler, Oregon, in 1955.—George O. Hopkins.

I SUPPOSE my experience as a pioneer preacher is on a par, more or less, with others who endeavored to evangelize the unevangelized. There were no cars in those days, and in Southern Arkansas and the Indian Territory there were no roads to brag about. On horseback we usually "cut through"—that is, we would get the direction of the destination and head for it right through the jungle or plains, swim the streams (if we could not cross otherwise), and go around the most rugged and difficult country or mountains or swamps.

In spite of our mode of travel we kept up a right decent appearance for we usually had a broadcloth suit with stiff shirt and collars cached safely away in our riding pack. When we appeared in the pulpit, we wore a Prince Albert coat, a sparkling collar, and stiff cuffs that rattled when you shook hands.

We not only felt that we were God's righthand men but also that we were somebody from somewhere. Outlaws and cowboys usually respected us, and we were seldom bothered by any but an occasional cheap hoodlum among the outlaws, or the greenies among the punchers and settlers.

Most of the later pioneers (and it was the later ones I knew) were women and men worthy of the name. I knew Bill Tilghman, Steve Burke, and other officers personally, and I have been in passing contact with some of the outlaws. There were gunmen on the side of law and righteousness, and the pioneer preachers of that time were as brave and daring as the others.

I WAS conducting a revival meeting on the Indian Territory-Arkansas line in the late 1890s when I first met the Cherokee Indian (whom I will not name, for his children still live), who is the leading character in this narrative. We held "meetings" in those days. The meeting was usually held in a very large brush arbor, made by placing forked posts about a foot or two in the ground, putting poles in the forks and covering them over with brush.

We built scaffolds all around, floored them with dirt, and burned pine knots on them for light. And we had light, too, plenty of it. We could see to read our Bibles and song books without serious trouble. The lights from the scaffolds reflected from the tall timbers in all directions, making it bright enough to pick up a pin off the ground. We kept the fires from one to three hours, depending upon circumstances. From 1,500 to 2,000 people, sometimes more, would attend these meetings, coming from many miles around.

The woods would be full of wagons, hacks, buggies, horses and mules, even oxen. Both men and women would walk as far as three miles to and from these services.

One particular meeting was held for two weeks. There were scores of conversions, and the shouting could be heard two miles away. On the third or fourth night my Indian came in, and took a seat about halfway down the aisle. He was taller than most, about six feet two inches, and as black as unpolished copper. His black hair glistened in the torchlight, for though he was past fifty at that time, there did not appear to be over a half-dozen gray hairs in his head. He wore gray jeans, brogan shoes without socks, a red shirt, and a large red bandana around his neck scout fashion. There was an attractive, magnificent ugliness about him, as there is about a serpent. He stared at me, looking me clear through; I stared at him, but it did not seem that his eyes were made to bat. A man nearby informed me, "That's ——— ———. He's a bad man, a bad Indian. He's a killer—a robber."

That night I preached on "The Exceeding Sinfulness of Sin," portraying sin in a way well known to the pioneer churchman. My Indian listened, apparently unmoved, throughout the discourse.

The next night he was there again, but a little closer, and he proved himself a good listener. That night I spoke of the coming Judgment Day. The next night when I made the usual altar call, the Indian was the first to come. Others followed and I could have but a passing word with him as he knelt.

"Look straight to Jesus," I said. "Confess your sins out to Him. He can and He will save you if you but believe."

I forgot him as I went on to take care of others who were rushing to the altar, for it was not uncommon in those days for scores to be converted at a single service.

It could not have been over three or four minutes until I heard sobs above the din of the singing. My Indian was standing up with his red handkerchief covering his face, crying aloud and yelling at the top of his voice in broken English, "Glory be to God," and "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

He caught and embraced me; it was painful, yet I was glad. Then he began shaking hands with all around him, and he never stopped till he had shaken hands with everyone in that vast audience both under the arbor and on the outside.

It probably took him an hour to make the round. Nor did the Indian's fervor cool as the meeting went on. Yet there was no undue notice taken; conversions were common, and when one like this happened people rejoiced and went on about their business. The meeting closed. The Indian went back into the jungle, and I was called to other fields.

THREE YEARS later I was surprised to receive a letter from this same Indian, addressed to me at the post office nearest where I had held the meeting. I always left forwarding instructions and the Indian's letter had jumped from office to office until at last it lay before me. In the meantime I had married a young Arkansas lady, Mary Ann Cadow Green, who resided not far from the place of that meeting. She had seen the Indian and knew his record.

His letter was postmarked Kiowa, Oklahoma, at that time a small village. I was temporarily located at Foreman, Arkansas, then but a settlement formed from a revival of a town known as old Rocky Comfort.

At that time southwest Arkansas north of Texarkana was barely settled up, Mena being the largest town between Fort Smith and Texarkana. Hope, Arkansas, was but a village, as was Ashdown—just a few houses, mostly of rough lumber. From the Arkansas line to Ft. Towson, Oklahoma, there was nothing until the old Arkansas Choctaw Railroad was built through the jungle from Hope to Hugo, Oklahoma.

When I made the trip I am about to relate, the railroad had been built part of the way, and America, a single-room store, and Idabel, Oklahoma, with probably a dozen houses, had sprung up like mushrooms in the woods. The trail from the line led through these places toward Ft. Towson, and I rode by both without stopping.

The Indian requested me to come to his locality, make my home at his cabin during the time, and to hold a meeting there. I laid his letter before my wife and said, "I'm going to see that Indian. I am anxious to know if he still has as much religion as he did the last time I

Oklahoma Historical Society

An old-fashioned camp meeting near Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where Geronimo was converted in August, 1903.

saw him."

I adjusted my evangelistic slate and planned to set off for Kiowa on horseback in about a month. My Indian pony was one of the finest little stallions I ever saw, full of endurance and pep. Many a mile have I ridden him across streams, jungle, plain and mountain. The pioneer preacher and his horse were partners, and affection, warm and tender, bound the two together. In the world to come I often wish that I might have my horses there. How the circuit preacher would rejoice if he could have his horse and saddle and pack presented to him in Heaven!

AT THE appointed time I hit the long trail on horseback to Kiowa, riding through the woods all the way from the state line to Fort Towson. I called on the postmaster at a one-room rough lumber building. He was a gentleman of the frontier type, with long hair down to his shoulders.

After a dozen words, I realized he knew the country like a book, and within three minutes he had told me exactly how to reach Kiowa on horseback, a distance of a little less than a hundred miles from Ft. Towson. The meandering route I would have to take, however, would involve about 120 miles more or less. He told me to head first for Warren's Store, about fifty miles to the north or northwest, and to go from there almost directly northwest and I would strike the vicinity of Kiowa. Having obtained exact instructions as to directions and trails from this accommodating postmaster, I headed for Warren's Store carrying food sufficient for supper and breakfast for myself and fifteen ears of corn for my horse.

It was mid-afternoon when I left Ft. Towson. After an hour or two I left the settlements of both whites and Indians behind and entered the woods. I decided to ride until nine or ten o'clock, then camp for the night. About nine I came to a building appearing in the semi-cloudy night to be either a school or a church. I decided I had better stop there for shelter in case it rained.

A lone spreading pin oak loomed in the midst of a grassy spot, probably a half acre, at the back of the building. I spread my blanket under the tree, gave my horse about fifty feet of rope that he might graze, and was soon asleep. At dawn I awoke fully refreshed, finished the food in my pack, gave my horse the remaining corn, and by sunup we were on our way again.

I must have traveled two hours without seeing a soul, when I came up with a man riding out of the woods over a dim trail. "Good morning," we said to each other. That was all. He was going my way, and we rode about thirty minutes together, when he turned into another dim trail into the woods.

"Here I leave you," he said. "Good luck."

"Good luck," I responded, and saw him no more.

Personal introductions were uncommon unless there were special reasons for it, and one never inquired into the identity of others in those days. He did ask me, however, where I had spent the night. I described the place.

"Good gosh, man, you didn't stay there, did you?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, and he broke out into a hearty laugh.

"What's funny about it, Brother?" I inquired.

"Why, that place is ha'nted! Didn't you see the graveyard there?"

"Yes," I replied, "I saw the graveyard, but I didn't see any ha'nts. Maybe they saw I was tired, and, feeling sorry for me, let me alone."

"Mebby so," he said. "That thar's an Injun graveyard, and thar's some bad Injuns buried thar—and some good ones too. I tell you, it's ha'nted. It's an Injun church, but the Injuns don't meet thar but about four times a year. Then they camp thar, have eats on the ground, preach and pray and sing, and have a swell time. Before I married, when I was a young buck, I used to go thar to their doings ever time they met, and we young bucks had a swell time sparking the Injun gals."

This about ended our conversation. I did not ask him if he succeeded in marrying one of the Indian girls, but I suspected that he did, for he had every appearance of being a "squaw man." We used to call white men who married Indian women squaw men. There was nothing insulting or vulgar about it. It was simply a way of saying a white man had married an Indian woman, for in the Indian Territory such marriages were common and honorable. And be it said the credit of such marriages that they proved, in the long run, as happy and as successful as the average anywhere. Occasionally an Indian man would marry a white woman, which also was honorable. There was never any social caste set up between the whites and Indians in the Territory that I ever heard of, for each race respected the other.

THE second night I lodged near Warren's Store with a man who had married an Indian woman, and the next morning after procuring food enough for the day for myself and my horse, I hit the trail early. I was determined to reach Kiowa before midnight, for I had written my Indian that I would reach his cabin that day or night. If he had received my letter I knew he would be looking for me. An Indian always kept his word, and he expected you to do so. No greater compliment could come from an Indian than to have him say, "Your word always is truth." Therefore I was determined to reach him, and reach him I did before midnight that night.

I forced my faithful little horse beyond his gait all day long over the rough country of the Kiamichi Mountains and across the river. Every two hours I stopped for a five-minutes' rest, with thirty minutes at noon. I reached Kiowa just before the sun went down. My neck was stiff from the hard ride, and I knew my pony was jaded. After taking the remaining bites left from lunch, I went to town to inquire for my Indian. I knew he was in the jungle somewhere, for he was a jungle Indian by nature. I met two or three who had heard of him, one merchant who had seen him, but none who knew where he lived.

I was desperate. I told the merchant that I must find him. The merchant took me outside and pointing to the best house

(Continued on page 65)

NUGGETS

THE DRAGOONS

By Joe Grandee

THE DRAGOONS—organized in 1833, disbanded in 1861—were probably the toughest fighters our Army has ever had. They lived and fought under the trying conditions that existed in the old American West of the 1830s-40s, the unexplored and unknown West before the miners, cowboys, cavalry or gunslingers came. These men lived more like the mountain men and trappers than like their disciplined and orderly heirs, the cavalry.

With only flintlock pistol and Prussian saber these hardy specimens of small number stubbornly guarded the old immigrant trails, trade routes, and scattered settlements against Indians who hadn't seen enough of the white man to have any real fear of or respect for him. On many occasions the stout-armed Indian with a strong bow was more than a match for a white man with a slow-to-load single-shot flintlock pistol or rifle. It wasn't until Sam Colt developed his famous Dragoon line of Colts that the Indians began to think twice before attacking the small detachments and patrols that they had so easily overcome before. But even with this wonderful new invention the lonely Dragoons were hard-pressed to protect the vast stretches of mountains and desert under their jurisdiction.

The new cavalry sent out after the Civil War had a much easier task before them. Magnificent fighters that they were, they weren't quite up to par in comparison with the old Dragoons. More forts, comparatively modern conveniences, cartridge weapons, spending many of their nights under a roof, all made it easier for them.

These forerunners of the cavalry were given many privileges that other members of the American forces were not. For one thing, they were allowed to wear their hair down to the shoulders, in the fashion of their European counterparts and of cavaliers down through the ages. Their weapons were also superior to those used in other branches of the service. Crude though the weapons might be by modern standards, they were the very best that could be had at that time. The Hall North, powder and ball percussion carbine made expressly for and used only by the Dragoons, was a breech loading weapon designed for easier loading on horseback.

It has been difficult for artists to depict the old-time Dragoon as he really was. As far as I know there are no photographs of him. The regular issue uniform was seldom worn in its entirety. Much of it was discarded for more durable apparel such as buckskin and buffalo-skin outfits similar to that worn by the Indians. In fact, many Dragoons were known to wear Indian ornaments, earrings, bear-claw necklaces and beaded pouches. They were never mistaken for anything other than soldiers, however.

Many had been professionals in the British, French, and Prussian Armies, but for the most part they consisted of hardbitten Americans who gave up a softer life in the East to serve out their long enlistments—which were generally for the rest of their lives. In those days when a man decided to go into the army it was usually because the rough life, such as it was, appealed to him strongly. So it was that the Dragoons were made up almost wholly of professional soldiers.

Sometimes as I sit and look at the few cherished relics in my Dragoon collection, I like to wonder what it would have been like to have slipped into the yellow-trimmed, many-buttoned tunic, placed the tall, leather, eagle-plated shako on my head and climbed aboard a slick, rawhide-covered saddle to go patrolling in unexplored Apacheland. I would have faced an enemy who would have regarded such a heavily dressed and cumbersome looking invader with the same contempt he had had for another clinking and clanking intruder 150 years before.

SO THEY CALLED IT COLORADO

By Mabel Veatch Hoadley

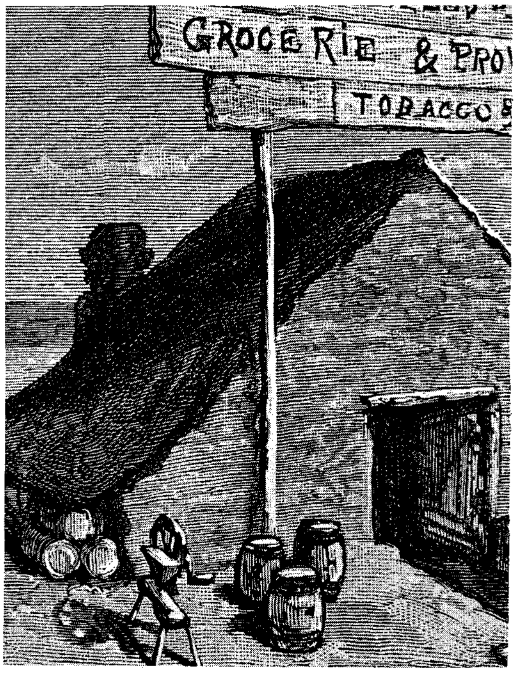
ON November 6, 1858 a score or more of men met and organized the gold fields as Arapahoe County, Kansas Territory. Delegates were selected to sit in the Territorial Legislature and in Congress at Washington, D.C. Kansas recognized the Arapahoe officials, but Kansas jurisdiction was in theory only. It was too far away, and communications were too slow. They held a meeting in Auraria on April 11, 1859 and drafted a constitution for a state.

Names suggested were Cibola, Shoshone, Pike's Peak and Jefferson. Jefferson was chosen, but the constitution was rejected by popular vote in September. A delegate was chosen to prevent Congress from forgetting the matter of establishing a new territory, and a committee appointed to draft the "Organic Act of the Jefferson Territory until such time as the Congress of the United States shall provide a government for us."

Robert W. Steele was chosen governor and Beverly D. Williams was elected to Congress on October 24, 1859. The first Jefferson legislature met in Denver, November 7, in the second story of a large frame structure on the south side of Larimer Street.

Because the conditions and events that led up to the Civil War occupied the attention of Congress, Mr. Williams' efforts were not very successful, but a bill to establish a territory within the boundaries of the present state was passed in February, 1861.

A decision had been made not to name territories after Presidents, so at the suggestion of William Gilpin, Delegate Beverly D. Williams moved to strike out the proposed name of Idaho (which had been suggested as a replacement for Jefferson), and insert Colorado. After approval by the Senate, President Buchanan signed the bill on February 28, and the act creating the Territory of



Colorado became a law. William Gilpin was appointed governor.

The orginial capital was Colorado City. Tradition has it that the first capitol of Colorado was a gable-roofed log structure with three rooms. In one the members met; in one they slept; the third contained the bar.

"My house is constructed of natural soil,
The walls are erected according to Hoyle;
The roof has no pitch but is level and plain,
And I never get wet till it happens to rain."

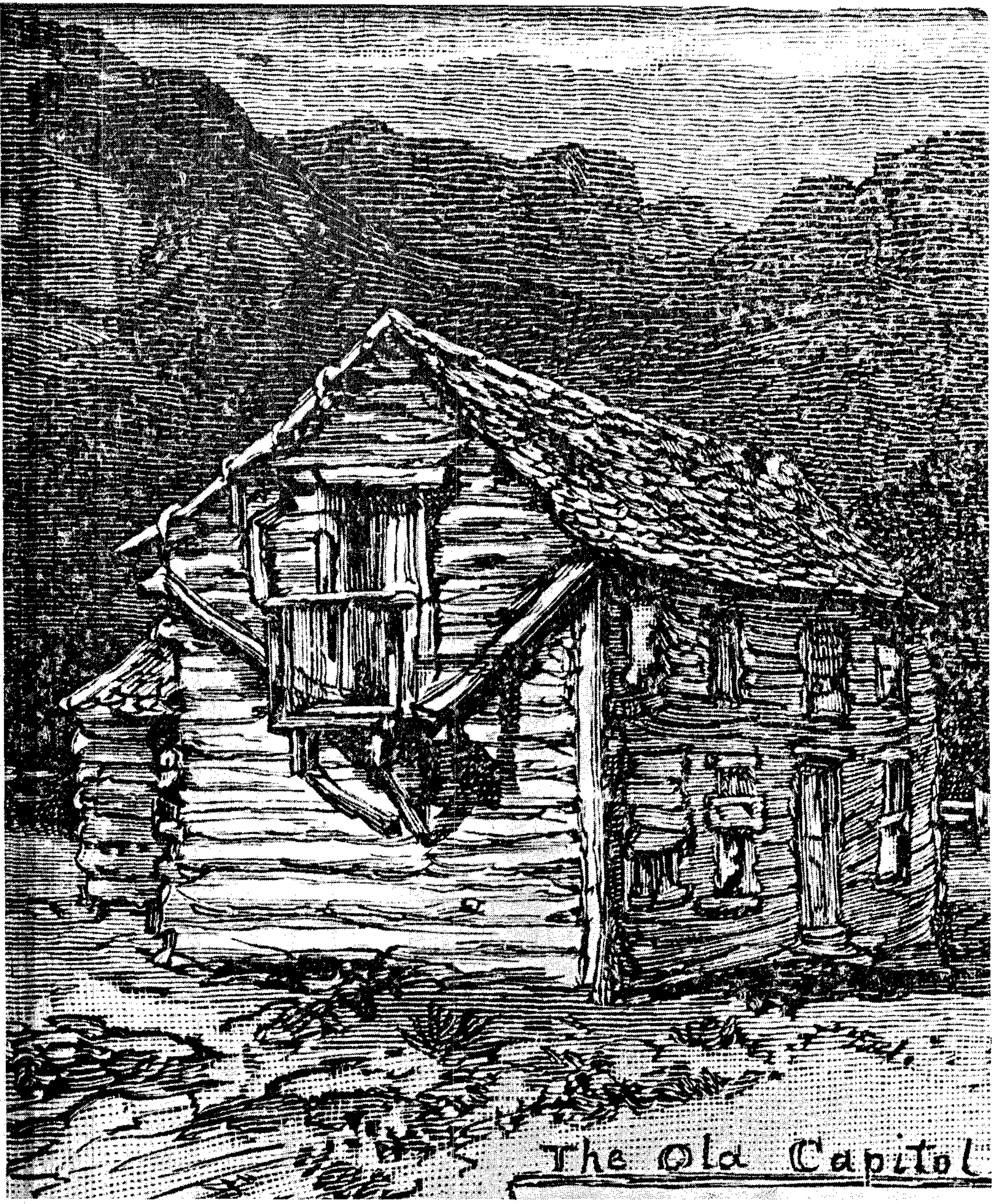
This is said to have been the song of the pioneer settler of Colorado, and it is true that the first houses were made of cottonwood poles with dirt roofs, packing boxes or anything at hand. Pioneer merchants kept their stores in log or sod houses, dugouts or tents.

Then the capital was moved to Golden because board was offered for six dollars a week, with wood and light furnished and the hall rent free. Since the law makers were serving without pay, this offer could hardly be ignored. The people of Golden were so anxious for their city to be made the capital that they paid the traveling expenses of the legislators—for all but one. He refused to avail himself of the opportunity and walked!

A tourist who passed through Colorado City twenty years after the discovery of gold in the area said, "I believe hay and feed are sold in the ancient capitol." He remembered seeing "a young lady accompanied by a young gentleman in a linen duster and a wide felt hat who passed in a buggy, and a stray burro that emerged into the road and lifted up its voice in a wail that sounded like a dirge for the departed statesmen and lost greatness of Colorado City."

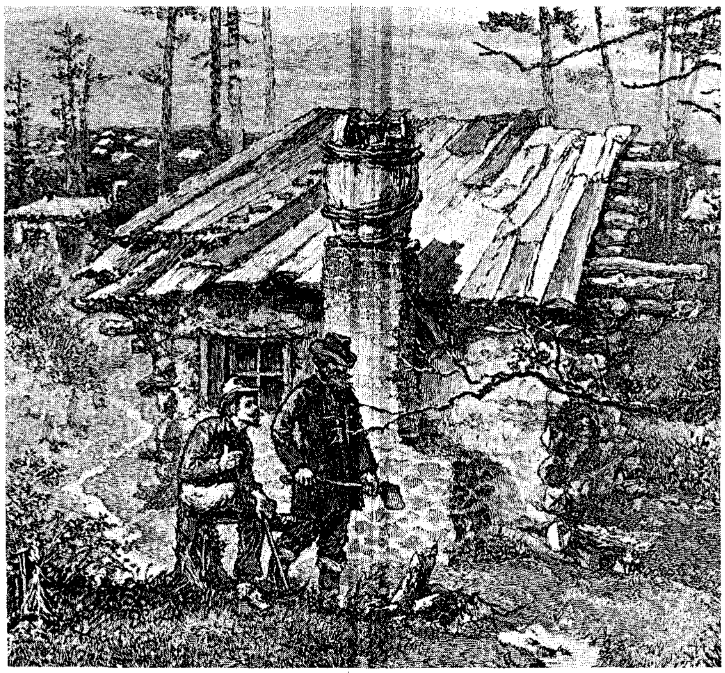
In 1862 Golden was officially named capital of Colorado and, although most of the lawmakers insisted upon transacting state business in Denver, it remained the capital until 1867. Governor Alexander Cummings loaded his executive records into a wagon and brought them to Golden in 1866 but he stayed only about two months. In the course of business proceedings a motion was made to transfer the seat of government once more.

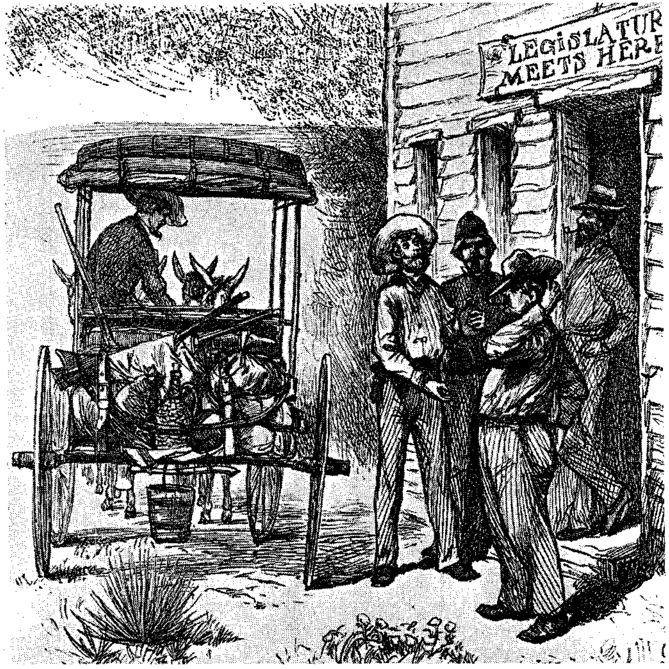
(Continued on page 70)



Above, the old capitol at Colorado City. In 1886 Governor Cummings loaded his executive records into a wagon (below) and took them to Golden, Colorado. The first houses (below center) were made of cottonwood poles, packing boxes or anything else at hand and most all had dirt roofs. Pioneer merchants (extreme left) kept their stores in sod houses or dugouts.

Pictures courtesy the author





King of the Bank Robbers

(Continued from page 25)

murderer to allow himself to be disarmed, but it was believed that a sort of Free Masonry that existed between the Cherokees gave Starr control over the mixed-blood. His lips were sealed about what took place between them.

CHEROKEE BILL GOLDSBY was born at Fort Concho, Texas, February 8, 1876. It is somewhat doubtful if a more thorough mongrel was ever born into this world. He was a mixture of white, Mexican, Indian, and Negro.

Bill's parents separated soon after his birth, and until he was about seven years old, young Crawford lived with a Negro nurse at Fort Gibson. Later, he attended school at Cherokee, Kansas, for three years. Later still, he was a student at the Catholic Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, until he was twelve. At the age of eighteen he was a big lusty, burly fellow who had never known what discipline meant.

In July, 1895 Cherokee Bill and his two outlaw companions, Jim and Bill Cook, got Effie Crittenden to draw them their share of the government money being paid to the Indians for the Cherokee Strip. On the night of July 18, a sheriff's posse surrounded the house in which Bill and the two Cooks had holed up. The sheriff had a Cherokee warrant for the arrest of Jim Cook on a larceny charge. Members of the posse included Sequoyah Houston; Dick Crittenden, estranged husband of Effie; Zeke Crittenden, Dick's brother; Bill Nickel; Isaac Greece; and two men named Hicks and Brackett. In the gunfight which followed, Houston was killed and Jim Cook was wounded seven times. After Houston fell, the posse retreated.

Soon after this fight the famous Cook gang of outlaws was organized. It was composed of Bill Cook, Cherokee Bill, Henry Munson, Curtis "Chicken" Gordon, and later, Sam McWilliams, who was known as the "Verdigras Kid."

About this time, 1894, the Schufelt holdup at Lenaphah, Indian Territory occurred in which a man named Melton was shot and killed, allegedly by Cherokee Bill who became annoyed when he saw Melton watching him from across the street through a window. Bill was captured by two deputies, Isaac Rogers and Clint Scales, after much maneuvering and an attempt to drug him with morphine-filled whiskey. Finally, however, Bill was struck over the head with the barrel of a pistol and disarmed.

In February, 1895, Bill was found guilty before Judge Isaac Parker and sentenced to be hanged, but appealed his sentence to the Supreme Court while being confined to the jail at Fort Smith. It was there, on July 26, that Bill killed the guard, and subsequently surrendered his gun to Henry Starr.

His trial for the murder of Keating resulted in another hanging sentence. A rather peculiar coincidence in the life of this man had to do with the number "13". It took Judge Parker just 13 minutes to instruct the jury. The jury retired and returned a verdict of guilty in 13 minutes. Bill, so it is said, had killed 13 men. A reward of $1,300 had been offered for his arrest. He was first sentenced to die on April 13. He fired 13 shots during his attempt at escape. The hours occupied in the trial numbered 13. The jurymen and the deputy sheriff bailiff numbered 13. There were 13 witnesses for the prosecution. He was hanged March 17, 1896, at 2:13 P.M. There were 13 steps to the gallows and 13 knots in the hangman's noose! When on the gallows he was asked if he had any last words and he replied, "I came here to die, not to make a speech!"

William "Bill" Cook, leader of the infamous Cook Gang

HENRY STARR received a reprieve for his heroism in disarming Cherokee Bill and was sent to the Federal Prison at Columbus, Ohio, to serve a thirteen-year term. When Starr had served eight years, the story of his dramatic assistance to the jailers came to the attention of President Theodore Roosevelt and Henry was pardoned.

His eight years of incarceration at Columbus had been devoted to reading, particularly in law. Starr announced on leaving prison that he intended to settle down on his farm near Tulsa and try to obtain a degree as a lawyer. His next act was to marry Mary Morrison who, with his mother, had worked indefatigably in getting him freed. Starr opened up a real estate office in Little Rock, Arkansas, and did well, but the monotony of it soon palled on him. In 1907 he moved to Skiatook.

While the ex-outlaw believed that he had successfully subdued his criminal inclinations, the State of Arkansas had not forgotten the Bentonville bank robbery. When Oklahoma became a state, Arkansas authorities promptly asked Governor Haskell to honor the old indictment.

While Haskell was pondering on the application (Henry Starr and his wife were among the notables at his inauguration as Oklahoma's first governor in 1907), Starr was pretty uneasy. One day he had a friend call the state capitol Later this friend telephoned Starr and said, "He hasn't granted it." But Starr misunderstood. He thought the message was, "He granted it." Henry fled West.

On Friday, March 18, 1908, Starr and two partners robbed a bank at Tyro, Kansas, and escaped with $2,500 in cash. The bandits fled to the hills in the Osage Indian Reservation, hotly pursued for sixty hours. By using the telephone, rural women joined in the pursuit.

"The outlaws have just stopped on a hill near our house," one woman west of Ocheleeta phoned.

A minute or so later officers got this message from the same neighborhood, "The bank robbers just stopped here and asked me for a drink of water."

Hour after hour came telephone messages from the women. Posses were organizing, and armed men dashing away on their horses, each community cooperating with others in the pursuit. The chase was most exciting after the bandits began moving southwest from Ocheletta. From that point went a posse composed of Joe Daniels, Rock Flannigan, A. P. Tullock and Monroe Staggs.

Alfred Cunningham, a farmer, met the posse by accident, and was riding along the highway talking about the robbery, when things began happening. Staggs and Cunningham were riding a little to the rear when suddenly a man stepped out to one side of a tent on an oil lease about a hundred yards to their front, and motioned for the posse to turn back. Staggs and Cunningham stopped their horses, but the others rode on. Instantly, three men, armed with Winchesters, sprang from the tent, and commanded Daniels, Flannigan and Tullock to throw up their hands. They were captured and disarmed, while Staggs and Cunningham turned their horses and sped off in the opposite direction.

"What do you fellows want?" demanded Starr savagely.

"Why, we have been wolf-hunting, and are looking for a bobtailed hound of mine. You haven't seen him anywhere, have you?" asked Daniels, from whose saddle hung a hunting horn, for they had been using a pack of trail hounds.

"Damn you and your bobtailed hound," snarled Starr, "you are looking for me and you know it! Get their guns, boys!"

The guns were broken and the remnants restored to the owners. Tullock, who had been a member of a posse that had captured Starr in earlier years, had been promised death if Starr ever caught him on a similar mission.

"I have a notion to kill you," said Starr to Tullock, in a deliberate tone.

"Don't do that without giving him a chance, Henry," said one of the bandit's companions.

"I guess you're right; give him your gun and I'll fight it out with him."

Tullock knew that Starr was a dead shot, and the proposal had little appeal. He begged Starr not to kill him, and the outlaw finally consented.

In the distance Staggs and Cunningham could be seen riding as if racing ahead of a prairie fire.

"Who are those fellows and what's their hurry?" asked Starr, addressing Daniels.

"I don't know a thing about them," replied Daniels without the slightest twinge of conscience.

"Better tell me or I'll kill you," threatened Starr, whereupon Daniels told the truth.

"I'm going to get that Cunningham sometime," said Starr, musingly, as he watched the two horsemen ride out of sight.

The outlaws took a horse belonging to one of their captives, leaving a badly jaded animal in exchange. The cook wrapped the outlaws' dinner in a newspaper, and the three rode away in the direction of the Osage Hills that lay blue and misty along the horizon. The posse went home.

Starr's gang had been fighting and running almost from the moment they

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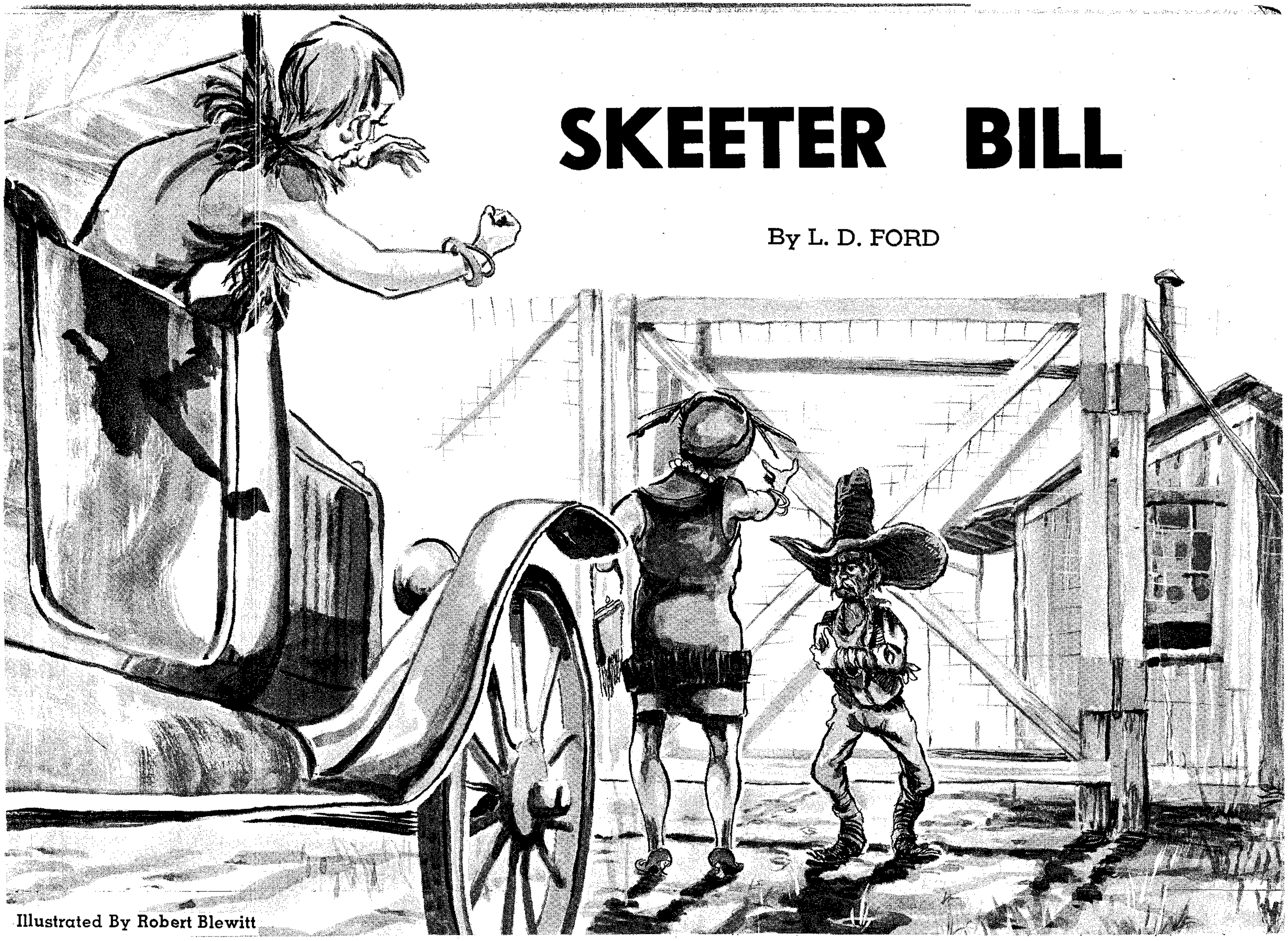
SKEETER BILL

By L. D. FORD



Illustrated By Robert Blewitt

In size he wasn't much bigger than a stunted mosquito—but in spirit he could lick his weight in wildcats!

ONE DAY in the summer of 1924 I got an overpowering urge to go fishing. I had been putting in long hours underground on a tunnel job in Colorado, some eighty miles west of Denver, and was getting a yen for some sunshine and fresh air. The incessant roar of water liners, the chatter of stopers and the constant smell of powder smoke was beginning to make me edgy, and I felt sure that a little fishing would act as a tranquilizer. After coming out from underground, in early evening, I threw my fishing gear in the old Jordan and headed down the valley. The project reservation was enclosed with a high woven wire fence, topped by several strands of barbed wire to keep out undesirable trespassers, and the entrance, or exit, was through a double swing gate of the same construction.

As I drove up to the gate, I noted that we had a new watchman, one of the oddest sights I had ever seen. He was standing in the middle of the road facing me, and the first item to catch my eye was a wide-brimmed, high-crowned western hat, the top of which didn't clear the ground by over five-feet seven inches. That would have made the man under the hat about five-feet two, as he stood. A second glance convinced me he would have stood a lot taller if he could have straightened out; he was the bowleggedest man I had even seen, and I had been raised among bowlegged men. As a matter of fact, I haven't been able to touch my own knees together without crossing my ankles for something over fifty years, but my shanks were rifle-barrel straight compared to his. You could have tossed a thirty-gallon drum between his knees without barking his hide. One leg was so much more crooked than the other that I suspected a poorly set break in his younger days.

His hair was white, and needed trimming badly. His hide was the color of a full-blooded Sioux, with deep lines around his mouth and heavy crow's-feet at the outer edges of his eyes. He had a hawk-like nose, under which drooped a grey mustache, and hollow cheeks angled out sharply to a prominent, pointed chin. The guard was wearing a leather vest, and his manner was that of a toy bulldog ready to take a chunk out of your leg.

I drove to within about three feet of him before I stopped the car, but he didn't move. Leaning out over the door of the car I asked, "Just what is your official capacity?"

He barked back, "To keep riffraff out, but they didn't say anything about keeping them in," and he turned to swing the gate open.

That feisty little old fellow had aroused my curiosity to the point that I had forgotten fishing, so I unloaded from the car and walked up to him and said, "What's your name?"

"Skeeter Bill Robbins," he barked back, "if it's any of your damn business."

"Don't reckon it is any of my business; I've got an awful big bump of curiosity." I smiled at him and said, "I wouldn't guess that you got that slight wrap in your hind legs by hooking them around a soda fountain stool."

Only his eyes smiled as he said, "I can't see you taking any prizes at a leg show yourself, besides which your mustache is scraggly."

I defended the mustache as only four years old and not real well "broke in" yet—explained it needed a little time.

While he was thinking up another comeback I noticed a car being driven up the valley toward the gate. I got back in the Jordan, backed up and pulled over to one side to make room for the approaching car. But Skeeter Bill must have

(Continued on page 55)

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King of the Bank Robbers

(Continued from page 42)

dashed out of the little town of Tyro across the border into Oklahoma. Each outlaw had about 500 rounds of rifle ammunition. The fugitives entered the brush along a creek two miles north of Wann, and when a posse approached recklessly, two of their horses were killed. In the confusion, Starr and his men doubled back on their trail, waved their hats on their guns, gave a war-whoop and galloped southwest. The sound of the shooting was heard at Wann. Leonard Lee, city marshal, and Lee Doncarleon started west to intercept the bandits. From a hill a mile northwest of town, they saw the robbers coming. Lee had only his six-shooter, while the magazine of Doncarleon's Winchester was almost empty. Nevertheless, both opened fire and twenty shots were exchanged.

Lee was shot through the left hand, the bullet knocking his pistol out of his hand. Confident that the bandits would follow and try to kill him, Lee ran to a nearby farmhouse and told the woman at the house not to be frightened, as he would go upstairs, and would kill all three bandits if they should try to follow. Shortly after, the three robbers could be seen coming rapidly toward the house. The woman refused to open the door when they knocked. They courteously asked for a hatchet, and at once rode away when it was given to them.

By that time the Tyro aggregation had mustered up its nerve, patched up its losses, and had ridden in the direction of Wann. The marshal there had lost his pocketbook on the crest of the hill west of town, and had sent a man after it. He had ridden about a quarter of a mile when he saw that the party from Wann had mistaken him for a bandit and was firing on him singly and by volleys! He waved his arms trying to show that he was friendly. The bullets came all the faster. He turned his horse and went headlong for Wann, luckily escaping injury.

Other persons, too, were fired upon until the whole countryside was aflame with excitement. All who could had armed themselves; behind every fence post and in every clump of weeds lingered one man or a dozen, ready to shoot down a bank robber or a peaceable citizen without the least provocation.

It was about this time that Starr is known to have been joined by the pal of his younger days, Kid Wilson. Together they went to Colorado for the second time and it eventually proved their undoing. In June, 1908, they robbed a bank in Amity, Colorado, and escaped. After being in the mountains for some months the two bandits quarreled and separated. Starr later told friends that he thought Wilson was "going nutty." Kid Wilson disappeared and no one heard of him after that time. After he and Wilson split up, Starr went to Arizona.

HE WAS safely away from the Colorado officers, but he had an interest in a Tulsa County Indian allotment, so he wrote a real estate man there to dispose of this interest and send him the money. Starr had known this man since childhood, but his trust was misplaced. Starr had furnished the man with his Arizona address as well as his assumed name. Instead of sending Starr the money, the real estate dealer informed the authorities of Starr's whereabouts and he was taken back to Colorado. He was sentenced in 1909 to serve twenty-five years in prison, but after four years, the governor paroled him. Although his parole provided that he was not to set foot in Oklahoma, he quickly decided to risk a return.

On March 27, 1915, Starr and several men robbed two banks at Stroud, Lincoln County, Oklahoma. Although Starr was captured there, it was the first successful robbery of its kind in history—and the last. The Stroud affair was daringly planned. The robbers rode into town, tied their horses to the stockyards fence, left one of their number in charge, and proceeded to the two banks. Over $5,000 in currency was taken in all.

As the bandits were escaping, Paul Curry, a fifteen-year-old boy, ran into a butcher shop, grabbed up a sawed-off rifle and fired at them. The bullet shattered Starr's leg. As he fell, Curry shouted to him, "Throw away your gun, or I'll kill you." Starr complied. Louis Estes, another robber, was caught, but the others escaped with the money.

"I am a bank robber, and have been caught; that's all there is to it," said Starr.

After the Stroud robbery there was talk of lynching but the veteran peace officer Bill Tilghman was quick to put a stop to it. Starr later stated that he wished to make a big haul by robbing both banks so that he could leave the territory for the interests of his son, whom he had named Roosevelt after President Theodore Roosevelt.

His sentence to the Oklahoma prison for twenty-five years for this raid turned out just as had all his other prison sentences. He soon won the confidence of the penitentiary officials and by straightforwardness and seemingly sincere promises to reform, soon had the way paved for another release. It came in 1919. Governor Robertson believed that Starr had had enough of it. He was willing to grant the parole when the petition for it reached the statehouse, bearing the endorsement of the prosecuting attorney, the judge who presided at the trial and most of the jurors who convicted him.

"There's a lot more money in the moving picture business than there is in bank robbing," remarked the Lincoln County prosecutor. "There's certainly no reason why crippled old Henry Starr should hit the trail again."

STARR went at the motion picture business with great vim and vigor. A company was speedily formed to reproduce the famous Stroud robbery, which was one of the most spectacular in the history of Oklahoma. It was reenacted, even down to the shooting of Starr by Paul Curry, the schoolboy, who later won a distinguished service decoration for bravery in action in France. Starr made considerable money out of the picture. He was the leading character in a couple of pictures which followed that one.

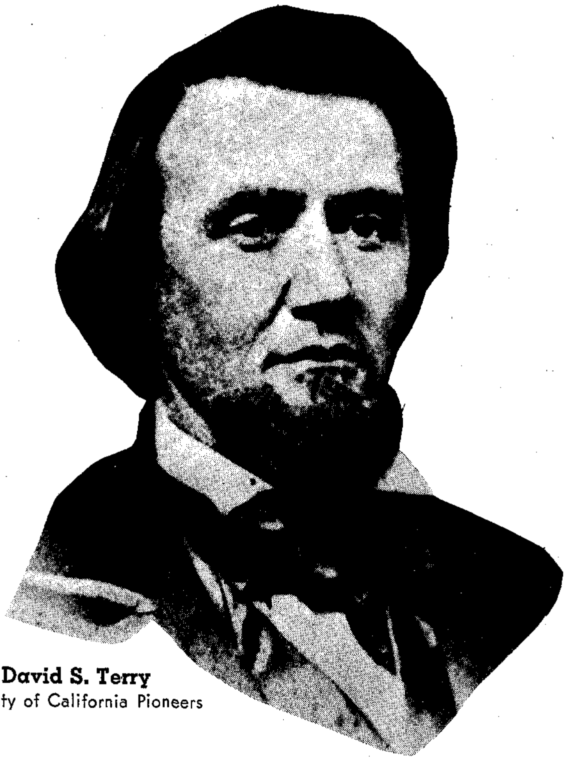
"He threw away a wonderful opportunity." That was what George Davis, a moving picture man of Tulsa, said about Starr. He received several flattering offers from a western movie concern to help them in staging bank robberies, after which they indicated that other assignments would follow. Oddly enough, Starr was considering the offer when he went to Harrison, Arkansas, and to his death.

Many believed that Henry went back to bank robbing soon after being paroled by Governor Robertson in April of 1919. While Starr was taking "pictures" at Stroud he made a trip to Chandler and by a strange coincidence a Chandler bank was robbed. Later he went to Davenport

(Continued on page 56)

CALIFORNIA'S *Wildest* JUDGE

By MARC PETERSON



David S. Terry
Society of California Pioneers

Time and again the "lady with the scales" bent over backward to give him another chance. But there came the day when his ungoverned temper pushed his luck a step too far

"HOLD up there!" the policeman commanded, striding rapidly onto the scene and flourishing several warrants. "You're under arrest!" It was dawn, Monday morning, September 12, 1859, at Lake Merced on the border of San Francisco County. The two "prisoners" were taken before Judge Coon, who promptly released them.

One was United States Senator David C. Broderick of California, the other David S. Terry, ex-Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, and they were still determined to settle their personal differences by a duel, even though there were very strict laws against it. The next morning, Tuesday, they all met again at a Mr. Davis' ranch about a mile south of Lake Merced. No policeman showed up this time and the two men prepared for the showdown.

The distance between the combatants was to be ten paces and the weapons, pistols. One of the seconds was to say, "Fire, one, two, three!" The duelists were to raise their pistols at the word "Fire" and discharge them between the words "two" and "three," but not to fire after the word "three." Terry won the toss for the choice of pistols and Broderick got the gun with the hair-trigger. The men took their positions facing each other and waited for the second's commands.

Broderick fired first, between the counts of "one" and "two." He squeezed off before he intended to, and the slug plowed into the ground at Terry's feet. Taking deliberate aim, Terry's slug struck Broderick full in the chest. The wounded man was immediately picked up and carried to a friend's home nearby. When Broderick fell, Terry exclaimed, "Hell! He won't die. I shot him too far to the right for that." But he was wrong. Broderick died on Friday morning, September 16.

DAVID S. TERRY was born in Kentucky in 1823, and moved to Texas in 1834. As a young man he developed some fine qualities—courage, self-reliance and expert use of the bowie knife. He also acquired some bad ones—an exaggerated sense of honor and lack of self-control. He studied law and practiced successfully until 1846 but, always attracted to excitement and danger, the discovery of gold in California promised more action and adventure, so Terry headed west. He first tried his luck at mining and when this didn't work out, he was forced to take up something he was good at—law. Because he was aggressive and energetic, Terry, at twenty-six, was a leading Stockton attorney.

In 1850 he made a sentimental journey back to Texas to marry an old flame—Cornelia Runnels. Cornelia exerted an excellent influence on her husband and had she lived longer, Terry might have died, if not venerated, at least respected as a very able jurist. But he wasn't that lucky.

A new political party, the Know Nothings, chose Terry as their candidate for Supreme Court Justice. In a surprising upset, the Know Nothings were victorious in the election of 1855 and Terry got his seat on the Supreme Bench. He immediately began to build a reputation as a dynamic, dominating and able man.

Although long on mental abilities, he was short on emotional qualities. He was so infuriated by the formation of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, for example, that on June 12, 1854, he foolishly stepped down from the dignity of his office and personally intervened in the local affairs of that turbulent city. He hadn't been around more than a couple of days when he got into a street fight. Drawing his knife, he stabbed a man in the neck. Terry was held prisoner at Fort Gunnybags (Vigilance Committee Headquarters) until it was determined whether his victim would live or die. By August 5 the man had so far recovered that preparations were made for Terry's trial. Although the Judge was found guilty of assault with a deadly weapon, he was nevertheless released, and taking the advice of friends he returned to Sacramento as quickly as possible.

Terry's star was still ascending. As a result of the death of Judge Murray in 1857, he became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and continued to increase his reputation by his brilliant decisions. Terry, a Southerner to the backbone, had identified himself with the Lecomptonists, that part of the Democratic Party which advocated slavery in Kansas Territory, but at the convention of June, 1859, he was not renominated for the Supreme Bench.

In a resulting sour-grapes speech, Terry mentioned California's Senator Broderick, long a powerful and ambitious politician. A day or two later Broderick was reading a report of Terry's address. Breakfasting with him was Duncan Perley, Terry's former law partner and warm friend.

"Look at this!" Broderick exclaimed, slapping the paper angrily. "Terry's been kicked out of the Lecompton Convention and is giving me hell for it. I once said he was the only honest member of a corrupt Supreme Court. I take it all back. He's as bad as the rest of them!"

Perley rose angrily from his chair.

"I resent that," he said. "You can't call my friends crooks and get away with it!"

"Is that right?" Broderick snorted. "And what do you intend doing about it?"

"You'll hear soon enough. And you'd better think about your choice of weapons. I'll give you that much warning."

Before the matter could be ironed out, Terry got wind of it. On September 7, he wrote out his resignation and headed for San Francisco and, as could be expected from a man with his volatile temperament, immediately seized the gauntlet from Perley. After an exchange of notes in which both Broderick and Terry demanded an apology from each other, arrangements were made for a duel. Terry's whereabouts were unknown for some time after Broderick's death but he eventually returned to Stockton and resumed his very successful law practice.

TERRY found himself increasingly emotionally involved in the Civil War and in 1863, no longer able to resist his Confederate sympathies, he packed his suitcase and headed east. Two years later, as an ex-colonel in Jeff Davis' army, Terry wasn't too sure of his welcome back in California. An attempt to found a colony for ex-Confederates in Mexico

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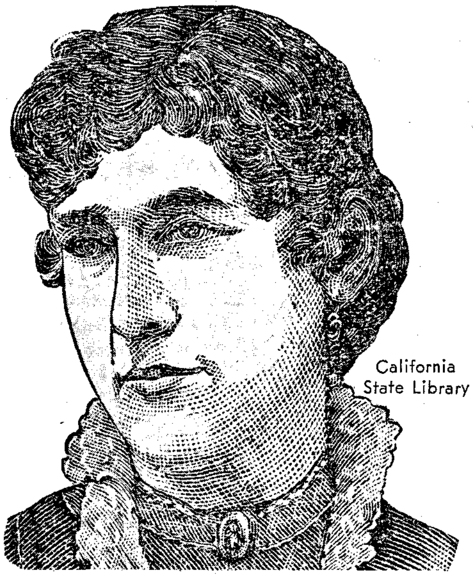

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Sarah Althea Terry

was unsuccessful, however, and in 1869 he returned to Stockton and his old law office. He reasoned that people can forget a great deal in six years, and he was right. By 1878 he had built up one of the biggest legal practices in the state and was in a good position to be elected as the San Joaquin County delegate to the new state constitutional convention in June, 1878. Terry was now at the zenith of his political career, and everything seemed to indicate that he would live to a ripe and happy old age. The death of his wife in 1884 saddened him, but he continued to work as hard as ever.

The politician was then sixty years old and the hot-blooded days of his life should have been all behind him, but the affair of United States Senator William Sharon and Sarah Althea Hill was about to draw him out of sleepy Stockton and into the final turbulent chapter of his life.

Sarah announced in the fall of 1884 that she was married to Sharon; he denied it and she took the matter to court. As the trial grew more bitter, Sarah's attorneys called for the big lawyer from Stockton. Terry, instantly struck by Sarah's beauty, threw himself into her cause with all his old ardor. In fact, he became so infatuated with his client's charm and fiery temper that he determined to marry her—which he succeeded in doing on January 6, 1885.

Sarah won her case in Superior Court, but William Sharon's son was determined to reverse this decision. He appealed to the U. S. Circuit Court and Justice Field. The Terrys arrived in the courtroom on the morning of September 3, 1888, to hear Field's decision. It was a stunning pronouncement that the marriage contract between Sarah Hill and Senator Sharon was a forgery and must be given up!

Mrs. Terry promptly stood up. "Judge Field," she began indignantly, "are you going to force me to give up my marriage contract?"

"Be seated, madam," Field replied.

"I will not!" she cried. "You have been bought!"

Marshal," the Judge said, "remove that woman from the court."

U. S. Marshal Franks stepped forward, only to be confronted by the towering Terry himself.

"No man shall touch my wife!" he roared.

When Franks attempted to push the belligerent husband back into his seat, Terry's huge fist smashed into the marshal's face. Immediately everyone joined in. Mrs. Terry was borne from the courtroom screaming, kicking, scratching and biting, and locked in the marshal's office. Forced to the floor by the sheer weight of numbers, Terry promptly arose and headed for Franks' office where the voice of his wife could be heard loud and clear. Several guards barred the door.

"Stand aside!" Terry commanded, and, drawing his knife, advanced on them. Another violent struggle then took place in which Terry fought like a madman.

TERRY got six months in jail for contempt, and his wife thirty days on a similar charge. Hearing of the threats supposed to have been made against Field, the Attorney-General of the United States instructed Marshal Franks to provide the Justice with a bodyguard. Deputy Marshal David Neagle was appointed to this job on June 17, 1889. Although born in San Francisco, Neagle had run a saloon in Tombstone, Arizona, for awhile and was supposed to be a tough customer.

On August 12, 1889, Judge Field heard a case in Los Angeles and immediately afterward, accompanied by Neagle, boarded the train for San Francisco. At 3:00 the next morning Terry and his wife boarded the same train. Around 6:00 A.M. Neagle walked through the train and discovered the Terrys in the day coach. He promptly told Field of his discovery and then sent a telegram to Lathrop requesting the constable to be on hand in case of trouble.

When the train reached Lathrop, the passengers alighted for breakfast. "I suggest you stay on board," Neagle said to Field. "We can get breakfast brought in to us."

"Why should I?" Field demanded.

So the two men got off the train and entered the restaurant, taking seats at one of the front tables. Soon after, Terry and his wife entered the room. The proprietor had been alerted and he led the couple to a table in the back. Just as she was sitting down, Mrs. Terry saw Field and, whispering to her husband, promptly got up and returned to the train. After a moment Terry decided to do likewise.

In order to reach the door he had to pass his enemy, and the temptation to express his disgust was too great to be resisted. He stopped in front of Field's table and bent over, as though to speak to him. Instead, he suddenly slapped Field on both sides of his face. Neagle instantly sprang from his chair, jammed his revolver against Terry's chest, and pulled the trigger. The big man stood there for a moment and then gradually sank to the floor. Neagle's second shot missed Terry by inches and buried itself in the floor.

Hearing the shots Mrs. Terry rushed back into the room screaming, "You've murdered my husband! You've murdered my husband!" She threw herself upon the prostrate man and they kissed for the last time. Terry died immediately. Constable Walker of Lathrop took Neagle into custody from where he was transferred to Stockton, and then to San Francisco.

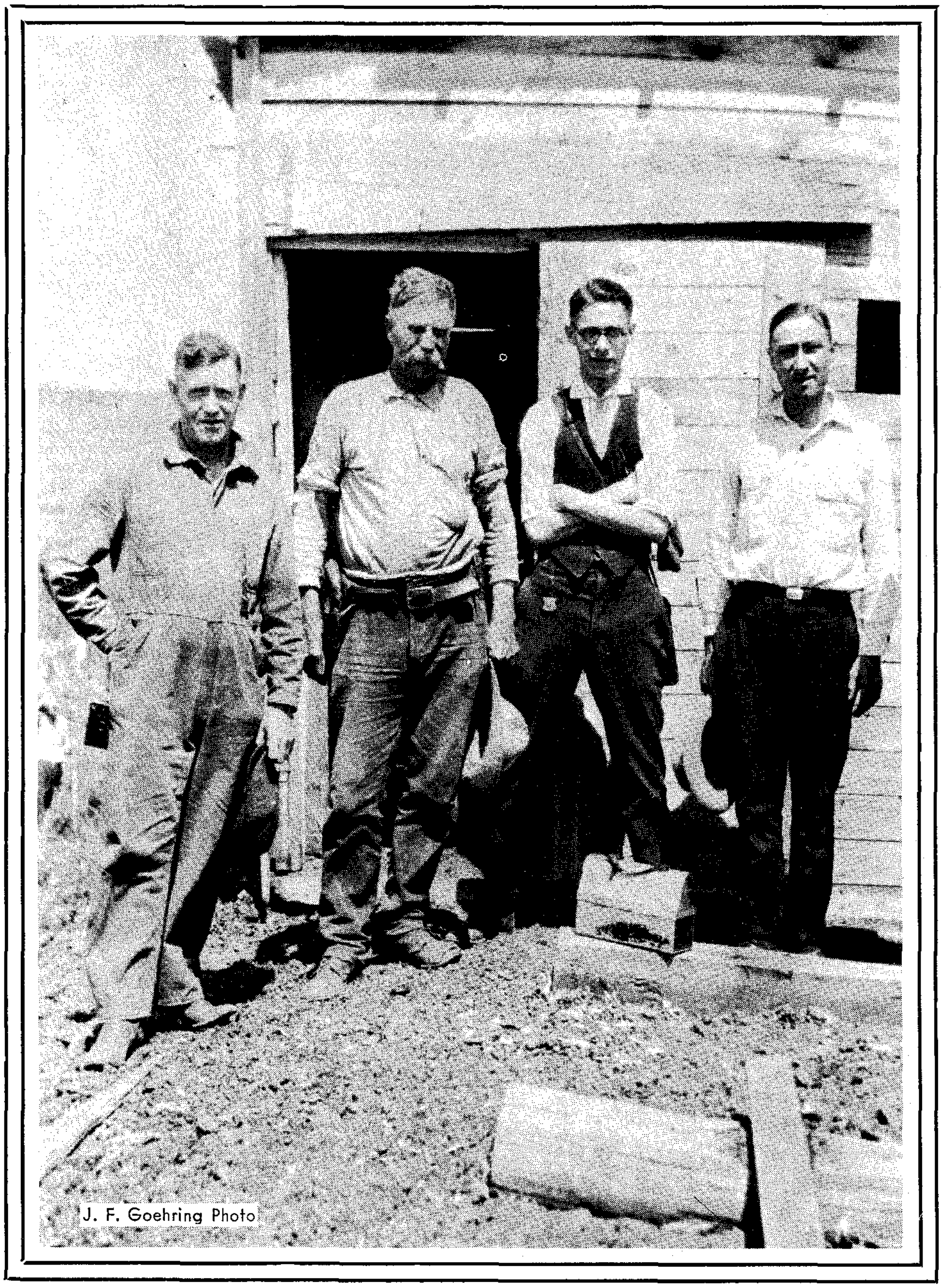
On September 16, 1889, Judge Sawyer of the Federal District Court concluded Neagle's trial with the statement that in shooting Terry, the defendant had done his duty as he saw it and should, therefore, be set free. This decision was upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States on April 14, 1890. Perhaps, if Terry had been on the bench, he would have upheld the verdict, also.

THE HOLDUP OF HOMINY THOMPSON

By

DOROTHY RUSTEBAKKE

It was a good fight: One stubborn man against a railroad with no holds barred


J. F. Goehring Photo

Hominy Thompson poses in front of the shack with (from left) Roland Marriage, (Thompson), Jake Goehring and George Hanson.

IN SPAIN Don Quixote attacked a windmill with a sword and came out second best. In northeastern Montana the old-timers recall Elmer “Hominy” Thompson, who battled the Soo Line Railroad with the aid of a six-shooter, and didn't fare much better. It all happened in 1923, when Thompson planted himself in the middle of the Soo Line right-of-way and waited for the train to come rolling across the prairie.

He had no doubt that the train would stop. A train needs tracks to roll on, and Thompson and his friends had thoughtfully removed the track for several yards ahead of where he stood. Then they had laboriously helped themselves to a small barn belonging to an absent woman homesteader, Mary Huddleston, and placed it where the tracks had been. As an added touch of defiance they put a large American flag on a pole above the roof of the shack.

As Thompson had anticipated, the startled engineer saw the cabin in time to jam on the brakes while he still had tracks under him. Fay Boyd, the conductor, and M. S. Dickinson, the baggage man, climbed from the train to find out what was going on.

“This train has no right on my land,” Thompson told them. “It hasn't settled up with me for interfering with my irrigation ditches, and I'm staying right here until the company decides to settle up.”

The trainmen could not argue with Thompson's logic, when it was being backed up by a six-shooter strapped to his hip. They also noted a high-powered rifle leaning against the shack behind him. They decided to let the company lawyers handle the squabble.

The dispute was a long-standing one. Thompson had objected from the very beginning to the railroad's plans to cross his land. He had worked hard, and even risked his life, for that desert claim of his on Whitetail Creek. Once he had braved the wrath of one of northeastern Montana's most notorious gang of outlaws to remain in the country he had chosen. Furthermore, he had paid the government $1 an acre for his claim and had built an elaborate system of terraces to put the required 160 acres under irrigation.

He did not take kindly to the encroachment of “civilization,” and flatly refused to sign papers giving railroad surveyors the right to “trespass” on his land. The railroad had the land condemned.

Thompson pulled up the survey stakes as soon as they were set and offered them to a neighbor for firewood. Later, when the trains started to move, he tried to stop them by piling dirt on the track and by building a flume across. Neither method was successful.

He spent hours in the half-dugout that was his home, studying water rights and claim rights. He was certain that he had a legal case. Lacking the money to hire lawyers, he decided that stopping the train and drawing attention to his plight was his only hope. The railroad had offered him a cash settlement, which he declared was unsatisfactory.

IN STOPPING the train he was successful. For thirteen days he stood guard, sleeping in the cabin at night. Sympathetic neighbors kept him supplied with food and water. Curious spectators from miles around flocked to the scene, most of them staying out of gunshot range. Mail and passengers traveled overland by other means.

Finally the United States marshal from the western part of the state arrived and approached Thompson. The spectators waited anxiously. “Do you have any objections to coming along with me?” the marshal asked.

“None at all,” Thompson replied with surprising amiability.

Thompson accompanied the marshal to the town of Plentywood, where he was

(Continued on page 61)

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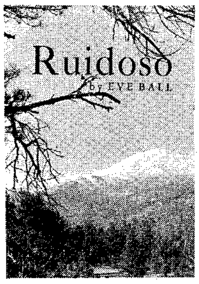

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Showdown at Pine Ridge

(Continued from page 35)

had been brought to the agency office for whatever scant protection could be given them there and there was a great deal of misgiving when out of the hidden White Clay Valley to the west there came a sudden loud drumming of many hoofs—evidently some new band attacking!

Everyone dropped behind the wall formed by the compound fence and was barely hidden when up over the bluff, not over forty rods away and charging at top speed, came a sure-enough war party.

With rifles cocked and leveled, keen eyes sought the sights, and fingers were beginning to tighten on triggers when Shangreau suddenly yelled, "Don't shoot! Sword, he come!"

It was the trusty Sword, with every one of his young Police with him. Swinging in at the gate, he quietly led his men behind the large office building—which was the north side—and left their horses in charge of a few holders. Then he calmly lined the rest of his band along the fence breastwork beside the whites. Honest, trusty Sword had passed his baptism in fire with flying colors, and was ready to die in defense of his beloved and respected white chief. It is doubtful that Valentine T. McGillicuddy had ever known a prouder, happier moment in his life.

But what a changed Captain Sword and police force now lined up with them for the defense! As though all their training had been forgotten in the past ten minutes, the whites had lost their smartly uniformed young Indian Police Force and gained in its place a band of savage allies. Completely stripped of their uniforms, they were naked with the exception of breechcloths and moccasins, and their faces were painted and half hidden beneath great war bonnets of streaming eagle feathers.

THE SITUATION for the little force of whites and Indian Police, pitted against the nearly 400 Brulés, was still very grave. Escape was as hopeless as getting help. There was only one cavalry troop at old Fort Sheridan, eighteen miles away, and two troops at Fort Robinson, some sixty miles away, none of which would be of much help even were they there, for if the "ball" once opened, the entire Oglala Sioux group about the agency—several thousand warriors—would likely join in with the Brulés.

Sword and his troop had arrived barely in the nick of time. Scarcely were they settled behind the excellent breastwork formed by the fence when the infuriated Indians, quirts slashing their horses and lying low over their horses' necks to present small targets, charged straight on their position in front of the office. They had enough potential horse-power to completely raze the wall and even the lumber office, for that matter, in their first mad charge.

"Fire under no circumstances until ordered!" was McGillicuddy's simple order.

On they came, gathering speed and yet more speed, and there the little group crouched behind their breastwork with rifles cocked and leveled. Many must have had deadly beads on their Brulé targets, and it is a miracle that someone in the frenzy of excitement and desperation did not pull his trigger.

At the last moment the warriors reined up sharply not over sixty yards from the little line of valiant defenders—a grim, threatening mass. But right there they stayed, held motionless by some indecision. They were still a mighty threat to the lives behind that wall, but Mac felt that the time had come to seize the initiative.

"Hop out there, Louis, and tell that old devil to hit back to camp," he yelled to Interpreter Shangreau. "I'll give him just five minutes before we fire—no more!"

Shangreau sprang out with the message while the agent jumped up on the wall with his watch in his hand, prepared to time the five minutes allowed by his ultimatum. Halfway to the band of surly, angry Brulés, Shangreau shouted the message and then hurriedly returned to the shelter of the wall. His was a very brave deed, for few expected him to return alive.

Mac's bold edict threw the Brulés into a heated parley among themselves. The sub-chief, judging from his angry, impatient gestures, wanted to avenge the manhandling given him in the office; most of the rest of the band seemed to be buffaloed by the strain of waiting out there covered by the 100 or more deadly rifles behind the wall. Finally the chief could hold them no longer, and they turned and rode off to the south—up White Clay Creek and on to Sun Dance Flats where that last great Sun Dance (for which historic event they had come from the Rosebud) would soon be in progress. Many deep sighs and long expulsions of breath escaped from that cornered little band of whites as the Brulés withdrew from the field at last.

According to old-timers, had Dr. McGillicuddy remained Agent at Pine Ridge after 1886 when he was transferred due to heavy pressure from Indians and Government officials, there likely would have never been the Wounded Knee tragedy of December 29, 1890. His iron nerve and knack for handling Indians would likely have averted it.

When I was attending Indian Service Summer School in 1939 at Pine Ridge, one morning the flag flew at half-mast over the Agency and School. "What for?" I asked and was sadly told, "Dr. McGillicuddy died in California yesterday."

NOTICE

Because of the time element involved in replying to all the letters we have recently received, we would like to make the following statement:

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS
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TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES

Both are published in Austin, Texas!!! When and if we ever do come out with another magazine, everybody will know it. We'll run a double-page announcement! In the meantime, we're going to have to rely on your good eyesight at the newsstands if you're looking for our particular "turrible rags," FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST. There are other titles that are mighty similar (we're surprised that nobody's thought of "Due West") but if you doggoned readers who can spot a comma out of place on the bottom of a back page or a fact that's a little bit off from a mile away (we know because you write us about it!) but can't remember the NAMES of our magazines—well, heckfire, I just don't believe it!—Joe.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

TREASURE TRAILS

Campfires Along the Treasure Trail (The Tombstone Nugget Publishing Co., $2.50) records some of the adventures of Wayne Winters in his search for cached gold and lost mines. He doesn't say that his searching has been financially rewarding but he did get to some of the remote spots in our Southwest, took some fine photos and accumulated the material for this entertaining little book. Other than an attempt to find the stolen Fort Fetterman payroll in Wyoming, his labors have been confined to Arizona, New Mexico and Sonora. The stories of the Spanish Queen, the White Pueblo in the Malpais, La Fortuna, The Soldier's Cache, Old Charlie's Mine and the Padre's Gold are high spots. Luck, Wayne!

ARIZONA TERRITORIAL YEARS

An Arizona Chronology (The University of Arizona Press, $1.75) is by the veteran newspaper and historian, Douglas D. Martin. This volume covers only "The Territorial Years," 1846-1912, but the author promises to complete the job. This is a reference volume of great merit and will be a boon to researchers and future Arizona historians. This reviewer decided to scan a few pages and two hours later laid it aside—finished—and regretting that the volume on Statehood was not available. There are a few errors to be sure—100,000 cattle in 1905 (950,000 in 1904) and doubtlessly some omissions. However, so wisely has the author chosen the facts to present and so effectively does he set them down that the fascinating story of the "Territorial Years" becomes a whole. The bibliography covers the sources used by the author and provide a guide to further reading.

GENE'S BEST!

Paso Por Aqui (The Friends of The Alamogardo Public Library, Alamogordo, New Mexico. $2.50) is a reprint of what may well be Eugene Manlove Rhodes' finest story. For over thirty-five years it has been high on this reviewer's list of western classics. The book in which it first appeared was Gene's *Once in the Saddle* (Boston and N.Y., 1927) and for a long time it has gone up and up and up. The story is about a red-headed bank robber; Pat Garrett, the killer of Billy the Kid; a Mexican family on a remote ranch dying with diphtheria; a tenderfoot nurse; a Mexican gambler; and assorted other lovable people. The plot?—not a hint of it here—wouldn't dare spoil the story for you. Peter Hurd, distinguished New Mexico artist-illustrator, contributed the frontispiece and cover illustrations. Regal H. Leftwich did the chapter illustrations. There is an extensive list of the Rhodes material in the library, compiled by Maude O. Rathgeber. It is a nice job of printing with the exception of somewhat narrow margins—worth the money and more! But this reviewer has news for "The Friends"—there is no such thing as a limited edition of 5,000 copies—500, yes—5,000, even if numbered, no. But don't let the size of the printing delay your buying a copy soon. A reading treat awaits you!

COWTOWN TAMER MYTH

Wyatt Earp (Frontier, $6) by Ed Bartholomew has as its subtitle, "The Untold Story." It is an excellent choice—Streeter told a little of it, Harry Sinclair Drago a little more and this reviewer's old friend, the late Bill Raine, knew the truth and wanted to tell the story but only gnawed at the edges. Ed Bartholomew covers only Earp's Kansas years in this book and with devastating result to the myth for which Earp was primarily responsible. A tremendous amount of research in court records, the files of the Kansas newspapers of Earp's era, and various historical archives buttress the facts set forth by Ed—and they destroy the myth.

Wyatt Earp was never the marshal of a Kansas cowtown—he was for a short while deputy or assistant marshal at Dodge City. Wyatt did not "tree" and disarm Ben Thompson in Ellsworth—the records do not show that he was in Ellsworth when Sheriff Whitney was killed. Wyatt did not clean up Wichita—he was a member of the police force there for a time but was fired. And on and on until the image of Earp, the Kansas town tamer, fades completely. One of the really damaging bits of evidence presented is the exchange of letters between Wyatt and his cousin, George Earp, in 1928. Wyatt's recollections of Wichita seemed to be practically nil in 1928. This book as its faults. There is a bibliography but no index. The text is a mite tedious and somewhat repetitious. It is minus illustrations. Ed borrows from the TV commercials on occasion and resorts to other unnecessary sarcasm. Despite these faults, it is an extremely worthwhile contribution to western history. Volume Two, covering the Earp years after 1880, will be eagerly awaited by those who value the truth.

CAJUN COWBOYS

Cajun Sketches (Louisiana State University Press, $5.95) by Lauren C. Post is likely to be overlooked by cowboy and cattle collectors. This would be a shame since this is the first time, so far as this reviewer knows, that one of the earliest industries of the prairies of Southwest Louisiana—cattle raising—has received real consideration in a book. The old *vacherie* of the early Acadians is the counterpart of the Mexican *hacienda* and the Texas *rancho*. The chapter on cattle brands is particularly interesting. In fact, the entire book is very entertaining and informative. There is a bibliography and index and about forty illustrations from photographs. *Cajun Sketches*, issued in December 1962, was the winner of the Louisiana Literary Award of the Louisiana Library Association.

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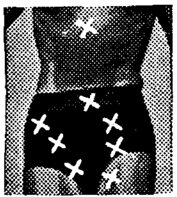

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Iron Door Treasure

(Continued from Page 32)

we headed into Ramona for a little recreation.

WHILE in town, we heard about a local man who could operate a "divining rod" with uncanny accuracy. What interested us was the fact that this man claimed he could locate mineral deposits as well as water. After some serious considering, we decided to have a talk with him.

We drove out to his house, a couple of miles east of town, and after pushing our way through a couple of dozen goats, reached the door. Even though we woke the old man from a sound sleep, his hospitality had that Southern touch. Within a few minutes we were like old friends. He seemed pleased when we asked if he could show us how the divining rod worked. Several demonstrations convinced us beyond a doubt that the "willow stick" when used by this man could detect metal as well as water. We decided to confide in him and tell him about our treasure location.

He was very impressed and said he would be happy to see if his divining rod would detect anything. We agreed to give him ten per cent if we uncovered the treasure through his help and we gave him directions for getting to our campsite.

We were starting breakfast the next morning when the old man drove into camp. He joined us for a cup of coffee and then we all started up the hill to the treasure site. No time was wasted when we arrived at the location. First he checked on top of the flat rock that had the carving of the cross. His forked willow stick was still. Then he proceeded to check our diggings. We could see the stick pull down lightly. The old water witch master was not impressed. He said that if there were a treasure room down there, the stick would have a violent pull to it and the reaction he got indicated merely a potential small mineral vein. He did not entirely dismiss the idea that there could be some treasure down there, but it would be small. The old man wanted to check the immediate area before voicing an opinion.

He had been checking around for about two hours when he called to us from the opposite side of the wash, almost directly across from our diggings. The divining rod was practically twisting from his grip. The old man assured us that whatever was down there was not over fifteen feet deep and that he was sure it was not water. He was so confident of his detection that he said he would buy the dynamite and do all of the digging himself. This area was well covered with brush and we were quite sure that we had not covered that particular spot with the metal detector. Now we no longer had one, but our new friend told us we could rent one in nearby Escondido.

Don and I took off while Ben went with the old man to buy some supplies. We had no trouble obtaining the metal detector, though it cost us $20.00 to rent it for one week. When we arrived back at the treasure location, our companions already had a five-foot hole in the ground. We immediately tested the spot with the instrument and were surprised at the fairly high reading we obtained—not as high as the one from our first location, but enough to start the picks and shovels flying. The old man's optimism kept our spirits at a maximum. He was at least seventy years old, but his vitality and stamina made us all look bad. By the end of the day the hole was twelve feet deep and it measured a good six feet in width.

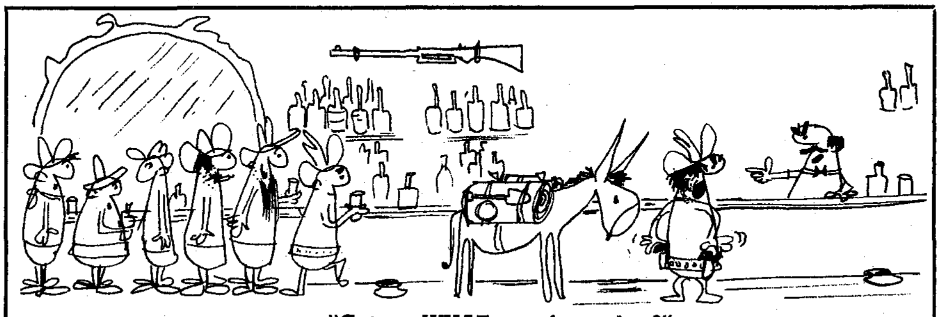
THE next couple of days were spent digging alongside the old man. At a depth of seventeen feet we struck a slab of solid granite. This seemed to set off a series of unfortunate circumstances. First, we were all discouraged due to the fact that the old man had claimed we'd find something at a depth of fifteen feet. Too, he began to show signs of doubt and puzzlement. The next morning he came by early to inform us that his sister, who lived back East, had died and that he had to leave immediately.

The next unfortunate incident was one that put me into the hospital. On that particular day, we had decided to see if we could blast through the slab of granite. We thought we were at a safe distance when the dynamite exploded, but it threw everything out in our direction. To avoid being hit, I was forced to jump down a steep embankment, which resulted in a slipped disc.

I spent two months in the Veteran's Hospital in San Francisco. In the meantime, Don went back to work at his old job in Riverside and Ben joined the ranks of a dynamite crew at a cement company. We all agreed to meet in a few months and give it another try but we were all pretty heavily in debt by then, so the break-up as inevitable. After my discharge from the hospital, I headed for Riverside.

I found Don working there at a local golf club. He said that Ben had married and was living in Sacramento. Ben, he said, had a pretty good position up there and didn't want to jeopardize it by applying for a leave of absence. Don had a good job himself and, not wanting to lose it, suggested that we work the treasure on his days off. For my part, I was so full of new theories and ideas that I wanted to waste no time getting there.

I didn't have an automobile, so Don said that he would drive me down there that evening when he got off work, then on his days off he would come down and help me. After getting all of the neces-



"Get my WHAT out of your bar?"

FORT KNOX PROP.
hank chisolm

sary supplies I would need, I met Don after he got off work and we headed down Highway 395 for Ramona. It was late in the evening when we arrived at our old camp location. As far as we could see, nothing had been disturbed. Don had to leave right away, as he had a long drive back and had to be at work early.

It was lonesome that night, remembering how the camp used to be filled with campfire jokes and laughter, but soon I was fast asleep, dreaming about iron doors and treasure vaults.

The next morning I was up early, fixed breakfast, then started up the hill to the treasure site. Everything was just as we had left it two and a half months earlier. While I was in the hospital I kept thinking about the possibility that something was under the big rock with the cross carving on it. I was determined to dig under it. It took me two days to dig a hole eleven feet in depth. The hole was sunk along the side of the rock. I guess I should have started back a few feet, because the rock had a protruding ledge in the ground about twelve feet down and I was directly on top of it. Solid granite again!

I was starting to wish that I had never heard of this treasure! On the fourth day, however, I made the find of the year—making me truly sorry I had doubted. I had finished breakfast and was slowly trudging up the hill to the treasure site when I noticed a piece of pottery sticking from the ground. It was a pretty good-sized piece and I had to dig down about six inches in order to pull it up. As I pulled the pottery out of the ground, a dirt-encrusted object fell back into the hole. After cleaning it up, I could hardly believe my eyes.

I was holding a miniature bell, approximately three inches in height, on which there was engraved a cross. Under the cross was an inscription that looked like Latin. I could read the last part which said "eighteen hundred and thirty." Later, with the help of a Catholic priest, I was able to decipher the whole inscription. It had the name of the bell's maker and under his name it read, "the year of our Lord, 1830." I couldn't wait until Don arrived, so I hiked all of the way into Ramona and called him long distance. His only words were "I'm on my way!" He didn't even give me time to explain how and where I had made my find. I did tell him that I would wait for him in town.

Several hours later Don was joining me for a cup of coffee in a local cafe. All he could say as he examined the old bell was, "I'll be darned! I'll be darned!" He had brought along a metal detector that he had borrowed from a Riverside plumbing contractor.

Early the next morning we headed straight to the location where I found the bell. We checked the area with the instrument, but got nothing. Several hours of digging turned up only a few pieces of broken pottery. We had two theories on how the bell got there. Our first was that it had accidently fallen from one of the oxcarts, was discovered after the rest of the goods had been sealed up to the mine, then buried quickly en route back to the mission. The other possibility was that it had been put into an *olla* by an Indian expecting to come back for it later. I stayed down there around three weeks, but was unable to turn up anything else. Finally I had to stop hunting for the elusive treasure and go back to work. I kept the bell with me.

The Spanish Padres hid it well, but I haven't given up. I know that the treasure is there and with the help of new modified pieces of heavy equipment, I'll uncover the Iron Door Treasure of Santa Maria Valley.

Lumbre!

(Continued from page 19)

about mining in a job like that. I'd like the chance. I've never seen the inside of a mine, however," I reminded him. "Do you have many accidents?"

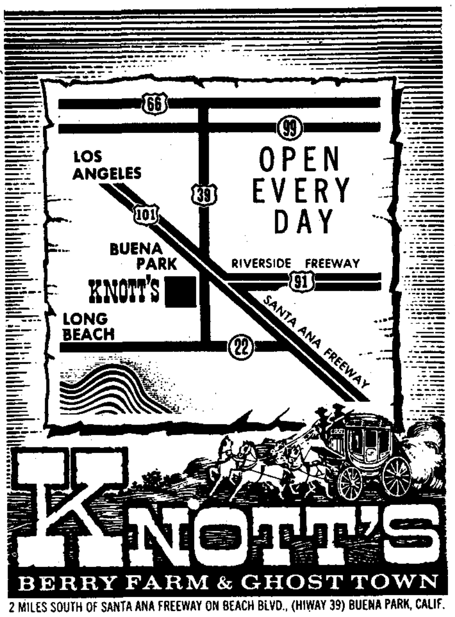
"Well no, George, not many. If a man is alert he can live to a ripe old age! Most miners believe that a man will never get hurt or killed until his time has come. It's a comfortable feeling. I would suggest that you adopt this philosophy if you follow mining as a calling. You said you would like to learn something about mining. Well, here's your chance." He explained that as a mine sampler I would be required to work in all the diggings on both levels. By talking to the Mexican miners and muckers I would soon learn to speak Spanish. That, too, would be an advantage should I be considered for a promotion. At Dyer's intimation of a possible promotion I could hardly wait for him to finish before asking, "When do I start?"

Being unfamiliar, then, with miners' ways and customs, I shaved next morning and dressed up special for initiation into my new job. I wore a brand new blue flannel shirt, overalls, cap, and shiny eighteen-inch, hobnailed boots. Well before eight I arrived at the mine adit, as agreed.

Mexican miners and muckers were entering the tunnel, each getting a candle from the shift boss. I noticed that all were holding their candles horizontally in their candlesticks, wicks to the rear, as they walked in the drafty main tunnel. The spluttering candle flames cast eerie shadows.

THE MEN were a hardy looking lot, their hats and overalls well spattered with grease. They looked at me suspiciously as they passed by and my face turned red with embarrassment when Dyer arrived wearing an old, shapeless felt hat and badly needing a shave. In his "diggin's" clothes, scuffed boots, much worn shirt and overalls, he appeared as unkempt as the men who had entered the tunnel.

(Continued on next page)



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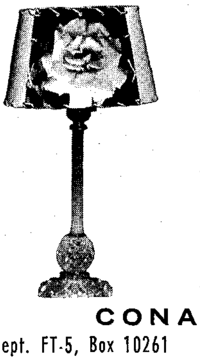

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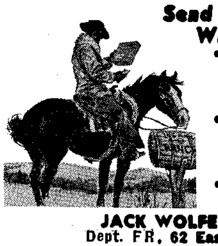

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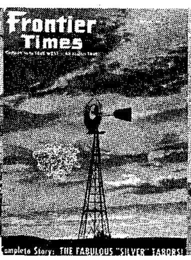
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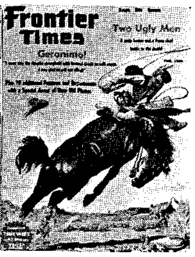
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"Well-well! If you ain't something!" Dyer chuckled as he surveyed my full length. "I feel sorry for those duds after you've been working here a while. Guess you didn't know that you will be working by candlelight. They all do except mule skinners and the higher-ups. A hat will be needed, later on, to hook your candlestick on when climbing ladders. You'll look more like you belonged here when you get your hat and overalls well decorated with grease and some dirt on your clothes."

"That's all right, Mr. Dyer. I'll know better next time."

"Well, let's go," Dyer said as he lit his lantern and gave me a candle and candlestick. I followed him into the main tunnel carrying my candle the way I had seen the others do.

"Seems like we'll be coming out on the other side of the mountain we've walked so far," I remarked.

"Oh no, only about half-way." Dyer laughed. "Here's where we turn off." He entered a cross-cut tunnel leading into a stope.

The Shannon Copper Mines were all tunnel-operated, high in the mountain called Sierra Prieta. Tunnels were driven entirely through the mountain on two levels 100 feet apart. No shaft mining was practiced there at that time. Ore was blasted out from the sides of the tunnels and above. "Stoped out" is the expression used in mine parlance. A big hole, so stoped out, is called a "stope."

AFTER another long walk, passing other tunnels cutting across the one we were in, we stopped before the biggest and blackest hollow I had ever seen. "Stope 380," Dyer announced. "We've taken out thousands of tons of high grade ore from here and there's more to come."

We entered the stope and I had my first glimpse of mining operations as practiced in the bowels of a mountain at the turn of the century. Our lights penetrated the darkness around and above us for only a short distance. The stope seemed to be filled with a maze of rectangular heavy timbers as far as I could see.

The men who had followed us hooked their candlesticks, each holding a lighted candle, to their hats and climbed up a ladder. They were all talking Spanish, little of which I could understand. Their lights disclosed more and more of the framework of timbers as they climbed up and up and out of sight.

A *mulero*, carrying a lantern, came into the stope followed by a mule pulling a string of ore cars on a narrow gauge track. A partly filled ore car was standing under a chute. Dyer nodded toward it as we passed and said, "That's where the ore comes down from ten sets above where the miners have started to work. This stope is shaped more or less like the hollow beneath a dome, about sixteen sets each way and ten high. Getting bigger every day."

In answer to my question, Dyer explained that a rectangular frame of timbers six feet square and eight feet high is called a "set" and that the entire hollow of this stope was filled to the top with these sets mortised together and wedged tight against the sides and top to prevent cave-ins and to support planks at convenient places for the men to work on. "Today you will be working here," he said. We were in a place roughly one hundred feet square and eighty feet high."

The little circle of light from my flickering candle and Dyer's lantern seemed to be getting smaller and smaller as I listened, staring bug-eyed into the darkness beyond. The eerie framework of timbers and the noises of the unseen workers above, made goose pimples break out all over me. I wanted to get out of there *right then* and back to my old job. It was hard to calm myself so Dyer wouldn't know how scared I was.

"Come over here," Dyer said and stopped by the side wall of the stope. He chipped out a little channel with a geology pick in the rather soft porphyry rock across the framed space at right angles to the vein of black copper sulphide. The chips were caught in an empty powder box and put into a canvas bag with an identifying label.

"You are to take similar samples along the side wall on the ground floor. The samples will be assayed to determine if it will pay to stope out other sets here. It doesn't pay to mine out rock assaying less than three per cent copper.

"You see how it's done, so go to it. Got to go now to look after a cave-in in the lower level. I'll be back in an hour or so to see how you are getting along." He then hurried out.

My fears faded away as I worked, happily wondering how soon I'd be promoted. I even pictured myself strutting about as a shift boss, carrying a lantern like the higher-ups and telling the miners what, how and where. I had become so engrossed in my work and rosy dreams that I was greatly surprised to find it nearly noon when I looked at my watch.

DYER had been gone about four hours when that mountain-shaking series of explosions sent me on my futile search for my candle in the pitch darkness. I felt a small glimmer of hope at the thought that probably a team was already organized to rescue me. I just didn't know how long I could last in the foul air.

I am not a very good Christian but I bowed my head and prayed, silently at first. Then, feeling that the spoken word would be more likely to be heard by the Almighty, I humbly begged forgiveness for my past sins and asked for aid.

That appeal for help strengthened me to continue groping for a way out. I had gone only a few yards when I bumped hard against an ore car and my foot touched a rail beneath its wheels.

"That's it!" I shouted and uttered a fervent, "Thank you, God."

Hopefully plodding along the track, carefully placing one foot ahead at a time and touching the rail at each step, I found my way into the cross-cut tunnel. Then I saw a distant light—daylight showing at the main tunnel entrance. My pace quickened. I found myself hysterically laughing for joy as I ran toward it as fast as my shaky legs could carry me. No ray of light ever has been, or ever will be, so outstandingly beautiful as that glimmer shining like a new silver dollar in the distance.

Dyer came running toward me as I emerged from the tunnel. "Oh my God!" he panted. "Are you all right? How did you ever find your way out?"

"I just groped my way following the rails," I said feebly after I had caught my breath. "Guess I'm all right but I sure thought I was a goner." I then told him what had happened.

"I'm awfully sorry, George, that I didn't get back—I ran into more trouble than I'd counted on. Didn't they give you any warning?"

"No, they didn't. Some of them did say something as they passed me—

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JAP. LIGUSTRUM; 1-2 ft.	.39	1.09
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WAX LEAF LIGUSTRUM; 1 to 1½ ft.	.59	1.69
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NANDINAS; fiery red ones, 1 ft.	.59	1.69
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(Above EVERGREENS are 1 or 2 yrs. old)

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LOMBARDY POPLAR; 5½-7 ft. tall	.79	2.29
SILVER MAPLE; 1-2 ft. tall	.13	.35
SILVER MAPLE; 3-4 ft. tall	.39	1.09
SILVER MAPLE; 5½-7 ft. tall	.79	2.29
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PINK FLOWERING PEACH; 2½ to 4 ft.	.89	2.59
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sounded a little like 'lumber.' I thought it was only some sort of friendly greeting so I just went on with my work."

Dyer tried hard to suppress a laugh. "Why, of course! The word was '*lumbre.*' It's a Spanish word for 'spark' or 'fire.' We use it as a warning when we're going to touch off a blast."

"If I had only known!" was all I could say.

"Oh yes, another thing, George, that I neglected to tell you—it's our tight rule that everyone, except those who are to spit blast off fuses, must clear out of a stope or tunnel at least a quarter-hour before the end of a shift. Awfully sorry I forgot."

"If I had only known!" I repeated. But in the last sixty-three years I guess I've thought up no less than a hundred cutting remarks that a greenhorn might have made to a mine superintendent under the circumstances and not got fired. In fact, I'm *still* thinking them up!

Queen of the Cowtowns

(Continued from page 33)

boardwalk in front of his store. Seeing the young woman, he smiled and spoke.

"Sir, I wonder if I might get a bucket of water?" Annie asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

Her water pail filled, Annie and the merchant, Ham Bell, began talking. Annie was surprised to learn that Ham had known her husband in Maryland before coming West. He gave her fifty cents to buy food for herself and milk for her daughter. Annie often recalled the incident with pleasure; she knew she had found a friend and a home.

Soon afterward came the news that Dave Rule was dead. He had withdrawn a sizable amount of money from a bank in Kansas City, and when he reached the top of the stairs in the boarding house where he was living, someone clubbed him from behind. He tumbled headlong down the stairs and broke his neck.

Annie's good looks and charm had attracted more than one admirer in the cowtowns. One young cowhand, who had known her in Abilene, followed her to Dodge City. Sometime later, Annie and her cowboy admirer, George Anderson, were married. Anderson was an experienced cattleman, who soon became a prominent rancher in Ford County.

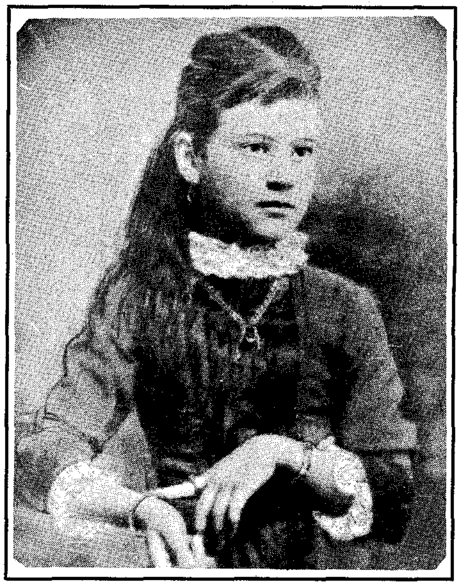
Annie purchased property from Bat Masterson and opened a boarding house. Masterson, Wyatt Earp, Luke Short, and others of Dodge City's six-shooter gentry ate there regularly. Mrs. Lucille Siglea, Annie's granddaughter, recalls that Annie had large photographs of all the old gunmen, and that Annie often talked of her Dodge City days.

A child was born to Annie and George Anderson in 1882. It died three years later. The following year a second child, George, Jr., was born, but the elder George had a roving eye and left Annie for another woman.

Anderson died at Guthrie, Oklahoma, leaving his son $90,000. When George, Jr. was old enough, he took the money, provided a business establishment for his mother, and then squandered what was left within the year.

Kate Rule, Annie's oldest child, married Henry Robert Wright, son of Robert M. Wright, one of Dodge City's foremost citizens and author of the book, *Dodge City: The Cowboy Capitol.*

When Annie Anderson died in 1931, Kansas newspapers carried lengthy articles on her life. One article published by the Kansas City *Star* drew a stream of protests from the family. The article alleged that Annie had worked as a dancehall girl throughout the Kansas cowtowns. Mrs. Siglea recalls that the family was indignant. Annie had never worked as a dancehall girl at any time. Mrs. Siglea branded the article a "pack of lies." Heinie Schmidt, Dodge City's beloved historian, suggested that the family sue the author of the article. George Anderson, Jr. told the family that he did not believe his mother would approve, so the matter was dropped.


Kate Rule, age sixteen. Daughter of Anna and David Rule.

Annie's comments as quoted in the obituaries are often conflicting. The *Star* article, for example, quoted Annie as saying, in regard to Dodge City's legendary gunfighters, "They were a bunch of cowards; none of them was brave," followed by caustic comments on each of the gunmen from Bat Masterson to Bill Tilghman.

Of Bat Masterson Mrs. Anderson is quoted as saying that an unarmed man (Mayor Ab Webster) ran him out of town in 1881. The account, supposedly given by Mrs. Anderson, lacks verification in contemporary accounts of Bat's fight with Peacock and Updegraph in the now famous "Battle of the Plaza."

But the item most patently erroneous concerns Bill Tilghman, one of the early West's greatest marshals. According to the article, Tilghman fled Dodge by night. The account "quotes" Mrs. Anderson as saying, "He went at night in one of my dresses, because he was scared into chills for fear Wyatt Earp was going to kill him. The man was two-gun Bill Tilghman. He hid under a feather-bed in my house a day and night before he ventured out in the dress. And he never came back again as long as Wyatt Earp was in town."

Anyone familiar with the reputation, record and character of quiet, courageous Bill Tilghman will immediately see the totally false picture of that great man. In the first place Tilghman would never have run from anyone and, besides, he and Earp were always good friends. It seems rather that the reporter who wrote the story was so overzealous that he created an "Annie" of his own.

Dodge City papers gave two short quotes which somehow have the ring of authenticity. In addition, these comments seem far more representative of Annie

Anderson. According to Dodge's papers she was always quick to defend the early-day badge wearers. "They were gentlemen," she said, "and they lived in a day the writers who attacked them could know nothing about." Her frequent comment was, "They gave their enemies a chance. They were not like the racketeers you read about now."

For many years Annie's boarding house was a haven to all who were destitute and hungry. Hoboes and runaways were never turned away from her kitchen. She was equally respected by the cowboys and the lawmen who boarded at her house on Second Avenue. More than once she staked some drifter or homesick boy. One old Dodge citizen stopped at Annie's house every morning, borrowed a quarter and a pail, and returned after a trip to a local saloon with the bucket brimming with beer. He would sit in Annie's kitchen and drink the beer. It is said that a path was worn between Annie's house and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe railroad tracks by the hoboes. Annie's generosity and kindness won the respect of all who knew her.

In many way Annie Anderson's career in the "Queen of Cowtowns" parallels that of Tombstone's legendary Nellie Cashman, "the miners' friend." Both operated boarding houses, both were beautiful, and both were anxious to help the friendless. Annie Anderson is worthy of a permanent niche in the history of Dodge City.

Skeeter Bill

(Continued from page 43)

had other ideas for he shut the gate.

I NOTED that the automobile was loaded with five women of mixed ages, all painted up like circus posters and so anointed with dimestore perfume that it made my nose twitch like a rabbit's, even parked a full fifty feet away.

One of the gals yelled out, "Open the gate, old man," and Skeeter hopped a couple of times like a little banty rooster and bellowed back, "Where do you think you are going?"

"We're going in to visit our dear old friend, Jim McCracken."

PSYCHIATRIST
ALVIN BLOODWORTH

"I keep wanting to FORGEET the Alamo!"

Jim McCracken was an old mining speculator who owned and lived on a small tract of deeded land within the reservation. He operated a wide open poker game which took its share of the tunnel payroll. He also rented building sites (which had mushroomed into a shack town) over which the tunnel authorities had no control other than an occasional raid by a U.S. marshal upon some suspected bootlegger.

Evidently Skeeter Bill had been well briefed on the entire setup, for he shook his head and said, "You can't come in."

The driver of the car yelled back in an unladylike manner, "Whadaya mean, we can't come in, you sawed-off runt?"

Skeeter again shook his head and said, "My orders are to keep out all undesirable characters, and I judge y'all fall in that class."

A new voice shrilled, "Why, you bow-legged old coot, who do you think you are? Mister Moffat hisself?"

Sketter assumed a hang-dog look and said, "Ma'am, it grieves me to be called bowlegged." He then jumped about two feet in the air and bellowed, "Now turn that rolling junk heap around, and git!" They turned, and got.

Skeeter Bill crabbed his way back to my car and, smiling for the first time, said, "Right complimentary, weren't they? Do you suppose, was I to locate their hangout, they'd let me in?"

I said, "Climb in; I guess I'd rather talk than go fishing anyway." Skeeter climbed in, and with only an occasional interruption to let a car in or out, we chatted until the sun dropped down behind the Continental Divide, and I realized that I was past due for supper.

During that afternoon, and a dozen or so other times that I managed to find time, or find Skeeter Bill, I learned as much of his past history as he was willing to relate. Skeeter told me that he was a member of the crew that made the first drive over the old Chisholm Trail for Colonel Wheeler in 1867. It is possible, even probable, that he did, as he gave his age as anywhere between sixty-five and seventy-seven, depending on whether he was hiring out or talking trail days (this was in 1924). Skeeter dragged his time in early fall of 1925, and I never saw him again, but in later years I talked to several old-timers who had driven the Chisholm and the Western Trail in the mid-'70s, and they remembered Skeeter Bill as an old hand on the drive when they knew him. Many old rodeo hands also remembered Skeet as a hanger-on around the big shows between 1910 and 1925, and all were familiar with his stories.

SKEETER told me that the extra bow in one of his legs was a result of his horse's stepping in a badger hole while attempting to mill a stampede and a makeshift job of setting the resulting break when his horse fell on him. I believed him. Besides myself, there were several ex-cowhands working on the tunnel who believed most of Skeet's yarns, but there were also a lot of hayshakers and appleknockers around who scoffed and jeered at the old boy, and Skeeter had a short temper. I don't think he weighed over 120 pounds soaking wet, but I have seen him tie into a 200-pounder like a wildcat with a boil under its tail, and it would take two or three mediators to stretch Skeet out on the floor and hold him down until he cooled off, or until his tormentor was well out of the way.

During the winter of 1924-25 Skeet was taken off the gate in deference to his age,

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This picture was made shortly after Henry Starr had robbed the bank in Bentonville, Arkansas.

and was made a night watchman. Along toward spring the camp movie house advertised a coming picture based on a cattle drive up the Chisholm Trail, and several of the camp buffoons started to pester Skeeter. They insisted that Skeet was either one of the world's biggest liars or else he would be able to point himself out in the picture.

Skeet was getting old, and the constant prodding finally half convinced him that he probably was in that picture. The night arrived for the showing, and about a dozen oafs who had pestered the old fellow the most surrounded him and dragged him off to the theatre, after arranging for a substitute night watchman. The group moved down near the front, where they dragged their chairs into a semicircle with Skeeter in the center. As the silent movie unfolded, they kept up a line of banter that had old Skeeter squirming.

"Skeet, here comes the point, but I don't see you anywhere."

"Hey, Skeeter, that swing man ain't you; I suppose you are swing man around on the other side."

"Look, Skeeter, there's the dust eaters in the drag, and I can't pick you out."

"That must have been one of the days that Skeet was out picking up buffalo chips for Cookie."

There were hoots and guffaws when Skeet couldn't find himself among the hands around the campfire before soogans were spread. They really had the old fellow squirming when the picture dimmed to show the cattle on bedground at night, with still no Skeeter in sight.

The bedground scene faded out and switched to a lone rider silhouetted on a rise in the ground as the moon slid into view behind him. The lone rider slipped a cigarette into his mouth, flipped a match alight with his thumbnail and cupped his hands to light up, and there was Skeeter Bill, craggy face, mustache and all. Skeeter broke up the show when he leaped to his feet and shouted, "There, you S-o-b s, that's me! Even the dumbest lettuce-picker in the lot of you can tell that's me. I'd forgot that was the day they had me on night herd!" Skeet then picked up his folding chair and heaved it at the semicircle of doubters. As he crabbed his way out of the theatre, it was to the cheers of most of those present.

I don't expect that the name of Skeeter Bill Robbins will ever go down in history among the pioneers of the trail such as Charlie Goodnight, Colonel Wheeler, John Chisum or Jesse Chisholm, but I do believe that he endured all of the hardships of the trail, be they dry drives, flooded crossings, stampedes, Indians, thieves or boom towns, just as willingly and as bravely as did those on record.

He was all guts and tough as whang leather when I knew him. Maybe some historian, delving into musty documents and records around San Antonio, Fort Worth, Caldwell, Newton, Abilene, Dodge, or possibly Ogallala, Cheyenne or Miles City may come across a list of trail hands that includes the name of Skeeter Bill. Surely there must remain many old-timers whose memories go back to the Eighties and Nineties who also knew Skeeter, and who have listened to his tales, and believed most of them, as did I. The late Skeeter Bill probably made no history, but I sincerely believe that he was part of it in the making. He looked the part, he talked the part, and he sure acted the part. I hope, wherever Skeet may be, that he sees his name in print. He is sure to hop around and yell, "There, you doubting S-o-b s. That's me."

King of the Bank Robbers

(Continued from page 44)

and a Davenport bank also was held up. It is not definite that Starr was connected with the strange chain of robberies wherever he appeared, but it certainly seemed suspicious to a lot of people.

Henry Starr always bore the reputation of excelling at whatever he did. He was a crack shot with a pistol as well as with a rifle. Once a friend asked him to demonstrate his skill. Starr stepped to the side of a pond, took a pistol in each hand, and for some time practiced shooting off the heads of turtles as they protruded from the water. During his several terms in prison he always studied for the bar. Those who knew him best stated that he could have passed the bar examination and could have qualified as an attorney in Oklahoma.

Outlaw Starr was an expert at the modern art of camouflage, although he did not call it that. When he robbed the bank at Tron, Kansas, in 1893, he was riding a cream-colored buckskin pony. Before riding into the town, Starr carefully gave his horse a coating of black paint, on which he plastered white spots. Starr himself later stated that he often made use of such ruses. Many times his only disguise when staging a robbery would be a fake mustache, or shaggy eyebrows, or a beard; but he seldom used a mask.

Henry Starr met his end on February 18, 1921, when he tried to rob the Peoples National Bank at Harrison, Arkansas. When Henry and his buddies walked into the bank at 10:00 that morning, everybody's hands went up at his command but those of W. J. Meyers, the president. Some years before, this shrewd money lender had had a second door put in the bank vault, one which opened at the rear of his office. Inside he kept a loaded shotgun. Moving fast, Mayers was able to dash into the vault by the second door and to open the front of the vault, facing Starr with the shotgun. The heavy gun boomed and a load of turkey shot tore through Henry's spine. The remainder of the band did not know where the shot came from, and one of the robbers leveled his revolver at the young cashier, Cleve Coffman.

"No, don't shoot him!" cried Starr. "Get the hell out of here, all of you. No shooting though, get going!"

Young Coffman visited Henry during his last days. The young lad appreciated Starr's saving his life. Starr, in turn, thankful for a few days of companionship before the end came, presented Coffman with his .45 calibre Colt's Army model revolver.

On February 22, Henry died. No one had to bear the cost of his funeral for, years before, Henry had paid an undertaker in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in full for his burial expenses. He well knew that he would probably die while committing a robbery of some kind, and wanted a decent burial without working a hardship on those he left behind.

Before the end, Henry said, "All young men should know crime is a losing game, no matter who the players may be. I would not take $17,000,000 to again face the agony I have endured. But once a fellow falls it is hard to rise again."

Many writers have claimed that Henry Starr was the husband of Bella Starr, some that he was her cousin and so on. However, Henry was no relation to Bella. She was the wife of Sam Starr, Henry's cousin—a cousin by marriage but that is all.

An analytical study of Starr's career results in the conclusion that he simply couldn't resist the lure of the outlaw life. He knew that it was to his interest to stay straight, but the call pushed him on. Much of Starr's waywardness and trouble was due to his close friendship with Kid Wilson, a confirmed criminal. The two knew each other as boys, and rode the long trail together for many years. A careful study reveals that many outlaws of the Southwest who attempted reformation succumbed to earlier associations.

Kit Carson Wild West Show

(Continued from page 11)

fracas, both Hank and I were amused instead of being all messed up.

We were at our post when I looked up and saw a little man with a funny walk and with his hands behind his back, coming through the connection. The man had all the earmarks of a Jew who had not been long in the United States.

Lum and another connection man, Chester, made a grand rush for the little Jew and Chester won. He stopped the man by saying, "Mister, I'm selling reserved seats to the big show and have just a few more left. Unless you buy a reserved seat, you will have to stand up." The man started off saying he would stand, but Chester stopped him once more with the usual "I need some paper money. Have too much silver."

He then opened the leather bag that was hung from his shoulder and proceeded to rattle the silver, complaining that the bag was getting too heavy to carry. "Relieve me of ten or twenty dollars' worth of silver for paper money," begged Chester, "and I will give you the best seat in the house."

The little man looked at Chester and said, "Sure, I will do dot." He put his hand to his left hip pocket, unbuttoned the flap and pulled out a roll of greenbacks that would have choked a horse. He took out a ten-spot, put it in his own vest pocket, rolled his money up and put it back in his hip pocket and very carefully buttoned the flap. He then took the ten-dollar bill from his vest pocket and said to Chester, "Give to me the money and the ticket."

Chester than laid the ten silver dollars in his hand and stuck the ticket in the man's outside coat pocket. Then Chester told the man that he would have to hurry if he wanted to see all the show.

About that time Henry, the boss cowboy, came riding through the connection at a gallop and Lum grabbed the little Jew, pulling him out of the way and telling him that he would have to keep his eyes open or he would get run over. Patting his victim on the arm, Lum said, "Now hurry along," and pointed toward the show which was just starting.

As Lum pointed, the little Jew looked up and Lum took the ticket from his pocket. I noticed that his hip pocket had been cut away and that he was minus his roll of money, also.

Well, I guess that this fellow was like me. Every time I have a roll of money in my pocket, I feel for it about every five minutes to see if it is still there. That is just what this gentleman did. He felt for his money and both money and pocket were gone.

Here he came back, running and wringing his hands and hollering, "I've been robbed! They got mine money! They got mine money!"

He was acting just like a crazy man and I sure did feel sorry for him. In the meantime Lum had disappeared under the sidewall, but Chester was still there and the little man ran up to him and demanded his money back.

The Show's legal adjuster came over and asked what the trouble was. The little Jew, still wringing his hands and trying to talk with them all at the same time, was so excited that he could not be understood. Chester told the legal adjuster that the man was crazy.

At that moment the female impersonator, who worked the "come-in" at the show, walked out of the big top and started through the connection. He had just finished working the come-in. I

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am sure that when you have been to the circus, that you have seen the female impersonator, a man dressed up as a woman, who always walks up, grabs some man by the arm and escorts him to his seat, or even goes so far as to run up to some man and kiss him, much to the amusement of the crowd, all of this taking place before the big show starts.

Chester stopped the impersonator and said, "You had better take care of your husband, lady. He is having some kind of a crazy spell."

Peggy, as we called the impersonator, immediately took hold of the man and Chester continued. "Just touched. A-stay. Ith-way. All-stay."

The reply was "Es-yay." These words had meant, "Just got his money, stay with him and stall him." The answer had meant, "All right."

Peggy, tugging at the little Jew, said, "Come on, you will be all right in a minute, dear—just another one of those old spells," He then started dragging the poor man toward the seats in the big top, right while the show was going on.

When they got into the main tent and in front of the seats, Peggy looked up at the crowd and said, in a feminine voice, "Don't pay any attention to him. He is my husband and is subject to these crazy spells."

The Jew kept trying to pull away from Peggy and was hollering, "You are not mine vife! Let me go! I lost mine money!"

The audience nearly tore the house down laughing; they thought that this was part of the show. However, the man finally broke away from Peggy and ran back to the connection where the legal adjuster caught hold of him and promised him that he would help him get his money back after the show was over. He took the man to the dressing tent and told him to stay there, and that when the man who he thought got his money, came in, for him to tell the clown policeman. (Just more future fun.)

The show had ten or twelve Russian Cossacks doing Russian riding in the show, and when the Jew started rattling off in Russian, telling the Cossacks all that had happened, they sided in with him. After a lot of Russian conversation, the Jew left the lot and we did not see him anymore that night. However, upon our arrival in the next town, the first person I saw was the Jew and he was with the Cossacks.

We were ready to leave the lot for parade when I saw the Jew and the Cossacks once more and this time they were talking with the legal adjuster. I rode up just in time to hear the leader of the Cossacks say, "We refuse to work unless you give him him back his money. Eight hundred dollars. And we will tell the cops all about what is going on."

The legal adjuster took a piece of paper from his pocket and had the Jew sign his name to it. He then handed the Jew five one-hundred-dollar bills, and the Jew was satisfied. He admitted later that he had lost only four hundred dollars and said the experience was worth it.

IN Hopkinsville, Kentucky, business was bad because of some kind of tobacco war. A few big tobacco barns had been burned. I didn't exactly understand what it was all about, but I do know that at good dark that night, about fifty mounted men, each wearing a white robe similar to those worn by the K.K.K. and each one carrying a gun across his saddle, rode by the show grounds. These men were known as "Night Riders" in Kentucky.

Several of the show folks started to run, but the leader of the robed figures told them not to be alarmed and to go on with the show. They then rode on. The Negroes that were with the show left in a hurry. So did a number of the "roughnecks" and, to tell the truth, I was on the verge of leaving, myself, but everything eventually quieted down and the show went on as usual.

The only trouble we had that night was getting the tents down because none of the Negroes or roughnecks returned to help. It was up to the performers and the grifters to get the show off the lot. However, the next day found all the working men back on the job again.

About three days later we were in Corbin, Kentucky. While the trick roping was going on in the show, a mountaineer stood up in his seat and filled one of his neighbors full of lead. The dead man dropped down between the seats and the show was stopped long enough to get the body outside. The sheriff placed the killer under arrest and the show then went on as if nothing had happened.

The grifters worked the connection just as usual, but that night I refused to go to my post in the connection, for I had seen more guns being "toted" than I had ever seen before in all my life.

Talk about the "Wild and Woolly West"—it was nothing at all to compare with the hills of Kentucky. Those mountaineers shot first and argued afterwards. They shot straight, too.

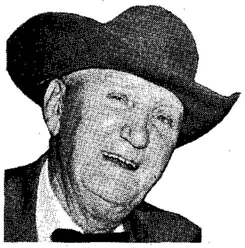
Well, for the next week everything went along pretty smoothly and then we were in Williamson, West Virginia. This was in the hills among the miners. I thought that West Virginia would be a pretty peaceful state, but I soon found out different. It was tougher than Kentucky.

Since I had refused to work anymore in the connection, the boss had given me the job of taking tickets on the front door until the show started, after which the regular ticket-taker could handle it by himself.

The doors had just opened for the night show when up walked the legal adjuster accompanied by two men. One was the ex-sheriff and the owner of the lot that the show was using; the other was the sheriff who had come to the show lot to collect the license fee from the manager.

Suddenly, the ex-sheriff pushed the legal adjuster out of the way and, without saying a word, both he and the sheriff drew guns and started shooting. I was in a direct line with one of the guns, so I dropped to the ground, just as the sheriff fell dead with four bullets in and around his heart. But before he dropped, two of his bullets found their mark in the left shoulder of the ex-sheriff and one bullet hit a miner just as he handed his ticket to the ticket-taker.

I found out later that the trouble was an old grudge and that the ex-sheriff had told his successor never to come on his property. When the sheriff came on the lot to collect the license money, he disregarded the warning. Well, that's the reason I had refused to go to the connection to work. I was far from being bulletproof and I had no desire to become a target for those mountaineers. After seeing these killings, I felt that I had had enough action and excitement for awhile, and if I wanted to live to be a good healthy old man, I had better remove myself to a more peaceful country and pretty quick at that. So a few days later I left the famous Kit Carson Show, old Windmill, and all.



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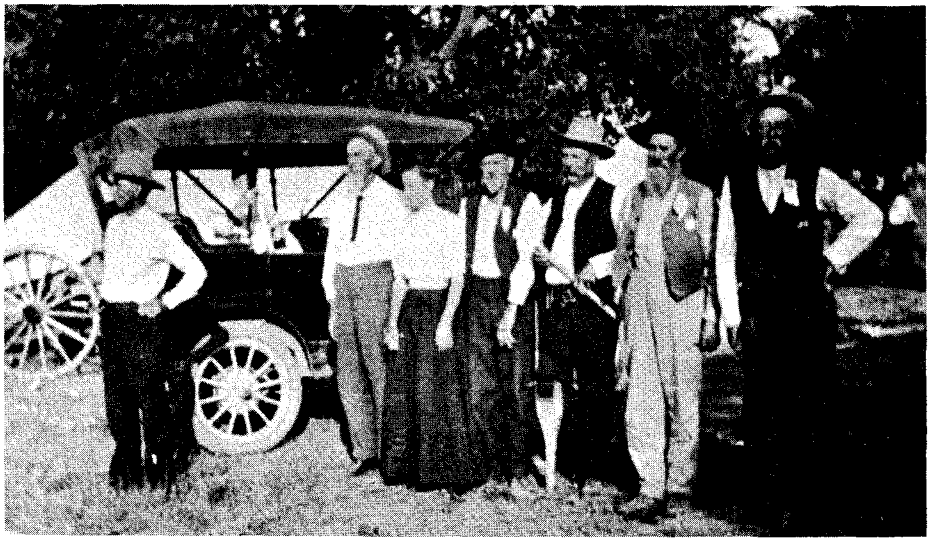


Courtesy the author

The author's father (third from right) at a reunion in Ballinger, Texas.

The Name That Caused A Killing

(Continued from page 23)

made by both and, during the exchange, Harris called Utley a bad name. That name may have been passable and accepted by railroad men—but not by cowboys—not in those days anyhow. It was a fighting word—and nothing less. A man who would take it was judged a coward and deserved the insult.

"Take that back!" Utley stormed. He lunged toward the depot agent, but was caught and held by two of his companions. "Take that back—or I'll kill you!"

"I won't take anything back!" Harris replied in kind. "When you're ready, the road's open. You're nothing but a windy blowhard!"

"He's got a gun, Bill," Utley's friend, Bud Bishop, whispered in his ear. "You won't have a chance with him."

"All right!" Utley replied. "You've got a gun. I'll get one too—and I'll be back!" he finished as he shook himself loose from the restraining arms and made for his horse.

Again, contrary to what some writers of Western fiction make out, cowboys did not go around weighted down with six-guns hanging from their hips. Utley had no gun and if any of his companions had one, nobody offered to give it to him. Instead, they tried to talk him out of his intention to settle things with Harris at gun-point. They knew at the same time that their talk was wasted; if Bill got his hands on any kind of weapon that night, he would surely try to kill Harris.

While Utley failed to get a gun from any of his friends, he knew where to find one. He had been in our house at various times, and he had seen my father's Winchester leaning in a corner of his bedroom. One door of the room opened onto the front porch. Father was in there alone and asleep when Utley knocked and identified himself. As a matter of course, he was invited inside.

As he entered, he struck a match and lit a lamp. Then he told my father that he wanted to borrow his Winchester to go out with the local butcher and help him slaughter a beef.

"Not at this time of night," my father countered. "You want that gun for something else—and I want to know what it is. You can't have it unless you tell me. And besides," he added, "there aren't any cartridges for it."

Utley walked to the corner and picked up the gun. He worked the loading lever back and forth and one—and only one—loaded shell fell out. "That is enough for me," he remarked as he retrieved the cartridge and hurried out the door, ignoring my father's command to return the gun. Apparently, he was not as confident that one cartridge would serve his purpose as he had said, for he went to the home of the local hardware dealer who lived near our house and tried to get him to go down and open up the store and sell him a box of cartridges. The dealer refused.

"I didn't think he would take the gun over my objection," my father stated. "Then when I saw that he was going to take it anyhow, I couldn't get to him in time."

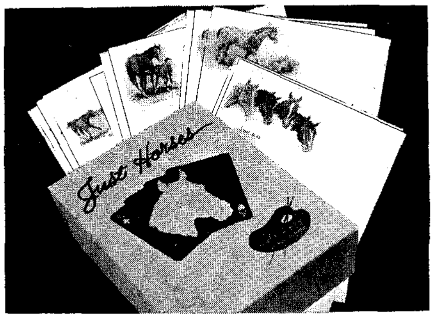
The reason Father could not get to Utley in time to try to stop him by force was plainly visible. His right leg was off between the knee and ankle and he walked on a wooden leg. "The gun was in a far corner of the room from my bed and before I could get my wooden leg and put it on, he had darted outside. I heard the sound of two horses leaving."

My father felt sure that Utley was already into—or was about to get into—some kind of trouble. He dressed, caught and saddled a horse, and rode into town. He could not find any of the Day cowboys or anyone else who could tell him anything about Bill Utley. He then rode to the camp and found plenty of excitement there. Bud Bishop had come in only a few minutes ahead of him and had told the story.

The cowboys had become irritated with Utley for his refusal to listen to reason and had left him to his own devices. They ended their spree for the night by going back to camp. Only Bud Bishop, Utley's closest friend, stayed with him. He waited outside our house while Utley procured the gun. He was with him at the hardware dealer's house and he stayed with him until the last.

When they returned to the railroad station, the train had come and gone. There was no one outside the depot and the night agent, Harris, and the Negro handy man, Henry Clements, were about to close the station for the night. Failing in his last attempt to stop Utley in his wild rashness, Bishop sat on his horse and watched.

(Continued next page)



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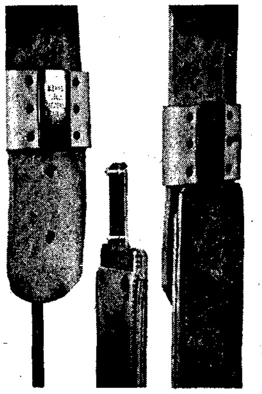

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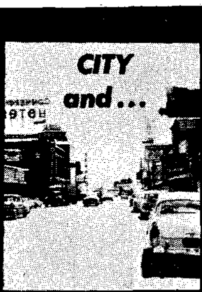

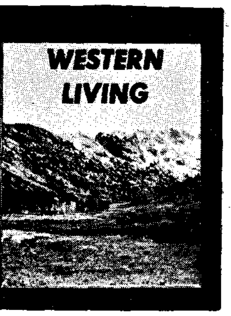

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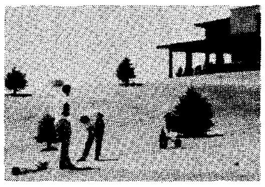

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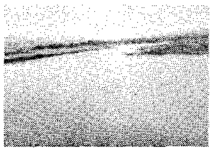

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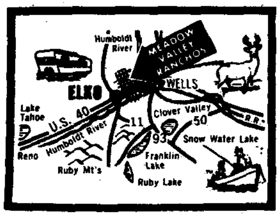

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"Come out! Come out, you ——!" and Utley called Harris the same name that Harris had called him earlier. "Come out and bring your gun! I've got mine!" he shouted.

In spite of Utley's threat and the pleading of Henry Clements, Harris accepted the dare. He walked out the door onto the depot platform with his pistol in hand. He didn't have the ghost of a chance. Passing from light into darkness, he was temporarily blinded. Even if there had been a light outside, he would have been at a disadvantage.

Utley was waiting for him with the hammer of his gun cocked back over that single cartridge. One shot and that was all. The cowboy had made good his declaration that he needed only one cartridge. Harris sank to his knees but he rallied long enough to take two random shots at Utley as he ran for his horse. The agent collapsed after that and died before morning.

UTLEY mounted his horse and rode away into the night. It was the last time Bud Bishop or anyone else in Coleman County was to see him for a long time to come. My father never saw—nor did he ever want to see—his gun again.

The crime of horse theft could not be added to the crime of murder for Utley had planned to take some time off for a visit to friends and he had brought along his own horse for that purpose. He was riding him that night.

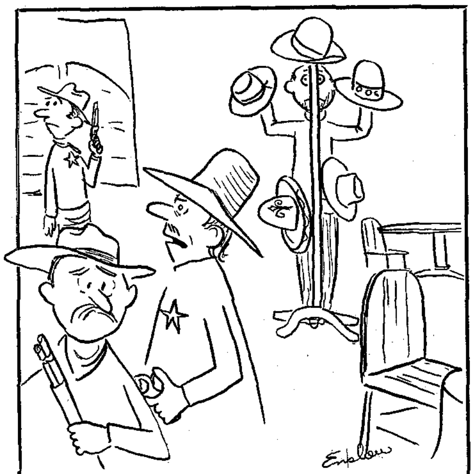
The sheriff's first act was to round up the Day cowboys for questioning. He later released all but Bud Bishop whom he held in jail for several days as a possible accomplice. Eventually Bishop was able to convince the authorities that his only part in the affair was that of a peacemaker trying to prevent a tragedy.

The sheriff made a diligent search for the fleeing Utley but failed to pick up his trail. Even so, as the saying goes, "he still had an ace in the hole." It was well known that Utley was in love with a daughter of a former Coleman County resident who had moved to the Plains country. Whether or not the sheriff knew that a French policeman had ever uttered the phrase, he employed the French doctrine of *cherchez la femme*—"find the woman."

He wrote to the sheriff of Lubbock County giving him Utley's description with the suggestion that he would undoubtedly show there sometime. His hunch was correct. After wandering over parts of West Texas and New Mexico, Utley did appear at the home of his sweetheart. He was placed under arrest and the Coleman County sheriff made the 200-mile trip there and back and returned him for trial.

The trial was short and decisive. It was not difficult to secure a conviction of first degree murder. Taking into account the various movements of the accused and the elapsed time between the first quarrel and actual commission of the crime, it was no trouble for the prosecution to prove premeditation. The plea of self defense entered by Utley's attorney was ruled out by the court. His previous good reputation and the fact that Harris had a gun in his hand when he came out of the depot saved him from the gallows. As it was, he was sentenced to serve a life term in the penitentiary.

It was an odd and unbelievable combination of circumstances—all related in a way—that provoked and ruled this unfortunate affair from the beginning to its disastrous end. It looked as though fate took a hand and guided the two



"I could have swore he ducked into this place."

principal characters to their destiny. The case hinged upon and developed under a series of events. Some things were due to happen, but did not. On the other hand, there were things which would not happen under ordinary circumstances, but they did. A switch or change in any of them would have averted the killing.

In the first place, if the train had been on time that night, the disturbance on the depot platform would not have come about. If there had been no cartridges for my father's gun—like he thought—it is doubtful that Utley could have got his hands on another that night. If the train had been only thirty minutes late instead of forty, the station would have been closed and dark and Harris would have been gone when Utley and Bishop returned. If Harris had stayed in the depot like Henry Clements begged him to do, it is not likely that Utley would have come in after him. Even if he had, the odds would have been reversed and he would have had the same advantage inside that Utley had outside. And, the prime factor of it all, was the mistake Charles Harris made when he called Bill Utley a s.o.b.

Holdup of Hominy Thompson

(Continued from page 47)

put in jail. A newspaper item at the time expressed the sentiment of many of Thompson's neighbors. It stated:

"It seems that the Soo Railroad Company is laying behind the postal department because they know that the only way that Mr. Thompson can stop the train from operating is to tear up the track, and as soon as that is done the company knows Uncle Sam will step in and arrest the party for stopping the mail.

"It seems to the writer that the Government should look into the matter and compel the railroad company to make settlement as Mr. Thompson is a poor man and has no money to fight the case."

Ellis Hurst, a neighboring rancher, and Frank Fishbeck, a Plentywood merchant, were persuaded to post a bond for Thompson's release. Both men had their doubts about the wisdom of putting up money for a man who had pulled several shady deals in the past, including horse stealing.

On the appointed day he walked over to the Hurst Ranch and asked the owner to drive him to the sheriff in Plentywood. From there he was taken to Helena to

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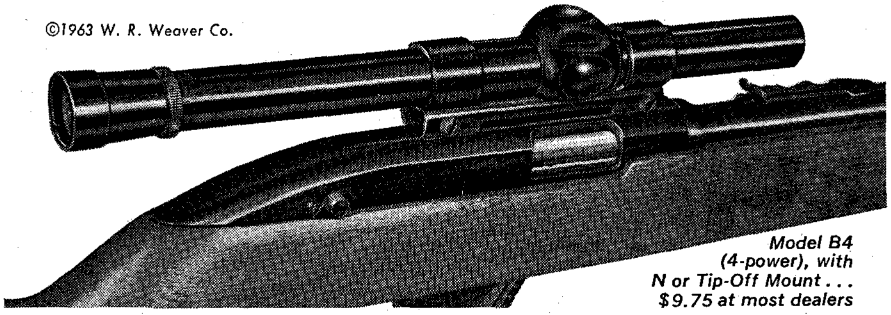

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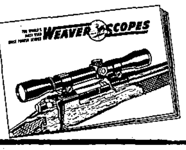

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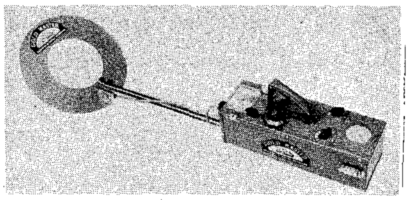

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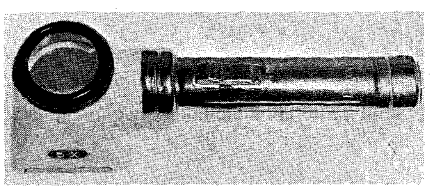

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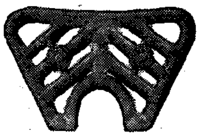

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stand trial. In stopping the train Hominy Thompson had interfered with the U.S. mails. For this offense he was sentenced to spend several months in prison.

This was all the railroad needed. It learned of a mortagage on the Thompson claim, and bought the mortgage from the loan company that held it. Then it foreclosed.

Thompson had lost his battle and his land, but he returned to his old stamping ground and built himself another half-dugout on a Government 40, where he lived until ill health forced him to move to Plentywood.

THE fierce spirit of independence that had brought about the loss of his land had always been recognized by the people who knew Thompson. Like many other early settlers in northeastern Montana he had come to the wild, free grassland while working for one of the big cattle outfits from Texas that trailed large herds into the area north of the Missouri in the Nineties. What his past was beyond that, nobody knew.

There were few settlers in that section of northeastern Montana between the Missouri River and the Candian border before 1900. There were horse rustlers, however, and Thompson was not above having some dealings with them.

In later days he admitted to a friend that he was the Hominy Hopkins mentioned in the book, *Gotch, Story of a Cowhorse* by Luke Sweetman. He also stated that the two fictional outlaws who met at his place and formed a partnership (in the book) were actually Frank Jones and Sam Kelley, whose exploits were well known to authorities on both sides of the border. These two were at times connected with Dutch Henry.

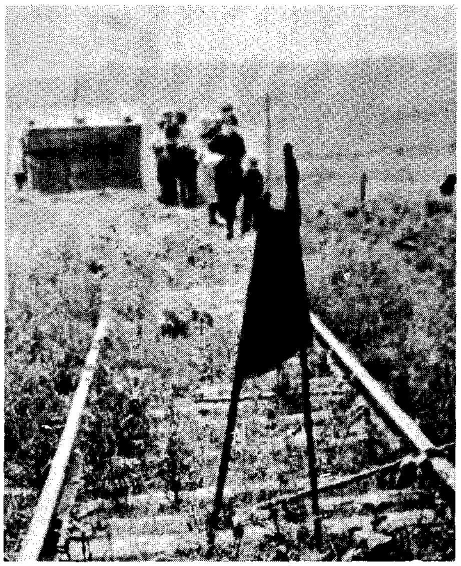
Thompson also became connected with the gang, but his independence was his undoing. He was assigned the task of taking a herd of stolen horses to sell in the Dakotas. He did this, but stayed away long enough to spend all of the money that was supposed to have been divided with his cohorts.

In retaliation the gang raided his place, burned all of his personal possessions, wrecked his farming equipment and threatened his life. Thompson spent several months sleeping on the open prairie, fearing an ambush if he slept indoors.

When he returned to his cave-like 12 x 14 room built into the side of a hill and finished with a log and adobe front, he kept a swift horse named Cleve ready for immediate departure. Whenever he left his shack, he took Cleve and also a wagon containing his personal property.

Thompson was a proud man who did not believe in giving or expecting favors, but he would occasionally accept a meal at the home of Lon Desonia, a neighboring homesteader. The Desonia children would watch spellbound when Thompson heard somebody enter the house behind him. Every muscle in his body became rigid. His fork would drop slowly to his plate, and his large brown eyes move slowly to the side in an effort to see as far as possible without turning his head. They did not inquire why he did this. Homestead children were taught not to ask questions.

Sometimes their mother would send them over to his half-dugout with a bit of freshly churned butter, or a jar of chokecherry jelly, which he loved. Despite its dirt floor, the place was always clean and tidy. There were many books and quality magazines—a rare sight in homestead days. Although he claimed to have had little formal education, Thompson could talk intelligently on a great many subjects.



J. F. Goehring Photo

Hominy Thompson's "shack on the tracks."

Sometimes he would have a batch of bread in his stovepipe oven, which he would display with great pride. Often he was hired as a cook during the busy season by neighboring ranchers.

When his health forced him to move to Plentywood he destroyed his dugout. He had built it himself and he did not want anybody else to live in it. He was persuaded to spare his root cellar, however, and frequently he would return there to sit alone with his memories.

Two men once approached him at his hotel room and asked him to write a book about his life. He refused. To a friend he confessed, "I don't want to write a book until I can write it all. There are some chapters it wouldn't be safe to write. They could still catch up with me."

And when this same friend mentioned that she would like to have his guns, he said, "If you knew everything about those guns you wouldn't want them."

He died in Plentywood in December, 1949, at the age of eighty-seven. With him went a colorful and unwritten chapter of northeastern Montana history.

Stage Stop

(Continued from page 37)

Swindle." Clarence King, a government geologist who was investigating the diamond fields, had come upon a cut gem. On further investigation by the company, the whole field was found to have been "salted." Ralston personally reimbursed the investors and took this as just another setback in his fabulous career, which was to end by his drowning in San Francisco Bay in 1875.

Old-timers in Shakespeare, though, declared that there was still one huge diamond buried near the foot of Lee's Peak, and many a child has dreamed of finding it in his rambles.

Some of the prospectors who lingered on after the diamond swindle, took up ranching in the neighboring area. The town itself reverted to its normal occupation of caring for the stage and its passengers.

Quiet prevailed until the late Seventies, when Colonel John Boyle of St. Louis, who had always believed there were substantial ore deposits in the Pyramids, staked some valuable claims. Other men followed his example—some wealthy Easterners and Dr. J. H. McLean, one of the patent-medicine kings of the day, who invested some of the profits from the sale of his "volcanic-oil liniment" in the project.

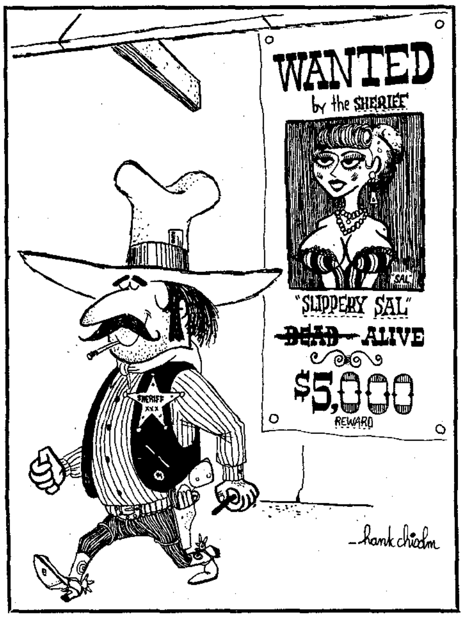
Under Colonel Boyle everything was reorganized. In order that it could forget its past completely, he renamed the town Shakespeare. Anticipating the growth that would come, he built a new hotel which he called the Stratford. It was truly grand for its day—a full story and a half high, with muslin hangings to provide privacy for guests.

The stage lines built a "magnificent" one and a-half story building with genuine redwood trim, equipped with Brussels carpeting, lace curtains, handsome pendant-trimmed lamps and a rosewood piano.

There were no churches, no clubs. The Roxy Jay Saloon was the center of Shakespeare's social life. Its mahogany bar, made to order in St. Louis, was brought in by wagontrain. Cool in summer, warm in winter, the saloon catered to its customers, giving them outer as well as inner comforts. There were dancehall girls at the Roxy Jay, too—brought in from other towns because they were not permitted to live there as citizens. Shakespeare was a moral town!

LIKE all other western boomtowns of the day, Shakespeare was accustomed to visits from the bad men of the era, especially Tombstone's famed outlaws. The sound of six-guns in the streets and gambling houses was as familiar as the ring of the blacksmith's hammer. A committee of vigilantes tried to keep law and order, and a seventy-four man Shakespeare Guard was ready to protect the settlers against Indian attacks. Court met in the dining room of the Grant House.

On November 8, 1881, Sandy King and Russian Bill were hanged. King, one of an outlaw gang, was sentenced to death as a "damned nuisance," and for horse stealing. Scarcely a real "badman," Russian Bill dressed like an outlaw and tried to talk a tough line. He is said to have been a handsome man who wore his blond hair long, and sported some fancy guns, always much in evidence. Obviously cultured and well educated, he recited poetry and the classics. He too was sentenced to death for horse stealing.



After his death, it was learned that Russian Bill was actually a former lieutenant in the Russian Imperial Army. During a stay in Tombstone, he fell in with Curly Bill's gang. One box in the old Bird Cage Theater in Tombstone carries the legend that Russian Bill used to rent it regularly for $25 a night.

Curly Bill Brocius was probably the most notorious outlaw to hit Shakespeare. He was the leader of the gang of which Russian Bill and Sandy King had been members. His victims, they used to say, would populate a graveyard. Along with his misdeeds, though, he evidently had bursts of kindness.

When he heard that one of his gang, during a stay in Shakespeare, had stolen a cow from the home of a motherless child, he made the outlaw walk the cow a long distance back to the house so that the cow would not be injured on the way. Of this incident, he is supposed to have remarked, "We steal from the government, the banks, and the stages. But we do not rob babies of milk."

John Ringo, folks say, bought his last pair of boots in Shakespeare at the general store where the Hill family now lives. The McLowerys and Ike Clanton were also frequent visitors.

Nobody realized it then, but the extension of the railroad in 1880 through Lordsburg, then known as Lordsborough, was the beginning of Shakespeare's final decline. Men continued to draw out stores of silver and some gold. It was not uncommon, even in the early Eighties, for a man to have $20,000 or $30,000 concealed in the rafters of his roof or hidden underground, as there never was a bank in Shakespeare.

By 1883, even with a supplementary well, it was evident the water supply was inadequate, and the smelter had to close. One by one, in the succeeding years, the mines were closed. Today, only one remains in active operation.

On the way from Lordsburg to Shakespeare is the cemetery which contains the graves of many of the people who made history in southwestern New Mexico. Sandy King and Russian Bill lie buried there, along with the many good souls who stayed to make their homes in a new wilderness area.

We're Sort Of Shy—But

(Continued from page 3)

IT'S hard to report on one of those things. Our everyday life is fast, interesting, and many times exciting. Mix these ingredients with winning a National Award and then you can imagine, for the next couple of weeks, that life is going to be as quiet and serene as trying to outrun a stampede of 4,000 terror-stricken steers in strange country on a black night with blinding rain and lightening added just to spice up the soup! Bill Lee does us up a nice story in *The Austin American*, Paul Bolton puts us on his afternoon and evening newscast on KTBC-TV, we do a little bashful hollering on our own, and it looks like our whole world goes plumb mad and that we pulled off the bridle and are running wild! Phone calls, letters, telegrams—you wonderful people really let us have those congratulations until we are swelled out like a frog that's just cleared the flies from a square mile of heavy swampland. It got so we didn't know much to say but sort of scrape our feet around on the floor and mumble, "Well, we've tried awful hard to do our best but we didn't

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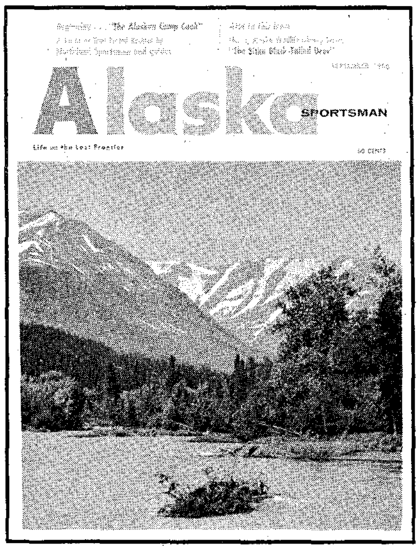

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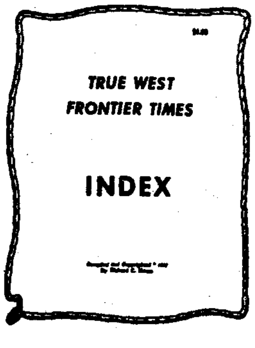

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hardly ever believe we'd get big national recognition—ah coase, maybe we kinda thought we *ought* to . . ."

One interesting sidelight to the whole thing is the number of people who had received their March and May copies of FRONTIER TIMES in which this old book appeared but who hadn't had a chance to read it because it was so long. They read it in a hurry and those who hadn't read it wanted copies quick!

Anyhow, the Wagners and the Smalls head for Oklahoma City on a flying hoss and I can't help but compare the speed we are making with the lonesome old cowboy on a tired broomtail headed for home diggings at a single-foot gait.

Folks, I want you to know that it's worth winning one of those awards just to experience the hospitality that folks up there dish out. They flat "out-Hollywood" Hollywood itself! From the time you hit the airport until you leave, there is a cute little filly to see that you get everywhere that you are supposed to get—and get there on time. Like Joyce Outhier, for instance; what a wonderful gal. And when my wife lays eyes on that purty, little, redheaded filly, Ruth Ann Campbell, she says, "I'm sure glad I came!" Sometimes I wonder if a wife wasn't invented just to take the pleasure out of a man's life. Naturally, I don't mean that at all—what with all the heavy printing bills lately, I can't afford a hospital bill. Ruth Ann, she rushes us out to KWTV where this young feller, Gaylon Stacy, does a great job of telling all that part of the country just how important us people at Western Publications are and I sort of get to wondering myself there for a while if there couldn't be a little grain of truth in this but I just decide to relax and enjoy the whole thing and not argue with that little old one-cylinder mind of mine.

Then, here comes the photographer and reporter for the newspaper and by that time I am might-near tempted to throw away my chewing tobacco because it might not look dignified. Ed Montgomery has been quite a writer of Western and general Western Americana himself, having sold material to *The Saturday Evening Post* and other publications with *almost* as big a circulation as TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES!

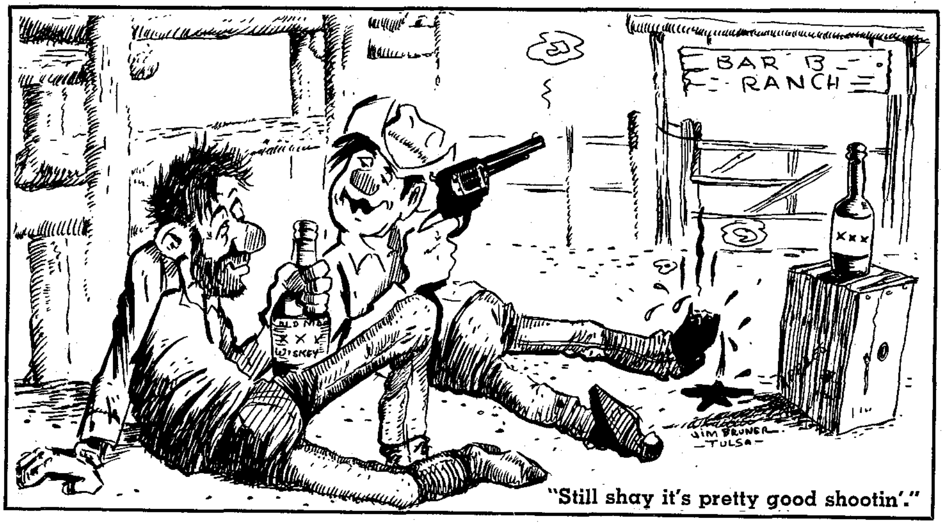
Well, sir, we hit a photo session for the press in the Skirvin Hotel and then there is a reception and a dinner and by that time you wonder why life can't just settle down and be this exciting and glamorous all the time and I go up and ask Jerry Bell (he's with Ackerman, Associates, Inc.) why this thing can't be staged monthly instead of just once a year. Jerry is a real dynamo, does a tremendous job and is going so fast right now that I get scared he'll stub his toe and set the building on fire! Jerry sort of looks at me with a shocked, expression on his face and tries to smile.

Now, we are ready to walk up that "mile long" actual red carpet and there's people standing on both sides and 10,000 flash blubs going off and movie cameras grinding and you get to feeling like an old cow about to go down with the blind staggers. I never saw such a to-do over just ordinary folks but I am having the time of my life and I ain't knocking it! You see, my wife has gotten me into a tux with all the trimmings and I feel about as out of place as a confirmed bachelor at an old maid's convention.

THE big moment comes, however, when I stand in the wings until my hands start sweating and then walk out on that stage with the spotlight glaring out so strong it even shows up that wart on my left ear lobe and here is Albert K. Mitchell himself, who is Chairman of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center, and he shakes hands right neighborly and hands me that wonderful trophy. It's good that these moments don't last too long or a man would flat collapse from downright excitement. I stumble over to the mike and say a very few words to the audience and here comes this beautiful little thing to escort me off stage.

Pat has already accepted the Herman Lehmann posthumous award and we think it's all over when we go back and sit down, but here comes some cameramen and movie people and right in the middle of the whole thing who should appear but the *daughter* of Herman Lehmann, Mrs. May Lehmann Holley. She is a wonderful person and we have a mighty interesting chat in which we fuss at her a little bit for not letting us know she was coming but she says she didn't know she was going to get to come until the very last minute. I am wishing the whole chain of Herman Lehmann kin could be there to *feel* the great tribute being paid him.

This National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center is doing a great thing. It is the first real step in an attempt to recognize and reward on a national scale those instrumental in trying to present the Old West as it REALLY was. The most written about, talked about, and sung about era in the nation's history was the opening and settlement of the American West. Any one of you, not acquainted with the full



"Still shay it's pretty good shootin'."

facts, would be astounded to know its degree of popularity throughout the whole world.

Next to the President, for instance, the Japanese know our Old West characters best. They have their own movie and TV versions of our Old West sheriffs and outlaws! Can you imagine a Japanese marshal, dressed up in full Old West garb, saying, "Beg pardon, oh great outlaw, but I am forced to shoot you now!"

I think it's terrific and I think it should be encouraged along the lines that the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center is sponsoring. In the fields of books, music, art, television, motion pictures, radio and magazine articles, they are rewarding the very best contributions pertaining to an era that needs no distortion whatsoever to keep and to further build it as possibly the most interesting, dramatic and unusual short period of time in the history of the world . . .

Today, seventeen Western states have banded together to build a Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center to pay tribute to the drovers, ranchers, farmers and pioneers who had a hand in building the West. They are doing a great job and they need all of our help to do an even greater one. We are going to run a special article on this project and the people connected with it in the near future and we hope every one of you hog thieves will get behind this thing and push it to the limit. We know what you folks can do when you're sold on something and that ain't *little* . . .

By now you have gathered in a vague way that we felt very honored and had a tremendous time in Oklahoma City. I think Pat summed up our feelings about the whole terrific shindig when she said real serious like at the airport, "What on earth are we going to submit for the next Awards—we've just *got* to think of something!"—Joe.

Preachers and Gunmen

(Continued from page 39)

in the little village, he told me he felt sure the owner could give me the information, for he looked after the affairs of the Indians there.

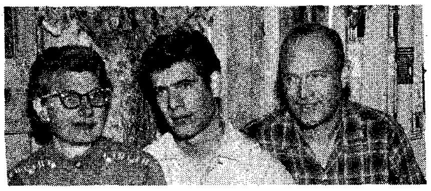
When I reached his house, the man was sitting on the porch. I told him my name, but not my business, and told him I was looking for this Indian who was a friend of mine. He told me my Indian lived seven miles from Kiowa in a cabin in the woods. He said that only a dim trail led to his camp and that due to the moonless night, it would be difficult to find him. My informer was part Indian himself.

He invited me to bring my horse to his house, put him up and feed him, and he would have supper prepared for me. I could find the Indian the next morning with less difficulty. His unqualified hospitality was in keeping with that of the times.

I told him that I had written my friend that I would reach his cabin that very night before midnight, and if he would be kind enough to give me the directions, I would try to make it. Without a word he stepped to the corner of the house, gave me detailed directions to the Indian's cabin, and told me how to follow the trail as long as it was light enough to see it.

By this time it was about dark. My horse was resting when I returned. I went to him, put my arms round his neck, and told him (as if he understood) that we had another seven miles to go.

His feet were in bad shape. The rough rocks had so hammered his hoofs that his shoes needed pulling, but the blacksmith



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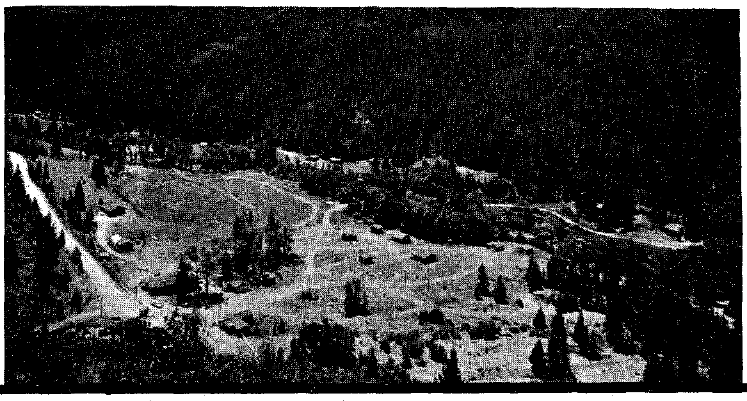

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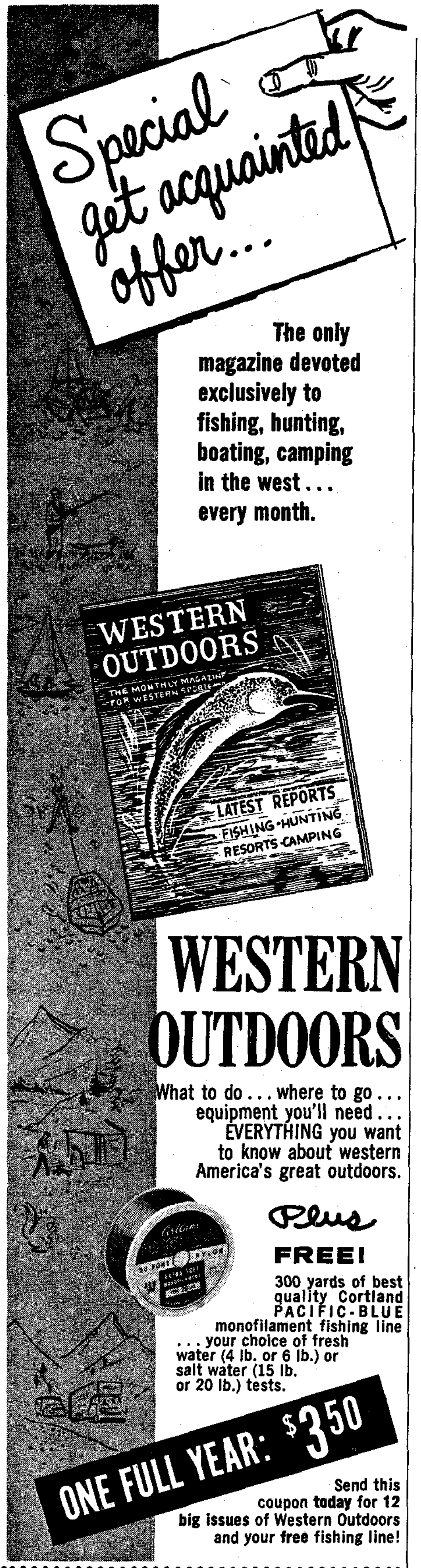

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was closed and I had no tools. The horse could hardly walk, for the hour's rest had made him stiff.

I covered what I judged to be seven miles, partly walking, partly riding, then I began to listen for sounds and to scan the mists for a light. I had nearly circled a newly cleared field when I saw a dim light a few hundred yards away coming through the cracks in the front door of a cabin.

Riding up within twenty feet of the door, I dismounted and, peeping through the crack, saw my Indian seated on a bench. "Hello!" I called and he came to the door and opened it wide.

"I want to stay all night," I said, wondering if he would recognize me.

"I never have turned anyone away," he said in broken accent. The light from his lamp shone dimly in my face. He peered at me. Then yelling in a way to make the woods ring, he shouted, "Glory be to God! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

He called for his wife at the top of his voice. "I haven't been so happy since the night I received the Holy Ghost!" He sent for his children who lived nearby. We had a camp meeting that night in spite of my tired body and stiff neck. He was still full of religion. Three years had not dimmed it, but rather had developed it.

I stayed with the Indian ten days, during which time I slept in his cabin, and I did my best to break the bread of life to those scattered denizens of the jungle. We had a great time. My friend wept when I left him. He told me he would leave the locality the following spring. He was the type who moved from place to place. I never saw him again.

MY RETURN TRIP was made over the same trail but I lost my way one cloudy night. I was turned around completely. I knew no north, no south, no east, no west. After praying for help, I came to a cattleman's wire fence and followed it. At two o'clock in the morning I came to a village. I stopped at the first cabin and called; an Indian came out, speaking very broken English.

"You wan' stay all night?" he inquired.

"Yes, please," I responded.

"'Light," he said, and I dismounted. Without another word he took the reins of my horse, unsaddled him, and hitched him near a pile of hay. His home was a log cabin with rough lumber floors, and the Indian and his wife were sleeping in a homemade bed on the front porch. He and his squaw put a blanket down on the hard floor and gave me their bed. I was soon dead to the world.

I awoke when the sun was about an hour high. The squaw and two really beautiful Indian girls were cooking breakfast out under some trees. The man was sitting on the porch.

He greeted me with a broken "Good morning," and that was all. By the time I had dressed breakfast was ready and he invited me to eat. The Indian did not inquire who I was, nor my business, which would have been improper then, and he did not know I was a preacher. To my surprise he bowed his head, while the three women reverently bowed theirs, and he asked a blessing in Choctaw.

Breakfast consisted of large biscuits, roast venison and black coffee, and in all my life I have never had a better meal. When I told him I was a minister, his face lighted up. "I preacher, too," he said, "Cumberland Presbyterian."

He then told me of his large circuit, embracing many churches. He asked me to pray for them and, calling in his wife and daughters, we had worship together. The last thing he said to me was, "When you pass here again, stay all night."

Courtesy the author

Reverend Hopkins as a young man

That family's hospitality was a godsend to me that night. Never a cent would the pioneer or the Indian take when they lodged and fed the wayfaring man. There was only one exception in my experience. One night I was driven from my camp by a coming storm. I shouted the call known to all settlers. A half-mile away I got a response, and found refuge in a squatter's cabin. Things would have gone well in true pioneer fashion, if I had not told him I was a minister of another denomination than his. He was a Hard Shell Baptist and, contrary to the spirit of his own brethren, he had no use for any others, and strongly indicated it. He charged me for his hospitality, but I knew prejudice caused it and felt in my heart he was not entitled to it. So I compromised by giving him a book I had in my pack, which I had read and did not care for, instead of the cash. He did not like it, but I forced him to take it.

I was reared on the frontier, and never knew anything better, except occasional trips to the East, and my service in the army during the Spanish War, the Philippine Insurrection, and the Boxer Rebellion. Then suddenly the West was hitched with the East and the two became one—for the change from the frontier to the present came with a suddenness akin to the magic of Aladdin's lamp.

Frontier life had a purity and chivalry binding the pioneer to honor, fair dealing and justice. It was the breaking of this code which separated the "bad" man from the good, for no outlaw or badman was ever braver or more daring than the typical pioneer himself.

There was this distinguishing mark. The one acted upon the side of Wrong, and the other acted on the side of Right. And Right prevailed. The outlaw and the badman knew his bounds, and he knew the typical pioneer was his equal in every respect, in cunning and in action, and he knew the pioneer did not fear him. He also knew he was on the wrong side.

"Civilization" is here and the frontier is gone, and it shall not return. My children inherited the New Age while I belong both to the Old and the New. I do not despise the New, nor shall I ever lose my love for the Old.

I shall be glad to seek for my Indian again in the "Happy Hunting Ground," where, I believe in his case, the dream of peace and plenty shall be fully realized.

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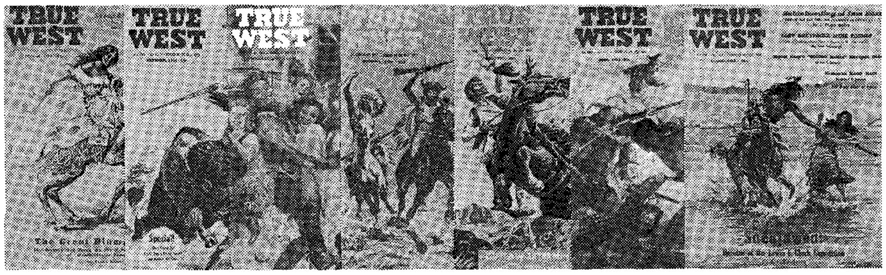

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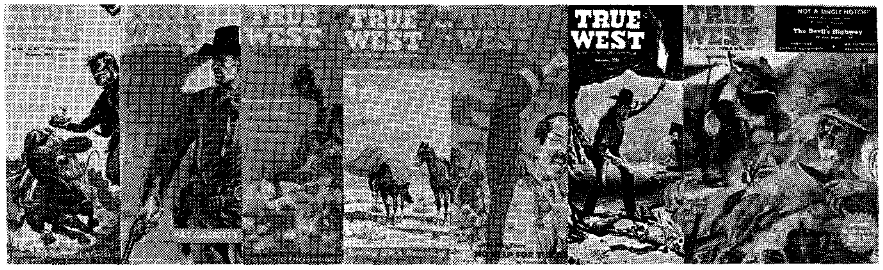

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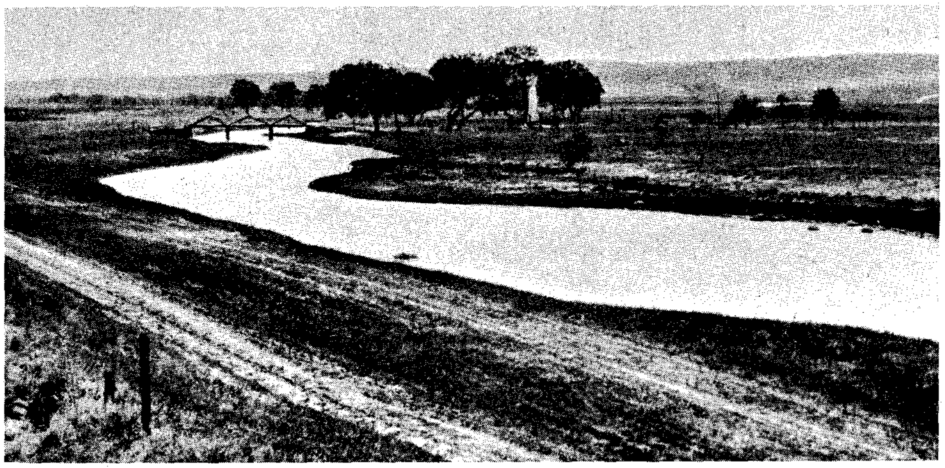

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Site of the Battle of Beecher's Island, between Forsyth's scouts and Roman Nose's Cheyennes.

Roman Nose

(Continued from page 13)

continually on the picket line to prevent their being stolen by the Indians.

It was on the Powder River that the battle known as the Roman Nose Fight took place. The soldiers were discovered by the Cheyennes and both sides were squared away to fight when a request to wait arrived from Roman Nose to his people. He had not yet completed his medicine ceremonies.

When he arrived he rode slowly up and down the entire length of the soldiers' line at a distance of twenty-five to thirty yards, not once but several times, daring them, taunting them, gesturing toward them. Again, all fired at him repeatedly, but he didn't receive so much as a scratch. In the fight that followed, the Cheyennes and Sioux were driven off by cannon fire, but the feat of Roman Nose will never be forgotten.

PRIOR to 1867, the main Indian battles and raids were concentrated along the stage lines and the Oregon Trail. Isolated raids had occurred in Kansas, Colorado, and Nebraska, but they weren't to be compared with the hell that broke loose in that region after the ill-advised Hancock Campaign of 1867.

General Hancock marched into Kansas with infantry and a pontoon train to bridge streams. He proposed to catch and punish the Nomads of the Plains with this type of expedition. While his instructions were to talk and make peace with the Indians, it seemed that every move he made was of hostile intent and designed to make the Indians fight.

At one time, Roman Nose stated his intention of killing Hancock before all of his troops. He probably could have done this and got away with it, but other Indians talked him out of it, pointing out the danger to their villages and families.

After Hancock had gone, accomplishing nothing but harm, terror broke loose along the Kansas border. Attacks were made on ranches, farms, communities, railroads, stage lines and camps. Scores of people were killed, a number of women and children captured, homes were burned and countless numbers of cattle, horses and mules stolen.

Through it all wove the pattern of Roman Nose and the Dog Soldiers. His immunity to personal injury became a byword along the border and added to the horror that paralyzed the frontier. Detachments of soldiers fought pitched battles with him and his warriors, but exhibiting great feats of daring in offering himself as a target that his followers might escape injury, he always got away to lead other raids or other attacks.

Ever in front of his warriors, his size and battle dress were easily distinguished and never forgotten. Pioneers along the Saline and Solomon Rivers said that his name was used to hush children at night. Mrs. Alderdyce, the woman killed by Tall Bull, the Dog Soldier chief at Summit Springs, was the wife of one of the Beecher's Island scouts. Their baby, a few months old, had been captured with its mother; their other three children were killed. Roman Nose was said to have headed this raiding party. Roman Nose was also well known at Ft. Larned, where it was said that the red sash he wore in battle was presented to him.

In 1868, a body of experienced frontiersmen was organized to fight this menace of Dog Soldiers under Roman Nose and Tall Bull. Enlisted under the command of Colonel George Forsyth, the fifty scouts got all the action that they wanted within ten days after they received their orders.

Confronted and surrounded by over a thousand warriors on the Arickaree, they found that the opposing forces were being directed by their old acquaintance, Roman Nose. Standing north of them, just out of range of their guns, he calmly and coolly directed the efforts of the Indians in one of the most remarkable battles ever fought in the West.

The night before the battle, Roman Nose had been invited to a feast. When all had finished, it was discovered that the woman of the lodge had served the food with an iron fork, breaking the powerful medicine of Roman Nose. Almost immediately afterward, the scouts were discovered and hostilities began. Roman Nose had no time to go through purification ceremonies.

The great warrior rode out and directed the fighting from a distance, but it wasn't enough. The battle was going badly and he was accused of holding back while his friends were being killed. Roman Nose answered that his medicine had been broken but if it was what they wanted, he would take an active part although he was sure to be killed.

Painting himself in the familiar black with yellow leopard spots, knotting the crimson sash around his waist, and donning his famous war bonnet, he rode a half-mile upstream from the island on which the scouts were besieged. Under the watchful eyes of every person on the battlefield, he waited quietly as the Dog Soldiers formed in lines of sixty abreast, rank on rank, behind him.

When all were ready, aware that he was riding to his death, Roman Nose gave the signal to charge, shouting his defiance of his fate in a war cry that stood the hair of every white scout on end.

It was a charge and a death that none of the whites would ever forget. His medicine failed at the last moment and within a few feet of his objective. He was killed by a shot from the elder Farley, the oldest man and best shot among the scouts, who was stationed in the flanking position on the mainland. Farley died later, during the amputation of a shattered leg received during the battle.

Roman Nose was hit in the side but during the ensuing excitement managed to crawl from the streambed onto the mainland where he was rescued by some of his followers. He died that night about sundown, a fitting and appropriate time to end a distinguished and violent career. He was buried in secret by his wife, in undistinguished clothing to hide his identity.

It is interesting to speculate on what would have happened to the defenders of Beecher's Island and to the frontier, had not Roman Nose's great medicine been broken. He had emerged unharmed from far worse situations, and even at the end although a target for all, he had been hit by only one bullet!

Piper's Opera House

(Continued from page 29)

room." "East Lynne," "Camille," Mexican Tigress," "The Montgomery Queen's Great Show," or the works of Shakespeare.

At one time there were five companies in the city presenting Shakespearean plays. Edwin Booth, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett all had their own variations of "Hamlet" and presented them at Piper's. Lectures were given by Mark Twain, Henry Ward Beecher, Hermann the Wizard and Adolph Sutro, the famous mining engineer. There were English sopranos, General Tom Thumb, and violinist Camillia Urso.

John Piper was far from relaxing; he now had a monopoly on the Nevada theater circuit. His companies roamed from Reno to California and back with stock shows. Prices at the opera house were one dollar for the dress circle and orchestra, and five to ten dollars for a private box. The pig-pen section, at the rear of the auditorium, offered spitting rights to its patrons at a minimum charge. House receipts were approximately $1,000 a night.

The opera house not only maintained its own supply of talent, but its own orchestra as well. One of the early members was a William Withers Jr., who arrived in the early 1870s from Washington, D.C. Withers was stabbed by John Wilkes Booth at Ford Theater when the latter was making his escape after assassinating Lincoln. Another early member was Louis Zimmer, who married Piper's daughter. Their grand-daughter, Mrs. Marshall Driggs of Englewood, New Jersey, now owns the opera house.

Then the Great Fire of 1875 threatened to wipe out Piper's fortune. He not only lost his opera house and saloon but was caught without funds. Maguire came to his rescue. Between them they raised about $50,000 and started a new theater on the corner of Union and B Streets, where Piper's now stands.

The building was completed in 1878. It had a 54-feet wide, 28-feet deep stage and could seat 900 persons comfortably. That year saw Buffalo Bill, Joe Jefferson, Polish actress Helen Madjeska, Lola Montez, Lotta Crabtree, Fay Templeton and Maxine Elliott perform. But disaster was hovering in the wings.

IN March of 1883, Piper gave a grand ball for all the local nabobs. The party lasted until quite late. When everyone was gone, Piper checked to make sure that cigar butts were all out. Being satisfied that everything was fine, he retired.

At five in the morning of March 13, smoke was spotted billowing from the opera house. By the time the fire department arrived the theater was gone. Piper once again faced ruin—but only briefly. Three days after the fire, singer Alice Harrison appeared at a temporary theater set up in Cooper's Hall.

The present opera house, the last to be built, was raised on the same spot as its predecessor. Old lumber from mining buildings and scrap left over from the fire were used. The walls were black with soot, but Piper covered them with muslin, and rose and gold wallpaper.

The interior was openly makeshift and was amazingly attractive. Its balconies, suspended from the ceiling, had railings from a drug store. Railroad springs were placed under the floor to "ease the feet" of the dancers and absorb the shock of heavy mining boots.

The "new" opera house opened on March 6, 1885 with a performance of "Peck's Bad Boy." Two years later "Baby" Maude made her theatrical debut. "Baby" went on to become Peter Pan—Maude Adams.

The Comstock's mining era began to taper off in the 1890s but business still boomed at the opera house. Lillian Russell, Lily Langtry, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, Nat Goodwin, Nelly Melba all thrilled the customers.

In 1896, John Piper died. His son, Ed, took over until 1901 when he was replaced by Louis Zimmer. No policies were changed by the new management and the procession of stars to Virginia City continued.

Enrico Caruso performed in 1906 when his San Francisco engagement was cancelled by the earthquake. Eddie Foy, Weber and Fields, Hobart Bosworth, Marie Dressler, May Robson, and a then unknown named Al Jolson played. But the end of the theatrical era was near a close when movies were shown.

In 1920, the opera house was condemned and closed as dangerous. Repairs were made but still the ban remained except to permit roller-skating, basketball games and dances. This lasted for nine years. At the end of that period, the opera house was finally closed to the public.

In 1940 it was opened as a museum. The "rake" stage, one of the very few left in this country, rows of seats, programs and pipe organ still are there in a place of honor.

The stage is 32 feet deep, 50 feet wide with a proscenium opening of 30 feet, and 20 feet high. The auditorium floor is 50 feet by 80 feet.

Above the stage is a drawing of Shakespeare done in 1885 by George Piper. Done in charcoal, the picture has never been retouched and, other than

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a slight trace of fading, the details are still sharp and precise.

On the left-hand wall as you walk into the auditorium is an old Confederate flag, one of the known three that were on the Comstock during the Civil War. Legend has it that every morning an argument would arise around the community flag pole as to which flag would fly for the day, the stars and stripes or the bars and stars.

Another story concerns the time the Black Crook Company, the first American burlesque show, stopped over in Virginia City on its way to a San Francisco engagement. Admission to the show was $100 a seat. The next day the company broke up. The show's queens had all married miners that same morning.

A theater buff or John Q. Citizen with an imagination can still walk up the stairs and into the auditorium and think of himself as a miner well-heeled, itching for fun, and set for an evening's entertainment. Having just passed two checking windows in the lobby (one for hats, cloaks and capes; the other for handbags and pistols), it is easy enough to check one's own identity at the foot of the big stage and just for a little while be Mr. Piper's guest in what was called the "most fabulous opera house west of the Mississippi."—*Written in collaboration with Stella Garrett, Katharine Best and Katharine Hillyer, to whom the author is most grateful.*

Nuggets

(Continued from page 41)

"And we carried our point," said one Denver pioneer, "because we had the best wagon and four mules and the most whiskey. In fact," he added, "I rather think we had a kind of 'wagon capital' most of the time in those days."

Colorado attained statehood on August 1, 1876, and became the thirty-eighth star in Old Glory.

THE STOTT HANGINGS

By Homer Wilkes

WHEN Louis Johnson's horse stepped through a juniper clump and saw three human bodies hanging by their necks from the limbs of a pine tree, he snorted and leaped back through the trees with such alacrity that the sixteen-year-old cowboy was almost unseated. Louis, who also had caught a fleeting glimpse of three men was frightened, too, but he hobbled his pony and walked back to the gruesome scene.

Louis recognized each blackened, swollen face. One body was the mortal remains of James W. Stott who recently had established a ranch at Aztec Spring, twelve miles to the northeast. Another was that of an eastern youth known as James Scott, a former Hashknife cowboy. The third was Billy Wilson, an employee of Stott. The awed boy reckoned they had been dead about five days.

The location of the lynchings was at the crossing of the Heber-Young and Verde roads on the Mogollon rim, Apache County, Arizona Territory. The date was August 9, 1888. (These roads crossed at a different place than do present roads of the same name.) Louis left the bodies hanging. He rode to Snowflake, headquarters of the Flake Ranch, and reported the discovery to his employer, Jim Flake.

Son of a wealthy Boston, Massachusetts, couple, James W. Stott had left home to seek adventure in the West. He drifted to Apache County, Arizona, where he found employment on the Hashknife Ranch. His job was riding bog on the Little Colorado River. James was a pleasant, sociable youth who disliked being alone. He became active in the social life of the young people of Woodruff and, fancying himself a singer, would entertain at parties at the slightest suggestion.

Soon the young man, financed by his parents, left the Hashknife to form his own ranch at Aztec Spring on the Mogollon. Ostensibly, he engaged in buying and selling horses and cattle. The new rancher would buy horses from the Navajo Indians, and trail them through to Phoenix. En route, he would steal more horses.

In Phoenix, he would sell the horses and buy cattle which he would trail through to his ranch. En route, he would steal more cattle. And, in addition, Stott branded every slick-eared calf he could catch.

Now there were some very tough men in Apache County in 1888. Some of these men assembled on the night of August 3 north of Heber, Arizona, and rode toward Stott's ranch. They planned to hang Stott and his companions for horse stealing and cattle rustling.

Early on the morning of August 4, while it was still dark, they captured Stott and his companions as they slept, took them twelve miles southwest, and hanged them.

WILLIAM J. FLAKE led a burial party to the hanging site on August 11. The ground was so rocky that graves could not be dug so the bodies were carried in tarpaulins a quarter of a mile to Black Canyon where they were buried.

Stott's parents, when notified of their son's death, came west. They wanted a full-scale investigation made that would prove their boy innocent (for they could not believe their son was a thief). Also, they wanted to return the body to Boston for interment in the family plot.

The parents got off the train in Holbrook, hired a livery rig, and drove to Snowflake. There were no men present at the Flake Ranch headquarters when the Stotts arrived.

The women there tried to detain the distraught couple until some of the men returned, but they would not wait. After getting a fresh team, they drove on in the direction of their son's ranch.

Louis Johnson, who was riding west of Snowflake, saw a buckboard on the Snowflake-Heber road. In it were an obviously well-to-do, middle-aged Eastern lady and gentleman. When Louis rode toward the strangers, who stopped and introduced themselves as the parents of the late James Stott, the boy felt terrible. He didn't know what to say, therefore he gave his name and resolved to say as little as possible.

"Did you know our son?" asked Mrs. Stott. Her voice trembled, and she was close to tears.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Mr. Johnson," said the father, "do you know our son was hanged?"

"Yes, I found the body."

The couple gasped, then clasped hands to stare intently at each other.

"Mr. Johnson," the father ventured, "is there any evidence our son was guilty of horse stealing?"

Suddenly, Louis' horse was too big. His boots, chaps, and hat were too small. There was a dull pain in his chest and his eyes hurt. He couldn't think.

Then, with the anxious, pleading faces of the elder Stotts before him, he heard a voice he didn't recognize, but which had to be his own, saying, "Sir, I regret to inform you and the lady your son was guilty of stealing both horses and cattle."

Stott's parents returned to Boston. Their son; James Scott, who was merely a house guest; and Billy Wilson remain to this day in their original graves in Black Canyon. All participants in the lynching are dead.

Louis Johnson passed away in 1955. He claimed the most difficult thing he ever did in his long life was the act of telling Stott's mother and father their boy was a thief.

DIARY OF A SADDLE TRAMP

By F. H. Shardelman

MY FATHER died when I was five years old, and by the time of my early teens nothing seemed important but heading west. I was living with some old folks on a farm and one day I took off and kept going till I landed in Gering, Nebraska. There I met a man, Lem Wyman, who hired me and took me to his ranch on the Wyoming state line near the stage station of Caldwell.

I had no idea what western life was like. Most of the houses were made of sod; wild game was all over the country and great herds of cattle were everywhere. When Lem showed me that old sod bunkhouse and a bedroll and several rough looking men hanging around, I was a lost kid. I didn't forget, though, that winter was coming soon and I had only $23.00 in the world.

The next morning Lem put me to work doing odd jobs. My rough looking "friends" rode off, and the horses they mounted looked mean. I didn't know how to saddle or ride at that time and was scared to take out on foot. That sod house and bunkhouse looked like tombs and the pole barn and corrals like a pen for wild animals. I was homesick, with no home to go to.

That evening Lem showed me how to saddle a gentle horse and sent me to the stage post office to get the mail. All started off fine, and the lump that had been in my throat all day began to go down. I could see antelope, and the sky was full of wild geese and ducks going south. Boy, I thought to myself, if I can stick this out till I learn the ways of the people, and can ride a horse like them men around here, I'll be a cowboy!

When I got to the station the stagecoach was there and several bunches of my rough looking bunkmates with boots and spurs on were standing around. I started to slide off on the right side of my horse. Before I could think, I was flat of my back like a sack of bran. The horse had jumped sideways out from under me. Everybody laughed and I did not know what it was all about. I would have given my whole $23.00 if one of those prairie dog holes had been big enough for me to crawl down in.

Then a man walked up to me and said, "That's Lem Wyman's horse, ain't it?"

"Yes, Sir!" I said. "He sent me after the mail." I was scared they were going to accuse me of horse stealing.

"Yes, Lem was by here today and said he had hired a boy from the East to run errands and to give you the mail. That horse is all right," he advised me. "You just got off on the wrong side."

Before I was ready to leave, the whole bunch was all around explaining how to handle a horse and telling me about the country. No one will ever know what a lift that gave me.

WHEN I arrived back at the ranch and had delivered the mail, I received another lesson that relieved my tension. We all filed into the house for supper and I found out from Mrs. Wyman, the woman that was doing the cooking, that those rough looking men were just cowboys from the Two Bar Cattle Company who were part of the outfit. They were moving cattle down from the Plains into the Goshen Hole Country for winter, which was the reason for the long hair and whiskers. They worked with the roundup wagon and didn't get to the barber shop like town folks. I learned they were just good-hearted men following a business that took experience and training, and were willing to help a boy that wanted to learn.

I stayed with the Wymans till the next year, learned a little about riding and handling cattle, and learned about homestead life in the settlements of western Nebraska. The people would gather from forty miles around and hold dances on weekends at some ranch house. It helped to keep the women who had come west to teach school from getting homesick, and many married and settled down. Some bet Uncle Sam $25.00 they could stay on a 160-acre claim three years and own it. I never took up a homestead. I got off that idea after I learned a few of their songs. None I ever heard was cheerful. Here is one:

My clothes they are ragged.
My language is rough,
My bread it is solid, coarse, hardened and tough.
My house it is small and built in one room,
And the floor, it gets scared at the sight of a broom.

So I crossed the line and worked for the Two Bar. There I met up with men from all over the West who worked for one outfit then another. They were called saddle tramps in "Society."

I always felt that Lem Wyman's was home to me when winter set in but when roundup was over in 1906, I decided to go to Ohio and spend Christmas with my mother. That year Howard Alexander had spent some time in the West writing stories for Eastern papers. He came down to Caldwell and was staying at the Peters Ranch when I left for Ohio. Howard asked me what my address would be and said he would write to me. I stayed in Ohio until February then went to the XIT in Texas.

In 1905, Congress passed a law permitting 640-acre dry land claims to be filed on. That stopped the trail herds moving north and the land was fast fenced up. By 1912 the cowboys of the open range were gone; very few are alive who worked with the big roundup wagons. I personally knew many of the old early-day scouts and lawmen and I believe I lived in the best and freest times that U.S.A. history will record.

Watch for the
July FRONTIER TIMES
. . . on sale May 20

Miscellaneous

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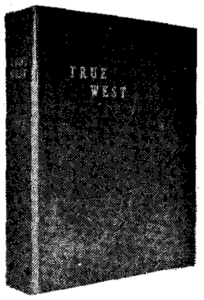

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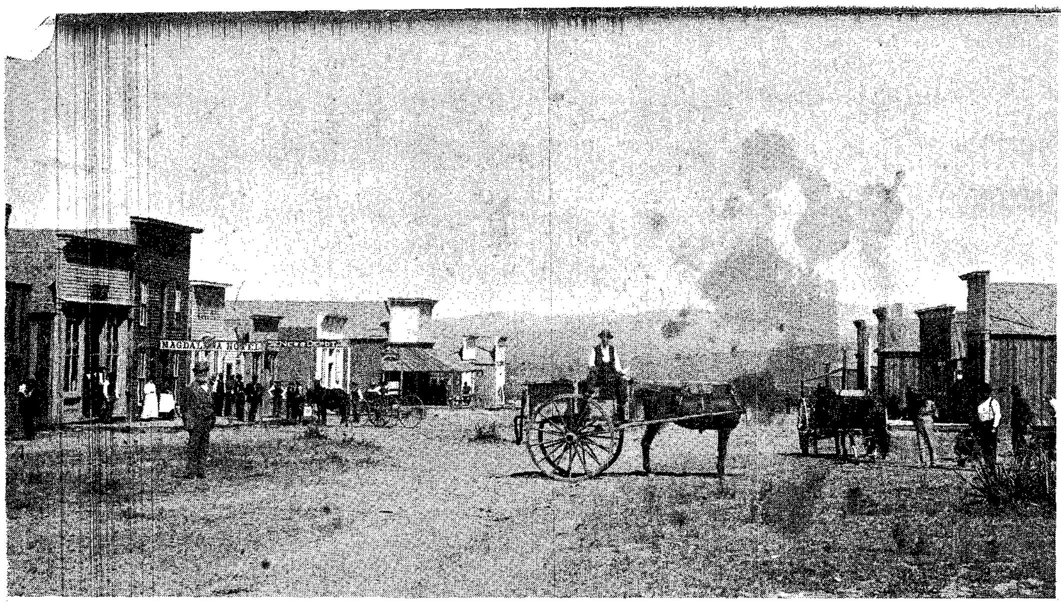


Grandma Stager Collection

The town of Magdalena, New Mexico. The author is the baby held in the arms of his father at the far left of the picture.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

building on the left. The other picture is of Mt. Magdalena and the lady's face is a natural formation, hence the name. I just thought these might be interesting to the man who wrote the story.

Your magazines are quite good but are difficult to obtain here.—Herman Stager, 1801 Alabama Street, Vallejo, California.

Our Fellow Americans

Dear Mr. Small:

Why am I writing to you? Because I believe that your magazines reach people who really care not only about the Old West, but the New West—especially its people without hope.

As was recently written in an Illinois newspaper, "Death is the vigilant companion of Indian children on Indian reservations in Montana, striking down thirty-five percent before they reach the age of four." Whole tribes of people immerse themselves in alcohol because they have no chance to make anything of themselves. In Nebraska Indian homes are tar-paper shacks on stilts.

Someone among your subscribers might be inspired to find a way to create hope, purpose and pride in the hearts of Indians who have lived in a rut all their lives. Welfare feeds only the body. Emery R. Elkington of Holland, Ohio, now has a project in which he hopes he can interest enough people to permit "adopting" a whole tribe, namely the one that Chief Wooden Legs is head of, a branch of the northern Cheyennes.—Mrs. Ruth Berkshire, P. O. Box 486, Orfordville, Wisconsin.

Small World

Dear Sirs:

In the November, 1963 FRONTIER TIMES there is a picture of Silver City, Idaho. The large building in the center is the Idaho Hotel at which my wife and I stayed in the fall of 1905. I have never seen so many bedbugs in my life. The walls were covered with them. We threw off all the bed clothes and slept on the bare springs.

I was then manager of the telephone company at Nampa and had gone down there to try to collect some long-standing bills from mining companies. We went down on an old-style stage—the four-horse kind. My wife and I rode with the driver because there was more room.

He thought he would have some fun with her so, when he hit a good stretch of road, he let the horses out on a run. He looked at Mrs. Griffeth a number of times expecting to see her frightened. Finally, he asked if she were scared and was disappointed when she said no, she was enjoying it! Inside the coach was a young man from New York who swore he would never ride another stage as long as he lived.

The coincidental part of the ride was this: my wife explained to the driver that she was used to riding stages and horses, and was, as a matter of fact, slightly lame from being thrown from her horse in her young days in Columbia County, Washington. She told the driver about riding a coach every day to school and that since she was using crutches in those days, the driver would get down and help her off and on. It turned out that it was the same stage driver in both instances. What a reunion they had!—Lt. Col. G. G. Griffeth, 4337 15th Avenue, NE, Seattle, Washington.

Bayo Beans

Dear Sirs:

In answer to the question in the letters department of your last issue, the bayo bean is a small, pink bean product of American agriculture that is well liked in Mexico. It is presently known in the wholesale trade as the California Pink, an improved variety with better keeping and shipping qualities, being less susceptible to weevils and weather conditions.

The word "bayo" is Spanish for "bay" —as a bay horse, or pink. Present-day corn and beans were developed from original wild species. The California Pink is still recognized in Mexico as the bayo bean but seldom is on the market here under that name. The U. S. exports the bulk of beans consumed in Mexico.

The "pinto" bean is a U. S. cross between the Great Northern White bean and the Southwestern Pink. The cross is only about forty years old. The Great Northern gave size; the Pink gave flavor and "pintado"—color. Pintado means painted, mottled or spotted. The Texans corrupted the word to pinto. This information is from Gallagery Wholesale Grocery, San Antonio.—R. B. Perry, 127 Bent Drive, San Antonio, Texas.

Dear Sirs:

I worked as a cowboy along the Texas and Mexico border on the old Rio years ago and have eaten a lot of Bayo beans. Bayo is the Mexican name for the dun color of many of the cow ponies. They are a yellow color like that of the horses. It took the second day of cooking to get them tender enough to eat. The cowboys didn't like them for that reason. The old-time pink beans and the pintos would cook in about six to eight hours in the bad water we had most of the time to cook them in. I have been gone from that country for thirty years, but I think Mr. H. A. Anderson may get them in Old Mexico.

I sure enjoy your magazine and have one copy of FRONTIER TIMES printed in 1927. It is entitled "The Boy Captive" written by J. Marvin Hunter. It is about the Smith brothers captured by the Comanches near Bandera, Texas. I value it very highly. I have often wondered what the real value of it would be now as I think they are scarce. I would like to see you print some stories like it.

I don't ride any more but work in a body shop here straightening bent fenders. I am now sixty and can't do much of anything. I have written Mr. Anderson all the information I could give him. We also got a yellow flour for bread from Mexico. It sure did make good biscuits. I have made some fair cakes out of it. It came from wheat grown on a certain mesa in Mexico. I think a mineral in the land turned the wheat yellow.—Emmett Parisher, 1829 North 1st Street, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Revenge

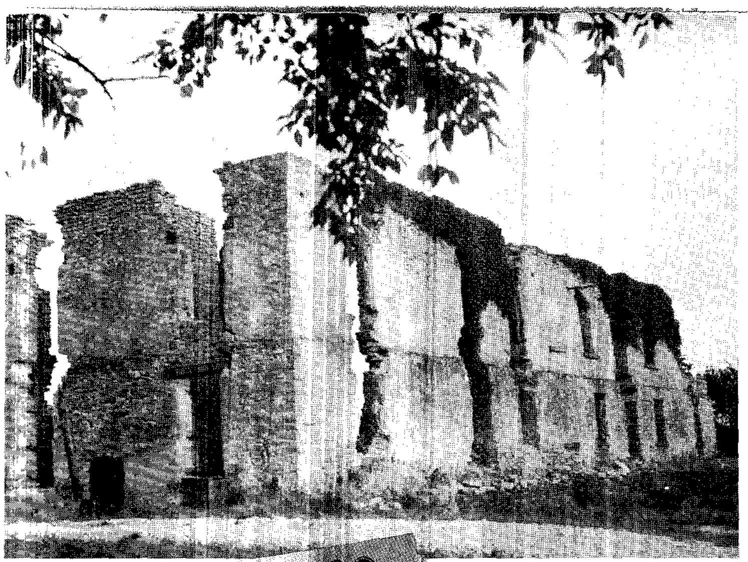
Dear Joe:

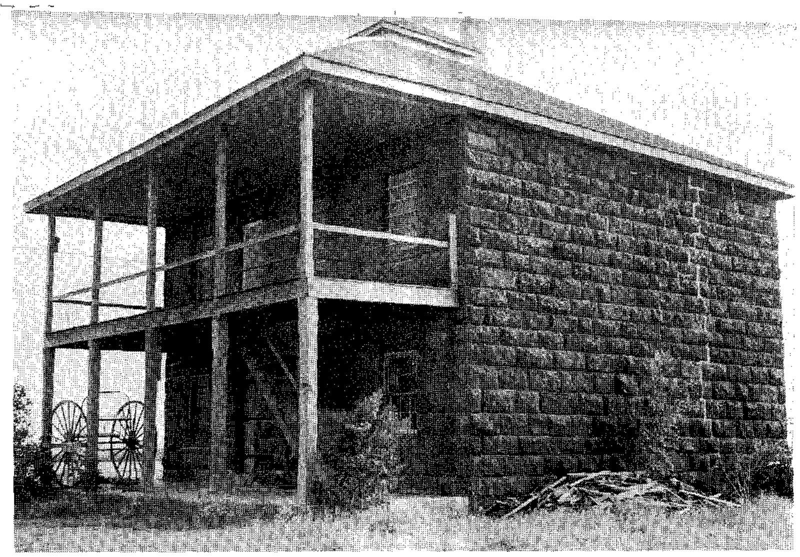
The last time I saw Bud Owens was eleven years ago when I bought a horse from him and I don't know where he is today, but he's the sort of fellow that's hard to forget. When we made the trade he had a ranch located someplace between Los Angeles and San Diego.

Bud, if he's still around, is about eighty-six. He was a top cowboy and well known as a trainer of show horses. I recall the time in the late Twenties when Bud was looking after a bunch of cattle near Thousand Oaks. He and his wife were out looking at the cattle when Bud's horse fell on him breaking his leg. He was unable to mount, so while his wife took the horses back to the ranch so she could return with a car, Bud crawled to the shade of a wild rosebush.

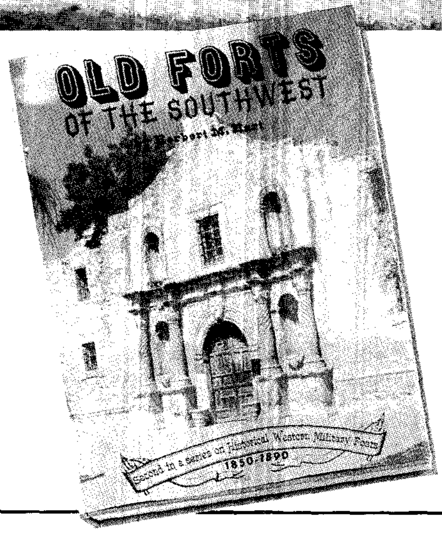
A big Durham bull came by and started to give him a bad time. It pawed the ground, bawled and blew snot on him, then turned around, trampled on him and sprayed him with manure. Bud edged back as far as he could under the briars but the bull continued the attack. In desperation, Bud got out his pocket knife and drove it with force deep in the bull's eye. The animal let out a big bawl and took off.

Later when Bud's leg was healed sufficiently for him to mount a horse, he again rode out to inspect the cattle. He found the bull which had lost considerable weight, with head down and the knife still in its eye. The eye was infected badly and when the bull moved, the knife wobbled, apparently causing tremendous pain. He felt he had been sufficiently avenged for the abuse he had suffered from the unlucky Durham and removed the knife.—Spike Spackman, Rt. 1, Box 2372, Los Banos, California.





Left, old barracks at Fort Washita, Oklahoma. Right, guardhouse at Fort Harker, Kansas.



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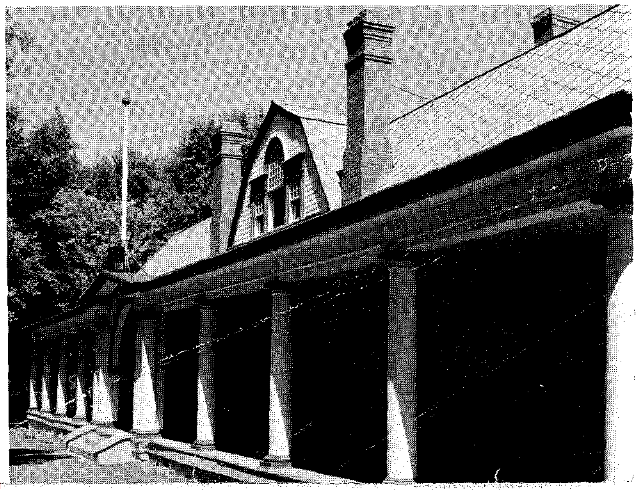
Left, Barracks at Fort McKavett, Texas.
Below left, Benicia Barracks, California, oldest military building in California. Right, Fort Stanton, New Mexico.



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